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# DIALOGUE,

ON

# BEAUTY.

IT was on one of the moſt pleaſing Mornings in the laſt Summer, that CRITO ſtole from the Noiſe and Buſtle of the Town, to enjoy an agreeable Day, or Two, with his Friend TIMANTHES in the Country. TIMANTHES received him with all that Joy and Pleaſure, which is uſual between Friends, who love one another entirely; and who have not met for a conſiderable Time. He ſhewed him his new Grove, and Gardens; and, as they were walking in the latter, "Since the Weather begins to be ſo warm (ſays he,) if you like it, we will dine under that open Tent. The Air there will be refreſhing to you; and will bring us the Smell of the Orange and Lemon-Trees which ſurround it, without breaking that View of the Country, of which you uſed to be ſo fond. When I placed them there, I had you in my Thoughts; and imagined it might be a favourite Seat of yours, whenever you came hither; which I wiſh your Affairs

 would

would ſuffer to be much oftener." Indeed the Spot was ſo well choſen, that it made not only their Dinner, but even their Converſation together after it, the more agreeable; and as they were ſtill ſitting and enjoying themſelves there, for ſome Time into the Afternoon; a Servant came to let TIMANTHES know, that MILESIUS was juſt alighted; and was coming toward them. "Though in general I ſhould not have choſen to be interrupted To-day (ſays TIMANTHES,) I am not ſorry for MILESIUS's Viſit at preſent; becauſe his Gaiety may ſerve a little to divert you." "And I, ſays CRITO, love every thing that you love; and ſhall therefore go with Pleaſure with you to meet him." MILESIUS came up to them with his uſual Vivacity in his Face, and Behaviour; and, after a ſhort Compliment, or Two, they all ſat down together again under the Tent.

They ſoon fell into a Converſation, which, though it might not be ſo ſolid, was at leaſt more lively and joyous than their former. TIMANTHES could not help obſerving upon it. "You (ſays he) MILESIUS give Life to the Company wherever you come; but I am particularly glad of your coming hither To-day, becauſe my Friend CRITO, on his Arrival this Morning, ſeemed to have the Remains of ſomething of a Melancholy on his Face; but, ſince your joining us, the Cloud has been gradually clearing up, and ſeems now quite driven away. I would not then take any Notice of it to him, for fear of oppreſſing the Mind of my Friend whilſt too much afflicted; but

but as it now appears to have been only a paſſing Cloud, I could wiſh to aſk the Cauſe of it; that I might endeavour to alleviate his Concern, if in my Power; and if not, that at leaſt I might ſhare it with him." "I am very much obliged to you (replied CRITO, with a Caſt of the ſame Concern returning on his Face,) for your Tenderneſs for me, on this, and all other Occaſions: But if you obſerved any thing of Sorrow about me on my Firſt coming in, I can aſſure you, that it was not for any Misfortune that has happened to myſelf; nor any new Misfortune to any of our Friends: Whatever you ſaw in me of that kind, muſt have been occaſioned by the Viſit I made this Morning. You both know the Beauty and Merits of Mrs. *B* * * *, as well as what a Brute of a Huſband ſhe has the Misfortune to be married to. I juſt called there, before I ſet out; and, on the Servant's telling me, that his lady had been up ſome time, and was ſitting in the Room next the Garden; as my near Relation to her gave me the Liberty of going on without ſending in my Name, I walked toward the Room; and found the Door only juſt open enough to let me ſee her leaning on a Couch, with her Head reſted negligently on one Hand, whilſt, with the other, ſhe was wiping away a Tear, that ſtole ſilently down her Cheek. The Diſtreſs in her Countenance, and the little Confuſion that appeared about her Eyes, on her firſt diſcovering me (juſt as I was doubting whether I ſhould retire or not;) added ſo much to the other Beauties of her Face, that I

think I never saw her look so charming in my Life. "Stay, Sir (says she;) for you, I am sure, can excuse this little Overflow of Weakness in me.—My poor, dear, *Jackey!*—If Heaven had spared him to me, he would this very Day have been Seven Years old. What a pretty little Companion should I have had in him, to have diverted me in some of the many Hours that I now pass alone!" I dissembled my being but too well acquainted with the real Occasion of her Sorrows; joined with her in lamenting the Loss she had mentioned; and, as soon as I could, led the Conversation into another Channel; and said every thing I could think of, to divert her Mind from the Object that I knew afflicted her. By Degrees, she recovered her usual Behaviour; but, through all the Calmness and Pleasingness of it, there was still a Cloud hanging about her Eyes, which betrayed Part of the Uneasiness that she daily suffers under in her Heart. Good Heaven! how is it possible that any human Creature should treat so much Goodness, and so many Charms, with so much Barbarity of Behaviour!"—We all know the Vileness of the Man, cried MILESIUS, as well as the Beauty and good Qualities of his Lady; but, pray, how come you to think, that her Sufferings should add to her Charms? or that a Distress, like her's, could ever be pleasing to the Eye? Some People have got such strange, unintelligible Notions of Beauty!"—"Was I to let you into all my Thoughts about Beauty, replied CRITO, what I happened

to

to mention just now would, perhaps, appear far from being unintelligible to you. To own the Truth, I have thought on this Subject (which is usually rather viewed with too much Pleasure, than considered with any thing of Judgment) more gravely at least, I dare say, than ever you have: And if you were to provoke me a little farther, I do not know whether I could not lay down to you a sort of Scheme on it; which might go a good Way not only toward clearing up this, but most of the other Difficulties that so often occur in talking of it."—I should as soon think of dissecting a Rainbow, says MILESIUS, as of forming grave and punctual Notions of Beauty. Who, for Heaven's Sake, can reduce to Rules, what is so quick, and so variable, as to be shifting its Appearances every Moment, on the most delightful Faces?"—"And why are those Faces the most delightful, in which that happens?" says CRITO. —Nay, that is one of the very things I could least pretend to account for, replied MILESIUS. I am satisfied with seeing that they are so; 'tis a Subject that I never yet had a single Desire to reason upon; and I can very willingly leave it to you, to be a Philosopher in Love.—But seriously, interposed TIMANTHES, turning toward CRITO, if you have ever found Leisure and Calmness enough to think steadily on so uncertain, and so engaging a Subject; why should not you oblige us with the Result of your Thoughts upon it? Let me beg it of you, as a Favour to both of us; for I am sure it will be agreeable to both: And if you refuse me, I am resolved to join with MILESIUS in believing,

lieving, that it is incapable of having any thing ſaid ſyſtematically, or even regularly, about it."— "You know, ſays CRITO, how little I love to have all the Talk to myſelf; and what you propoſe may take me up an Hour, or Two: But if I muſt launch out into ſo wide a Subject, it will be very neceſſary, that I ſhould begin with telling you what I chiefly propoſe to conſider, and what not.

EVERY Object that is pleaſing to the Eye, when looked upon, or delightful to the Mind, on Recollection, may be called beautiful; ſo that Beauty, in general, may ſtretch as wide as the viſible Creation, or even as far as the Imagination can go; which is a ſort of new or ſecondary Creation. Thus we ſpeak not only of the Beauties of an engaging Proſpect, of the riſing or ſetting Sun, or of a fine ſtarry Heaven; but of thoſe of a Picture, Statue, or Building; and even of the Actions, Characters, or Thoughts of Men. In the greater Part of theſe, there may be almoſt as many falſe Beauties, as there are real; according to the different Taſtes of Nations, and Men; ſo that if any one was to conſider Beauty in its fulleſt Extent, it could not be done without the greateſt Confuſion. I ſhall therefore confine my Subject to viſible Beauty; and of that, to ſuch only as may be called perſonal, or human Beauty; and that again, to ſuch as is natural or real, and not ſuch as is only national or cuſtomary; for I would not have you imagine, that I would have

have any thing to do with the beautiful thick Lips of the good People of *Bantam*, or the exceſſive ſmall Feet of the Ladies of Quality in *China*.

I am apt to think, that every Thing belonging to Beauty (by which I need not repeat to you, at every Turn, that I mean real perſonal Beauty,) would fall under one or other of theſe Four Heads; Color, Form, Expreſſion, and Grace. The Two former of which I ſhall look upon as the Body, and the Two latter as the Soul, of Beauty.

THO' Color be the loweſt of all the conſtituent Parts of Beauty, yet it is vulgarly the moſt ſtriking, and the moſt obſerved. For which there is a very obvious Reaſon to be given; that "every Body can ſee, and very few can judge;" the Beauties of Color requiring much leſs of Judgment, than either of the other Three. I ſhall therefore have much leſs to ſay of it, than of each of the others; and ſhall only give you Two or Three Obſervations, relating to it.

As to the Color of the Body in general, the moſt beautiful perhaps that ever was imagined, was that which *Apelles* expreſſed in his famous *Venus*; and which, though the Picture itſelf be loſt, *Cicero* has, in ſome Degree preſerved to us, in his [*a*] excellent Deſcription of it. It was (as

[*a*] Illud video pugnare te, ſpecies ut quædam ſit Deorum; quæ nihil concerti habeat, nihil ſolidi, nihil expreſſi, nihil eminentis: ſitque pura, levis, perlucida. Dicemus ergo idem, quod in Venere Coâ; corpus non eſt, ſed ſimile corpori: nec ille fuſus et candore mixtus rubor

(as we learn from him) a fine Red, beautifully intermixed and incorporated with White; and diffused, in its due Proportions, through each Part of the Body. Such are the Descriptions of a most beautiful Skin, in [b] several of the *Roman* Poets; and such often is the Coloring of *Titian*, and particularly, in his sleeping *Venus*, or whatever other Beauty that charming Piece was meant to represent.

The Reason why these Colors please so much is not only their natural Liveliness, nor the much greater Charms they obtain from their being properly blended together, but is also owing in some Degree to the Idea they carry with them of good Health [c]; without which, all Beauty grows

rubor sanguis est, sed quædam sanguinis similitudo. *Cicero de Naturâ Deor.* lib. i.

[b] Thus *Virgil*, in the Blush of his *Lavinia*;

Accepit vocem lacrymis Lavinia matris,
Flagrantes perfusa genas; cui plurimus ignem
Subjecit rubor, & calefacta per ora cucurrit:
Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro
Si quis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multâ
Alba rosâ; tales virgo dabat ore colores. *Æn.* xii. 69.

*Ovid*, in his *Narcissus*;

Impubesque genas, et eburnea colla, decusque
Oris; & in niveo mistum candore ruborem. *Met.* iii. [423.

And *Tibullus*, in his *Apollo*;

Candor erat, qualem præfert Latonia luna;
Et color in niveo corpore purpureus.
Ut juveni primum virgo deducta marito
Inficitur teneras ore rubente genas;
Ut quum contexunt amaranthis alba puellæ
Lilia; & autumno candida mala rubent. *Lib.* ii. [*El.* 3. 11.

[c] Venustas et pulchritudo corporis secerni non potest à valetudine. *Cicero de Officiis*, lib. i. § 95.

languid

languid and less engaging; and with which it always recovers an additional Life and Lustre.

As to the Color of the Face in particular, a great deal of its Beauty is owing (beside the Causes I have already mentioned) to Variety; that being designed by Nature for the greatest Concourse of different Colors, of any Part in the human Body. Colors please by Opposition; and it is in the Face that they are the most diversified, and the most opposed.

You would laugh out perhaps, if I was to tell you, that the same Thing, which makes a fine Evening, makes a fine Face (I mean as to the particular Part of Beauty I am now speaking of;) and yet this, I believe, is very true.

The Beauty of an Evening Sky, about the Setting of the Sun, is owing to the Variety of Colors that are scattered along the Face of the Heavens. It is the fine red Clouds, intermixed with white, and sometimes darker ones, with the azure Bottom appearing here and there between them, which make all that beautiful Composition, that delights the Eye so much, and gives such a serene Pleasure to the Heart. In the same Manner, if you consider some beautiful Faces, you may observe, that it is much the same Variety of Colors, which gives them that pleasing Look; which is so apt to attract the Eye, and but too often to engage the Heart. For all this Sort of Beauty is resolvable into a proper Variation of Flesh Color and Red, with the clear Blueness of the Veins, pleasingly intermixed about the

Temples

Temples and the Going-off of the Cheeks, and ſet off by the Shades of full Eyebrows; and of the Hair, when it falls in a proper Manner round the Face.

It is for much the ſame Reaſon, that the beſt Landſcape-painters have been generally obſerved to chuſe the autumnal Part of the Year for their Pieces, rather than the Spring. They prefer the Variety of Shades and Colors, though in their Decline, to all their Freſhneſs and Verdure in their Infancy; and think all the Charms and Livelineſs even of the Spring more than compenſated by the Choice, Oppoſition, and Richneſs of Colors, that appear almoſt on every Tree in the Autumn.

Though one's Judgment is ſo apt to be guided by ſome particular Attachments (and that more perhaps in this Part of Beauty than any other,) yet I am a good deal perſuaded, that a complete brown Beauty is really preferable to a perfect fair one; the bright Brown giving a Luſtre to all the other Colors, a Vivacity to the Eyes, and a Richneſs to the whole Look, which one ſeeks in vain in the whiteſt and moſt tranſparent Skins. *Raphael*'s moſt charming Madonna is a brunette Beauty; and his earlier Madonna's (thoſe I mean of his middle Stile) are generally of a lighter and leſs pleaſing Complexion. All the beſt Artiſts in the nobleſt Age of Painting, about *Leo* the Tenth's Time, uſed this deeper and richer Kind of coloring; and I fear one might add, that the glaring Lights introduced by *Guido*, went a great Way toward

toward the Declenſion of that Art; as the enfeebling of the Colors by *Carlo Marat* (or, if you pleaſe, by his Followers) hath ſince almoſt completed the Fall of it in *Italy*.

I have but one Thing more to mention, before I quit this Head; that I ſhould chuſe to comprehend ſome Things under this Article of Color, which are not perhaps commonly meant by that Name. As that appearing Softneſs or Silkineſs of ſome Skins, that [*d*] Magdalen-look in ſome fine Faces, after weeping; that Brightneſs, as well as Tint, of the Hair; that Luſtre of Health, that ſhines forth upon the Features; that Luminouſneſs that appears in ſome Eyes, and that fluid Fire, or Gliſtening, in others: Some of which are of a Nature ſo much ſuperior to the common Beauties of Color, that they make it doubtful whether they ſhould not have been ranked under a higher Claſs; and reſerved for the Expreſſion of the Paſſions; but I would willingly give every Thing it's Due, and therefore mention them here; becauſe I think even the moſt doubtful of them belong partly to this Head, as well as partly to the other.

FORM

[*d*] The Look here meant is moſt frequently expreſt by the beſt Painters in their *Magdalens*; in which, if there were no Tears on the Face, you would ſee, by the humid Redneſs of the Skin, that ſhe had been weeping extremely. There is a very ſtrong Inſtance of this in a *Magdalen* by *Le Brun*, in one of the Churches at *Paris*; and ſeveral by *Titian*, in *Italy*; the very beſt of which is at the *Barberigo* Palace at *Venice*: In ſpeaking of

FORM takes in the Turn of each Part, as well as the Symmetry of the whole Body, even to the Turn of an Eyebrow, or the Falling of the Hair. I ſhould think too, that the Attitude, while fixt, ought to be reckoned under this Article: By which I do not only mean the Poſture of the Perſon, but the Poſition of each Part; as the Turning of the Neck, the extending of the Hand, the Placing of a Foot; and ſo on to the moſt minute Particulars.

The general Cauſe of Beauty in the Form or Shape in both Sexes is a Proportion, or an Union and Harmony [*e*], in all Parts of the Body.

The diſtinguiſhing Character of Beauty in the Female Form, is Delicacy and Softneſs; and in the Male, either apparent Strength, or Agility.

The fineſt Exemplars that can be ſeen for the former, is the *Venus* of *Medici*; and for the Two latter, the *Hercules Farneſe* and the *Apollo Belvedere*.

There is one Thing indeed in the laſt of theſe Figures, which exceeds the Bounds of our preſent Enquiry; what I have heard an *Italian* Artiſt call *Il ſovra umano*; and what we may call the

of which, *Roſalba* hardly went too far, when ſhe ſaid, "It wept all over;" or (in the very Words ſhe uſed,) "Elle pleure juſqu' aux bouts de doigts."

[*e*] Pulchritudo corporis aptâ compoſitione membrorum movet oculos; & delectat hoc ipſo, quòd inter ſe omnes partes quodam lepore conſentiunt. *Cicero de Off.* lib. i. § 91.

Tranſcendent,

Transcendent, or Celestial [*f*]. 'Tis something distinct from all human Beauty, and of a Nature greatly superior to it; something that seems like an Air of Divinity: Which is expreſt, or at leaſt is to be traced out, in but very few Works of the Artiſts; and of which ſcarce any of the Poets have caught any Ray in their Deſcriptions (or perhaps even in their Imagination,) except *Homer* and *Virgil*, among the Antients; and our *Shakeſpear* and *Milton*, among the Moderns.

The Beauty of the mere human Form is much ſuperior to that of Color; and it may be partly for this Reaſon, that when one is obſerving the fineſt Works of the Artiſts at *Rome* (where there is ſtill the nobleſt Collection of any in the World,) one feels the Mind more ſtruck and more charm-

[*f*] This is mentioned, or hinted at, by ſeveral of the *Roman* Writers:

Humanam ſupra formam.——*Phædrus*, lib. iv. f. 23.

Forma niſi in veras non cadit illa Deas.
*Ovid. Her. Epiſt.* xviii. 68.

——Hoc ære, Ceres; hoc, lucida Gnoſſis:
Illo Maia tholo; Venus hoc, non improba, ſaxo:
Accipiunt vultus non indignata deceros
Numina.——*Statius*, lib. v. Sylv. i. 235.

In quiete——viſa ſpecies viri majoris quàm pro humano habitu, auguſtioriſque. *Livy*, lib. viii. § 6.

Os humeroſque Deo ſimilis; namque ipſa decoram
Cæſariem nato genetrix, lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores:
Quale manus addunt ebori decus; aut ubi flavo
Argentum, Pariuſve lapis, circumdatur auro.
*Virg. Æn.* i. 593.

Magnæ mentis opus,——
——Currus, et equos, faciemque Deorum
Aſpicere.——*Juvenal. Sat.* vii. 68.

ed

ed with the capital Statues, than with the Pictures of the greateſt Maſters.

One of the old *Roman* Poets, in ſpeaking of a very handſome Man, who was Candidate for the Prize in ſome of the public Games, ſays, that he was much expected and much admired by all the Spectators, at his firſt Appearance; but that, when he flung off his Robes, and diſcovered the whole Beauty of his Shape altogether, it was ſo ſuperior, that it quite [*g*] extinguiſhed the Beauties they had before ſo much admired in his Face.

I have often felt much the ſame Effect in viewing the *Venus* of *Medici*. If you obſerve the Face only, it appears extremely beautiful; but if you conſider all the other Elegancies of her Make, the Beauty of her Face becomes leſs ſtriking, and is almoſt loſt in ſuch a Multiplicity of Charms.

Whoever would learn what makes the Beauty of each Part of the human Body, may find it laid down, pretty much at large, by [*b*] *Felibien*; or may

[*g*] ——Arcada Parthenopæum
Appellant, denſique cient cava murmura Circi;
Tandem expectatus volucri ſuper agmina ſaltu
Emicat; & torto chlamyden diffibulat auro:
Effulſere artus, membrorumque omnis aperta eſt
Lætitia; inſigneſque humeri, nec pectora nudis
Deteriora genis: latuitque in corpore vultus.
*Statius Theb.* vi. 573.

[*b*] In his *Entretiens*, vol. ii. p. 14—45. The chief of what he ſays there, on the Beauty of the different Parts of the Female Form is as follows:

That

may ſtudy it with more Pleaſure to himſelf, in the fineſt Pictures and Statues; and I am forced to have Recourſe to them ſo often, becauſe in Life

That the *Head* ſhould be well rounded; and look rather inclining to ſmall than large.

The *Forehead* white, ſmooth, and open (not with the Hair growing down too deep upon it;) neither flat nor prominent, but like the Head, well-rounded; and rather ſmall in Proportion than large.

The *Hair*, either bright, black, or brown; not thin, but full and waving; and if it falls in moderate Curls, the better. The Black is particularly uſeful for ſetting off the Whiteneſs of the Neck and Skin.

The *Eyes*, black, cheſnut, or blue; clear, bright, and lively; and rather large in Proportion than ſmall.

The *Eyebrows*, well divided, rather full than thin; ſemicircular, and broader in the Middle than at the Ends; of a neat Turn, but not formal.

The *Cheeks* ſhould not be wide; ſhould have a Degree of Plumpneſs with the Red and White finely blended together; and ſhould look firm and ſoft.

The *Ear* ſhould be rather ſmall than large; well folded, and with an agreeable Tinge of Red.

The *Noſe* ſhould be placed ſo as to divide the Face into Two equal Parts; ſhould be of a moderate Size, ſtrait, and well ſquared; though ſometimes a little Riſing in the Noſe, which is but juſt perceivable, may give a very graceful Look to it.

The *Mouth* ſhould be ſmall; and the Lips not of equal Thickneſs: They ſhould be well turned, ſmall rather than groſs; ſoft, even to the Eye; and with a living Red in them. A truly pretty Mouth is like a Roſe-bud that is beginning to blow.

The *Teeth* ſhould be middle-ſized, white, well ranged, and even.

The *Chin*, of a moderate Size; white, ſoft, and agreeably rounded.

The *Neck* ſhould be white, ſtrait, and of a ſoft, eaſy, and flexible Make, rather long than ſhort; leſs above,

Life we commonly see but a small Part of the human Body; most of it being either disguised, or altered, by what we call Dress.

I was acquainted, for some Years, with a Lady who has as pretty a made Head and Neck as can be conceived; and never knew any Thing of the Matter,

bove, and encreasing gently toward the Shoulders: The Whiteness and Delicacy of its Skin should be continued, or rather go on improving, to the Bosom.

The *Skin* in general should be white, properly tinged with Red; with an apparent Softness, and a Look of thriving Health in it.

The *Shoulders* should be white, gently spread, and with a much softer Appearance of Strength, than in those of Men.

The *Arm* should be white, round, firm, and soft; and more particularly so from the Elbow to the Hands.

The *Hand* should unite insensibly with the Arm; just as it does in the Statue of the *Venus* of *Medici*. They should be long, and delicate; and even the Joints and nervous Parts of them should be without either any Hardness or Dryness.

The *Fingers* should be fine, long, round, and soft; small, and lessening towards the Tips of them: And the Nails long, rounded at the Ends, and pellucid.

The *Bosom* should be white, and charming; and the Breasts equal in Roundness, Whiteness, and Firmness; neither too much elevated, nor too much depressed; rising gently, and very distinctly separated; in one Word, just like those of the *Venus* of *Medici*.

The *Sides* should be long, and the Hips wider than the Shoulders; and should turn off as they do in the same *Venus*; and go down rounding, and lessening gradually to the Knee.

The *Knee* should be even, and well rounded; the *Legs* strait, but varied by a proper Rounding of the more fleshy Part of them; and the *Feet* finely turned, white, and little.

Matter, till I happened one Morning to catch her at her Toilet, before she had deformed herself by putting on her Headcloaths.

If that beautiful round Oak, with so fine and strait a Body, had a Tent or sloping Building, coming down from the Top of its Trunk to the Ground, all round it, and Two or Three Sheets flung over the greatest Part of its Head, we should scarce be able to know, whether it was a beautiful Tree or not: And such is the circling Hoop, that the Women wear in some Countries; and the vast Wad of Linen, that they carry upon their Head in others.

The old Heathens used to cover the finest Statues of their Gods all over with long Robes on their greatest Festivals: What a Figure would the *Venus* of *Medici*, or the *Apollo Belvedere*, make, in such a Dress?

I do not, to this Day, know, whether the famous Lady of *Loretto* be well or ill shaped; for, though I have seen her several times, I have never seen her without a Sort of Hoop-petticoat, very much stiffened with Pearls and Jewels, and reaching all down her Body; quite from her Neck, to her Feet. Queen *Elizabeth* might have been well-shaped to as little Purpose, or ill-shaped with as much Security, in the vast Fardingal and pufft Robes, that we generally see her swell'd out with, in her Pictures.

And we do not only thus, in a great Measure, hide Beauty; but even injure, and kill it, by some Parts of our Dress. A Child is no sooner born into

into the World, than it is bound up, almoſt as firmly as an old *Egyptian* Mummy, in ſeveral Folds of Linen. It is in vain for him to give all the Signs of Diſtreſs that Nature has put in his Power, to ſhew how much he ſuffers whilſt they are thus impriſoning his Limbs; or all the Signs of Joy, every Time they are ſet at Liberty. In a few Minutes, the old Witch, who preſides over his infirmeſt Days, falls to tormenting him afreſh, and winds him up again in his deſtined Confinement. When he comes to be dreſt like a Man, he has Ligatures applied to his Arms, Legs, and Middle, in ſhort, all over him; to prevent the natural Circulation of his Blood, and make him leſs active and healthy; and if it be a Child of the tenderer Sex, ſhe muſt be bound yet more ſtreightly about the Waiſt and Stomach; to acquire a Diſproportion, that Nature never meant in her Shape. I have heard a very nice Critic in Beauty ſay, that he was never well acquainted with any Woman in *England*, that was not, in ſome Degree, crooked; and I have often heard another Gentleman, that has been much in *Africa*, and in the *Indies*, aſſert, that he never ſaw any black Woman, that was crooked. The Reaſon, no Doubt, is, that they keep to Nature; whereas our Ladies chooſe to be ſhaped by the Staymaker.

THE Two other conſtituent Parts of Beauty, are, Expreſſion and Grace: The former of which, is common to all Perſons and Faces; and the latter, is to be met with but in very few.

BY

BY Expreſſion, I mean the Expreſſion of the Paſſions; the Turns and Changes of the Mind, ſo far as they are made viſible to the Eye, by our Looks or Geſtures.

Though the Mind appears principally in the Face, and Attitudes of the Head; yet every Part almoſt of the human Body, on ſome Occaſion or other, may become expreſſive. Thus the languiſhing Hanging of the Arm, or the vehement Exertion of it; the Pain expreſſed by the Fingers of one of the Sons in the famous Group of *Laocoon*, and in the Toes of the dying Gladiator. But this again is often loſt among us by our Dreſs; and indeed is of the leſs Concern, becauſe the Expreſſion of the Paſſions paſſes chiefly in the Face, which we (by good Luck) have not as yet concealed.

The Parts of the Face in which the Paſſions moſt frequently make their Appearance, are the Eyes, and Mouth; but from the Eyes, they diffuſe themſelves (very ſtrongly) about the Eyebrows; as, in the other Caſe, they appear often in the Parts all round the Mouth.

Philoſophers may diſpute, as much as they pleaſe, about the Seat of the Soul; but, whereever it reſides, I am ſure that it ſpeaks in the Eyes.

I do not know, whether I have not injured the Eyebrows, in making them only Dependants on the Eye; for they, eſpecially in lively Faces, have, as it were, a Language of their own; and

are

are extremely varied, according to the different Sentiments and Paſſions of the Mind.

I have ſometimes obſerved a Degree of Diſpleaſure in a Lady's Eyebrow, when ſhe had Addreſs enough not to let it appear in her Eyes; and at other Times have diſcovered ſo much of her Thoughts, in the Line juſt above her Eyebrows; that ſhe has been amazed how any Body could tell what paſſed in her Mind, and as ſhe thought undiſcovered by her Face, ſo particularly and diſtinctly.

*Homer* makes the Eyebrows the Seat of [*i*] Majeſty, *Virgil* of [*k*] Dejection, *Horace* of [*l*] Modeſty, and *Juvenal* of [*m*] Pride; and I queſtion whether

[*i*] Η, κ᾽ κυανεῃσιν επ᾽ οφρυσι νευσε Κρονιων·
Αμβροσιαι δ᾽ αρα χαιται επερρωσαντο ανακτος
Κρατος απ᾽ αθανατοιο· μεγαν δ᾽ ελελιξεν Ολυμπον.
Ιλ. α. 528.

It was from this Paſſage that *Phidias* borrowed all the Ideas of that Majeſty which he had expreſſed ſo ſtrongly in his famous Statue of the *Jupiter Olympius*; and *Horace*, probably, his —— Cuncta ſupercilio moventis. *Lib.* iii. *Od.* 1. 8.

[*k*] Frons læta parum, & dejecto lumina vultu.
*Virgil. Æn.* vi. 863.

[*l*] Deme ſupercilio nubem; plerumque modeſtus
Occupat obſcuri ſpeciem. *Horat.* lib. i. Epiſt. [18. 95.

[*m*] Malo Venuſinam, quàm te, Cornelia, mater
Gracchorum; ſi cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande ſupercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos. *Juvenal. Sat.* vi. 168.

It is hence that the *Romans* uſed the Word *ſupercilioſus* (as we do from the Word *ſupercilious*) for proud and arrogant Perſons.

ther every one of the Paſſions is not aſſigned, by one or other of the Poets, to the ſame Part.

If you would rather have Authorities from the Writers of honeſt Proſe, *Le Brun* (who publiſhed a very pretty Treatiſe, to ſhew how the Paſſions affect the Face and Features) ſays, that the principal Seat of them is in the Eyebrows, and old *Pliny* had ſaid [*n*] much the ſame Thing, ſo many Hundred Years before him.

Hitherto I have ſpoken only of the Paſſions in general: We will now conſider a little, if you pleaſe, which of them add to Beauty; and which of them take from it.

I believe we may ſay, in general, that all the tender and kind Paſſions add to Beauty; and all the cruel and unkind ones, add to Deformity: And it is on this Account that Good-nature may, very juſtly, be ſaid to be "the beſt Feature even in the "fineſt Face."

Mr. *Pope* has included the principal Paſſions of each Sort, in Two very pretty Lines:

*Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleaſure's ſmiling Train;*
*Hate, Fear, and Grief, the Family of Pain.*

The former of which, naturally give an additional Luſtre and Enlivening to Beauty; as the lat-

[*n*] Frons triſtitiæ, hilaritatis, clementiæ, ſeveritatis index: in aſcenſu ejus ſupercilia, & pariter, & alternè mobilia, & in iis, pars animi. [His] negamus; annuimus. Hæc maximè indicant faſtum. Superbia alicubi conceptaculum, ſed hic ſedem habet: in corde naſcitur; hîc ſubit, hîc pendet. *Plin. Nat. Hiſt.* lib. xi. [cap. 37.

ter are too apt to fling a Gloom and Cloud over it.

Yet in theſe, and all the other Paſſions, I do not know whether Moderation may not be, in a great Meaſure, the Rule of their Beauty; almoſt as far as Moderation in Actions is the Rule of Virtue.

Thus an exceſſive Joy may be too boiſterous in the Face to be pleaſing; and a Degree of Grief, in ſome Faces, and on ſome Occaſions, may be extremely beautiful.

Some Degrees of Anger, Shame, Surprize, Fear, and Concern, are beautiful; but all Exceſs is hurtful, and all Exceſs ugly.

Dulneſs, Auſterity, Impudence, Pride, Affectation, Malice, and Envy, are, I believe, always ugly.

The fineſt Union of Paſſions, that I have ever obſerved in any Face, conſiſted of a juſt Mixture of Modeſty, Senſibility, and Sweetneſs; each of which, when taken ſingly, is very pleaſing; but when they are all blended together, in ſuch a Manner as either to enliven or correct each other, they give almoſt as much Attraction, as the Paſſions are capable of adding to a very pretty Face.

The prevailing Paſſion in the *Venus* of *Medici* is Modeſty: It is expreſt by each of her Hands, in her Looks, and in the Turn of her Head. And by the way, I queſtion whether one of the chief Reaſons, why Side-faces pleaſe one more than Full ones, may not be from the former having more of the Air of Modeſty than the latter. However that be, this is certain, that the beſt

Artiſts

Artists usually chuse to give a Side-face, rather than a Full one; in which Attitude, the Turn of the Neck too has more Beauty, and the Passions more Activity and Force. Thus, as to Hatred and Affection in particular, the Look that was formerly supposed to carry an Infection with it from malignant Eyes, was a slanting Regard; like that which *Milton* gives to *Satan* [o], when he is viewing the Happiness of our first Parents in Paradise; and the Fascination, or Stroke of Love, is most usually, I believe, conveyed, at first, in a Side-glance.

It is owing to the great Force of Pleasingness, which attends all the kinder Passions; "That Lovers do not only seem, but are really more beautiful to each other, than they are to the rest of the World;" because, when they are together, the most pleasing Passions are more frequently exerted in each of their Faces, than they are in either before the rest of the World. There is then (as a certain *French* Writer very well expresses it) "A Soul upon their Countenances," which does not appear when they are absent from each other; or even when they are together, conversing with other Persons, that are indifferent to them, or rather lay a Restraint upon their Features.

I dare say you begin to see the Preference, that the Beauty of the Passions has over the Two Parts

[o] —— Aside the Devil turn'd
For envy; yet, with jealous Leer malign,
Ey'd the maskance—— *Paradise Lost*, Book iv. 504.

of Beauty firſt mentioned; and if any one was not thoroughly convinced of it, I ſhould beg him to conſider a little the following Particulars; of which every Body muſt have met with ſeveral Inſtances, in their Life-time.

That there is a great deal of Difference in the ſame Face, according as the Perſon is in a better or worſe Humour, or in a greater or leſs Degree of Livelineſs.

That the beſt Complexion, the fineſt Features, and the exacteſt Shape, without any Thing of the Mind expreſſed on the Face, is as inſipid and unmoving, as the waxen Figure of the fine Dutcheſs of *Richmond* in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*.

That a Face without any good Feature in it, and with a very indifferent Complexion, ſhall have a very taking Air; from the Senſibility of the Eyes, the general good-humoured Turn of the Look, and perhaps a little agreeable Smile about the Mouth. And theſe Three Things, I believe, would go a great way toward accounting for the *Je ne ſçai quoi*, or that inexplicable Pleaſingneſs of the Face (as they chooſe to call it,) which is ſo often talked of, and ſo little underſtood; as the greater Part, and perhaps all the reſt of it, would fall under the laſt Article, that of Grace.

I once knew a very fine Woman, who was admired by every Body that ſaw her, and ſcarce loved by any Body. This Ineffectualneſs of all her Beauties was occaſioned by a Want of the pleaſing Paſſions in her Face, and an Appearance of the diſpleaſing ones; particularly, thoſe of Pride and

and Ill-nature. *Nero*, of old, ſeems [*p*] to have had this unpleaſing Sort of Handſomeneſs, and probably from much the ſame Cauſe; the Goodneſs of his Features being overlaid by the Uglineſs of the Paſſions that appeared on his Face.

The fineſt Eyes in the World, with an Exceſs of Malice or Rage in them, will grow as ſhocking as they are in that fine Face of *Meduſa*, on the famous Seal in the *Strozzi* Family at *Rome*.

Thus you ſee, that the Paſſions can give Beauty, without the Aſſiſtance of Color or Form; and take it away, where they have united the moſt ſtrongly to give it: And it was this that made me aſſert, at firſt, that this Part of Beauty was ſo extremely ſuperior to the other Two.

This, by the way, may help us to account for the Juſtneſs of what *Pliny* aſſerts in ſpeaking of the famous Statue of *Laocoon*, and his Two Sons: He ſays, It was the fineſt Piece of Art in *Rome*; and [*q*] to be preferred to all the other Statues and Pictures, of which they had ſo noble a Collection in his time. It had no Beauties of Color, to vie with the Paintings; and other Statues there (as the *Apollo Belvedere*, and the *Venus* of *Medici*, in particular) were as finely proportioned as the *Laocoon:* But this had a much greater Variety of Expreſſion, even than thoſe fine ones; and it muſt

[*p*] *Suetonius*, in his Life of that Emperor, ſays, "That he had a Look which might rather be called "handſome than pleaſing:" Vultu, pulchro magis quàm venuſto. Cap. li.

[*q*] Sicut in Laocoonte, qui eſt in Titi Imperatoris domo; opus, omnibus et picturæ et ſtatuariæ artis præferendum. *Plin. Nat. Hiſt.* lib. xxxvi. cap. 5.

be on that Account alone, that it could have been preferable to them, and all the reſt.

Before I quit this Head, I would juſt remind you of Two Things that I have mentioned before: That the chief Rule of the Beauty of the Paſſions, is Moderation; and that the Part in which they appear moſt ſtrongly, is the Eyes. It is there that Love holds all his tendereſt Language: It is there that Virtue commands, Modeſty charms, Joy enlivens, Sorrow engages, and Inclination fires the Hearts of the Beholders: It is there that even Fear, and Anger, and Confuſion, can be charming. But all theſe, to be charming, muſt be kept within their due Bounds and Limits; for too ſullen an Appearance of Virtue, a violent and proſtitute Swell of Paſſion, a ruſtic and overwhelming Modeſty, a deep Sadneſs, or too wild and impetuous a Joy, become all either oppreſſive or diſagreeable.

The laſt finiſhing and nobleſt Part of Beauty is Grace; which every body is accuſtomed to ſpeak of as a Thing [*r*] inexplicable; and, in a great Meaſure, I believe, it is ſo. We know that the Soul is, but we ſcarce know what it is; every Judge of Beauty can point out Grace; but no one

[*r*] Decorum quoddam arcanum, atque felicitas; cujus effectum in multis videmus quotidie; cauſam vero reddere nemo poteſt. *Eraſmus* in his *Philodoxus*.

*Horace* thought it ſo far from being explicable, that he does not even venture to give it any Name, in ſome very pretty Lines of his on this Subject.

Quò fugit Venus, heu! quòve Color? Decens
Quò motus? Quid habes *illius, illius*,
*Quæ* ſpirabat amores,
Quæ me ſurpuerat mihi?—Lib. iv. Od. 13 20.

that

that I know of has ever yet fixt upon a Definition for it.

Grace often depends on ſome very little Incidents in a fine Face; and in Actions, it conſiſts more in the Manner of doing Things, than in the things themſelves. It is perpetually varying its Appearances, and is therefore much more difficult to be conſidered, than any thing fixt and ſteady. While you look upon one, it ſteals from under the Eye of the Obſerver; and is ſucceeded perhaps by another, that flits away as ſoon, and as imperceptibly.

It is on this Account that Grace is better to be ſtudied in *Correggio's*, *Guido's*, and *Raphael's* Pictures, than in real Life. Thus, for Inſtance, if I wanted to diſcover what it is that makes Anger graceful, in a Set of Features full of the greateſt Sweetneſs; I ſhould rather endeavour to find it out in *Guido's* St. *Michael*, than in Mrs. *P**t's* Face, if that ever had any Anger in it; becauſe, in the pictured Angel, one has full Leiſure to conſider it; but, in the living one, it would be too tranſient and changeable to be the Subject of any ſteady Obſervation.

But though one cannot punctually ſay what Grace is, we may point out the Parts and Things in which it is moſt apt to appear.

The chief Dwelling-place of Grace is about the Mouth; though, at Times, it may viſit every Limb or Part of the Body. But the Mouth is the chief Seat of Grace [*s*]; as much as the chief Seat for the Beauty of the Paſſions is in the Eyes.

[*s*] Thus when the *French* uſe the Expreſſion of *une bouche fort gracieuſe*, they mean it properly of Grace; but when they ſay, *des yeux tres gracieux*, it then falls to the Share of the Paſſions; and means kind or favourable.

In a very graceful Face, by which I do not ſo much mean a majeſtic, as a ſoft and pleaſing one, there is now-and-then (for no Part of Beauty is either ſo engaging, or ſo uncommon) a certain Deliciouſneſs that almoſt always lives about the Mouth, in ſomething not quite enough to be called a Smile, but rather an Approach toward one; which varies gently about the different Lines there, like a little fluttering *Cupid*; and, perhaps, ſometimes diſcovers a little Dimple, that after juſt lightening upon you diſappears, and appears again by Fits. This I take to be one of the moſt pleaſing Sorts of Grace of any; but you will underſtand what I mean by your own Memory, better than by any Expreſſions I could poſſibly uſe to deſcribe it.

The Grace of Attitudes may belong to the Poſition of each Part, as well as to the Carriage or Diſpoſition of the whole Body; but how much more it belongs to the Head, than to any other Part, may be ſeen in the Pieces of the moſt celebrated Painters; and particularly, in thoſe of *Guido*; who has been rather too laviſh in beſtowing this Beauty on almoſt all his fine Women, whereas Nature has given it in ſo high a Degree but to very few.

The Turns of the Neck are extremely capable of Grace; and are very eaſy to be obſerved, and very difficult to be accounted for.

How much of this Grace may belong to the Arms and Feet, as well as to the Neck and Head, may be ſeen in dancing; but it is not only in genteel Motions, that a very pretty Woman will be graceful; and *Ovid* (who was ſo great a Maſter in all

all the Parts of Beauty) had very good Reaſon for ſaying [*t*], That when *Venus*, to pleaſe her Gallant, imitated the hobbling Gait of her Huſband, her very Lameneſs had a great deal of Prettineſs and Grace in it.

"Every [*u*] Motion of a graceful Woman (ſays another Writer of the ſame Age) is full of Grace." She deſigns nothing by it perhaps, and may even not be ſenſible of it herſelf; and indeed ſhe ſhould not be ſo too much; for the Moment that any Geſture or Action appears to be affected, it ceaſes to be graceful.

*Horace* [*x*] and *Virgil* ſeem to extend Grace ſo

[*t*] NecVenus oranti (neque enim Dea mollior ulla eſt)
Ruſtica Gradivo difficiliſve fuit;
Ah quoties laſciva pedes riſiſſe mariti
Dicitur, & duras arte vel igne manus!
Marte palam, ſimulat Vulcanum: imitata decebat;
Multaque cum formâ gratia miſta fuit.
*Ovid. de Arte Amandi*, 2. 570.

[*u*] Illam, quicquid agit, quoquò veſtigia vertit,
Componit furtim ſubſequiturque decor.
*Tibullus*, lib. iv. El. 2. 8.

[*x*] Crine decorum. —— *Horace*, lib. i. Od. 32. 12.
Intonſoſque agitaret Apollinis aura capillos. *Id. Epod.* 15. 9.
Ipſe jugis Cynthi graditur; mollique fluentem
Fronde premit crinem fingens, atque implicat auro:
Tela ſonant humeris. Haud illo ſegnior ibat
Æneas; tantum egregio decus enitet ore. *Virgil Æn.* iv. 150.

And again of the ſame:

Os humeroſque Deo ſimilis: namque ipſe decoram
Cæſariem nato genitrix, lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores *Æn.* i. 591.

far, as to the Flowing of the Hair; and [y] *Tibullus*, even to the Dreſs of his Miſtreſs; but then he aſſigns it more to her Manner of putting on, and appearing in whatever ſhe wears, than to the Dreſs itſelf. It is true, there is another wicked Poet, who has ſaid (with much leſs Decency,) "that Dreſs is the better [z] Half of the Woman."

There are Two very diſtinct (and, as it were, oppoſite) Sorts of Grace; the Majeſtic, and the Familiar; I ſhould have called the latter by the Name of Pleaſing, had not I been afraid of a Tautology; for Grace is Pleaſingneſs itſelf: The former belongs chiefly to the very fine Women; and the latter, to the very pretty ones; That is the more commanding, and This the more delightful and engaging. The *Grecian* Painters and Sculptors uſed to expreſs the former moſt ſtrongly in the Looks and Attitudes of their *Minerva*'s; and the latter, in thoſe of *Venus*.

*Xenophon*, in his Choice of *Hercules* (or, at leaſt, the excellent Tranſlator of that Piece) has made juſt the ſame Diſtinction in the Perſonages of Wiſdom and Pleaſure; the former of which he deſcribes as moving on to that young Hero, with

[y] Seu ſolvit crines, fuſis decet eſſe capillis;
Seu comſit, comtis eſt veneranda comis:
Urit, ſeu Tyriâ voluit procedere pallâ;
Urit, ſeu niveâ candida veſte venit:
Talis in æterno felix Vertumnus Olympo
Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.
*Tibullus*, lib. iv El. 2. 14.

[z] ——Pars minima eſt ipſa puella ſui. *Ovid.*

the

the majeſtic Sort of Grace; and the latter, with the familiar.

*Graceful, yet each with different Grace they move;*
*This ſtriking ſacred Awe, that ſofter winning Love* [a].

The ſtrongeſt Examples of each kind that I ever remember to have ſeen, was Lady *S* * * *, for the majeſtic Sort of Grace; Lady *R* * * *, for the familiar; and Mrs. *B* * * *, for each, at different Times; and ſometimes for both of them united and blended together.

But not to have you imagine, that I am inclined to confine this Part of Beauty only to Perſons of Quality and Diſtinction; I ſhall juſt add, that we meet it, not unfrequently, even on the Stage; and particularly, in that Sort of Dances which are meant to expreſs Characters and Paſſions; and in which you may eaſily recollect how much *Comargo* excelled, for the nobler Sort of Grace; and *Foſſanine*, for the more tender and pathetic.

There is no Poet I have ever read, who ſeems to me to underſtand this Part of Beauty ſo well as our own *Milton*. He ſpeaks of theſe Two Sorts of Grace very diſtinctly; and gives the Majeſtic [b] to his *Adam*, and both the Familiar and Majeſtic

[a] Choice of *Hercules*, ſtan. iii.

[b] Two of far nobler Shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native Honour clad,
In naked Majeſty, ſeem'd Lords of all;
And worthy ſeem'd. For in their Looks divine
The Image of their glorious Maker ſhone:

Truth

jeſtic to *Eve*; but the latter in a leſs Degree than the former: In doing which he might either be led by his own excellent Judgment, or poſſibly might have an Eye to what is ſaid by [*c*] *Cicero*, in ſpeaking on this Subject.

Though Grace is ſo difficult to be accounted for in general; yet I have obſerv'd Two particular Things, which (I think) hold univerſally in relation to it.

Truth, Wiſdom, Sanctitude ſevere and pure;
Severe, but in true filial Freedom plac'd;
Whence true Authority in Men: Though both
Not equal, as their Sex not equal, ſeem'd.
For Contemplation he, and Valour, form'd;
For Softneſs ſhe, and ſweet attractive Grace.
*Milton's Parad. Loſt.* B. iv. 298.

——I eſpy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a Plantain; yet methought leſs fair,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild,
Than that ſmooth watry Image.——
(*Eve*, of *Adam* and herſelf.) *Ib.* ver. 480.

——Her heav'nly Form
Angelic, but more ſoft and feminine;
Her graceful Innocence; her ev'ry Air
Of Geſture, or leaſt Action.—— B. ix. 461.

Grace was in all her Steps: Heav'n in her Eye;
In ev'ry Geſture, Dignity and Love. B. viii. 489.

Speaking, or mute, all Comelineſs and Grace
Attends thee; and each Word, each Motion, forms,
*Ib.* 223.

It is obſervable, that in each of the Three laſt Paſſages, *Milton* ſeems to have had thoſe Lines of *Tibullus* in his Thoughts:

Illam, quicquid agit, quoquò veſtigia vertit,
Componit furtim ſubſequiturque decor.

[*c*] Venuſtatem, muliebrem ducere debemus; dignitatem, virilem. *Cicero de Offic.* lib. i. 130.

The First is: "That there is no Grace, without Motion;" by which I mean, without some genteel or pleasing Motion, either of the whole Body, or of some Limb, or at least, of some Feature. And it may be hence, that Lord *Bacon* (and, perhaps, *Horace*,) [*d*] call Grace, by the Name of decent Motion; just as if they were equivalent Terms.

*Virgil* in one Place points out the Majesty of *Juno*, and in another the graceful Air of *Apollo* [*e*], by only saying, that they move; and possibly he means no more, when he makes the Motion of *Venus* [*f*] the principal thing, by which *Æneas* discovers her under all her Disguise; though the Commentators, as usual, would fain find out a more dark and mysterious Meaning for it.

All the best Statues are represented as in some Action, or Motion; and the most graceful Statue in the World (the *Apollo Belvedere*) is so much so,

[*d*] In Beauty, that of Favour is more than that of Colour; and that of gracious and decent Motion, more than that of Favour. Lord *Bacon's* Works, vol iii. p. 362.

Quo fugit Venus, heu! quove color? Decens
Quo motus?——(For so, I think, this Passage should be read; because the Epithet of graceful, cannot belong to Colour)——*Horace*, lib. iv. Od. 13. 18.

[*e*] Ast ego, quæ divûm *incedo* regina——*Æn.* i. 46.
Ipse jugis Cynthi *graditur*.—— *Æn.* iv. 147.

[*f*] Dixit; & avertens roseâ cervice refulsit;
Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere: pedes vestis defluxit ad imos;
Et vera incessu patuit Dea. Ille ubi matrem
Agnovit, &c.—— *Æn.* i. 406.

that

that when one faces it at a little Diſtance, one is almoſt apt to imagine, that he is actually going to move on toward you.

All graceful Heads, even in the Portraits of the beſt Painters, are in Motion; and very ſtrongly in thoſe of *Guido* in particular; which, as you may remember, are all either caſting their Looks up toward Heaven, or down toward the Ground, or ſide-way, as regarding ſome Object. A Head that is quite unactive, and flung flat upon the Canvas (like the Faces on Medals after the Fall of the *Roman* Empire, or the *Gothic* Heads before the Revival of the Arts) will be ſo far from having any Grace, that it will not even have any Life in it.

The Second Obſervation is: "That there can "be no Grace, with Impropriety;" or, in other Words, that nothing can be graceful, that is not adapted to the Characters of the Perſon.

The Graces of a little lively Beauty would become ungraceful in a Character of Majeſty; as the majeſtic Airs of an Empreſs would quite deſtroy the Prettineſs of the former. The Vivacity that adds a Grace to Beauty in Youth, would give an additional Deformity to old Age; and the very ſame Airs, which would be charming on ſome Occaſions, may be quite ſhocking when extremely miſ-timed, or extremely miſplaced.

This inſeparable Union of Propriety and Grace ſeems to have been the general Senſe of Mankind;

as

as we may gueſs from the [g] Languages of ſeveral Nations; in which ſome Words that anſwer to our Proper or Becoming, are uſed indifferently for Beautiful or Graceful.

And yet I cannot think (as ſome ſeem inclined to do) that Grace conſiſts entirely in Propriety; becauſe Propriety is a Thing eaſy enough to be underſtood, and Grace (after all we can ſay about it) very difficult. Propriety therefore and Grace are no more one and the ſame Thing, than Grace and Motion are: 'Tis true, it cannot ſubſiſt without either; but then there ſeems to be ſomething elſe, what I cannot explain, and what I do not know that ever any body has explained, that goes to the Compoſition; and which poſſibly may give its greateſt Force and Pleaſingneſs.

Whatever are the Cauſes of it, this is certain, that Grace is the chief of all the conſtituent Parts of Beauty; and ſo much ſo, that it ſeems to be the only one which is abſolutely and univerſally admired: All the reſt are only relative. One likes a brunette Beauty better than a fair one; I may love a little Woman, and you a large one, beſt; a Perſon of a mild Temper will be fond of the gentler Paſſions in the Face, and one of a bolder Caſt may chooſe to have more Vivacity and more vigorous Paſſions expreſſed there: But Grace is found in few, and is pleaſing to all.

Grace, like Poetry, muſt be born with a Perſon; and is never, wholly, to be acquired by Art.

[g] Thus, among the *Greeks*, the Words Πρεπον and Καλον, and among the *Romans*, *Pulchrum* and *Decens*, or *Decorum*, are uſed indifferently for one another.

The moſt celebrated of all the ancient Painters, was *Apelles*; and the moſt celebrated of all the Modern, *Raphael*: And it is remarkable, that the diſtinguiſhing Character of each of them was Grace. Indeed, that alone could have given them ſo high a Pre-eminence over all their other Competitors.

Grace has nothing to do with the loweſt Part of Beauty, or Color; very little with Shape, and very much with the Paſſions; for it is ſhe who gives their higheſt Zeſt, and the moſt delicious Part of their Pleaſingneſs to the Expreſſions of each of them.

All the other Parts of Beauty are pleaſing in ſome Degree, but Grace is Pleaſingneſs itſelf; and the old *Romans* in general ſeem to have had this Notion of it; as may be inferred from the original Import [*h*] of the Names which they uſed for this Part of Beauty.

The *Greeks*, as well as the *Romans*, muſt have been of this Opinion; when, in ſettling their Mythology, they made the *Graces* the conſtant Attendants of *Venus*, or the Cauſe of Love; and, in Fact, there is nothing cauſes Love ſo generally, and ſo irreſiſtibly, as Grace. 'Tis like the *Ceſtus* of the ſame Goddeſs, which was ſuppoſed to comprehend [*i*] every thing that was winning and engaging

[*h*] *Gratia*, from *gratus*, or pleaſing; and *decor*, from *decens*, or becoming.

[*i*] Η, και απο ϛηθεσφιν ελυσαλο κεϛον ἱμαντα
Ποικιλον· ενθα δε οι θελκτηρια παντα τετυκτο.
Ενθ' ενι μεν Φιλοτης, εν δ' Ιμερος, εν δ' Οαριϛυς.
Παρφασις, ἡ τ' εκλεψε νοον πυκα περ φρονεοντων·
Τον ρα οἱ εμβαλε χερσιν, επος τ' εφατ', εκ τ' ονομαζε.

Τη

gaging in it; and beſide all, to oblige the Heart to Love, by a ſecret and inexplicable Force, like that of ſome magic Charm.

Τὴ νυν τὸν ἱμαντα, τερῳδ' ἐγκαλθεο κολπῳ,
Ποικιλον, ᾧ ἐνι παντα τέλευχαται· οὐδε σε φημι
Ἀπρηκτον γε νεεσθαι, ὁ, τι φρεσι σῃσι μενοινᾳς.
Ὡς φατο, μειδησεν δε βοωπις πότνια Ἡρη·
Μειδησασα δ' επειτα ἐῳ ἐγκαλθέτο κολπῳ. *Hom. Il.* ξ. 214.

She ſaid; with Awe divine, the Queen of Love
Obey'd the Siſter and the Wife of *Jove:*
And from her fragrant Breaſt the Zone unbrac'd,
With various Skill and high Embroid'ry grac'd.
In this was ev'ry Art, and ev'ry Charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:
Fond Love, the gentle Vow, the gay Deſire,
The kind Deceit, the ſtill reviving Fire,
Perſuaſive Speech, and more perſuaſive Sighs,
Silence that ſpoke, and Eloquence of Eyes.
This on her Hand the *Cyprian* Goddeſs laid;
Take this, and with it all thy Wiſh, ſhe ſaid:
With Smiles ſhe took the Charm; and ſmiling preſt
The pow'rful *Ceſtus* to her ſnowy Breaſt. *Pope, Il.* xiv. 256.

*La Motte's* Imitation of the ſame Paſſage, is extremely good toothough he adds a *French* Flouriſh at the End of it.

Ce tiſſu, le ſimbole & la cauſe à la fois
Du pouvoir de l' amour, du charme de ſes loix,
Elle enflamme les yeux, de cet ardeur qui touche;
D'un ſourire enchanteur, elle anime la bouche:
Paſſionne la voix, en adoucit les ſons:
Prete ces tours heureux, plus forts que les raiſons:
Inſpire, pour toucher, ces tendres ſtratagêmes;
Ces refus attirans, l' ecueil des ſages mêmes:
Et la nature enfin y voulut renfermer
Tout ce qui perſuade & ce qui fait aimer.
En prenant ce tiſſu, que Venus lui preſente,
Junon n' étoit que belle, elle devient charmante.
Les graces, & les ris, les plaiſirs, & les jeux,
Surpris cherchent Venus; doutent qui l' eſt des deux:
L'Amour même trompé, trouve Junon plus belle;
Et, ſon arc à la main, deja vole après elle.

As CRITO paused here, both MILESIUS and TIMANTHES thanked him for his Account of a Thing, which they had never heard so far accounted for before; and the latter added, that in his Division of the Parts which constitute Beauty, he, at first, thought him guilty of an Omission, in not adding a Fifth, that of Motion. CRITO said, that he had not forgot that, but thought it was comprehended under the other Heads. For all genteel Motion (says he,) as I have been so lately mentioning, falls under the Article of Grace; whence *Horace* calls it by it's true Name of graceful Motion; and common Motions are only so many Variations of the Attitude, or Position of the particular Parts of the Body, and Features of the Face: The more significant of which, belong to the Article of the Passions; and the less significant, may be comprehended under that of mere Form or Figure. And now I mention *Horace*, added he, it is observable enough, that he, and the other *Roman* Authors, have distinct Names for each of my Four constituent Parts of Beauty, which the Commentators and Dictionary-writers have been sometimes too apt to mistake for Names of Beauty in general. Thus for the First they use the Word *Color*; for the Second, *Forma*; for the Third, they seem to have had several distinct Names, according to the different Sorts of Passions whose Delightfulness they spoke of: for the Fourth, they used *Gratia* and *Decor*, when they spoke of it in general; and *Venustas* or *Dignitas*, when they had a mind to be more particular. Their Word

*Nitor*

*Nitor* took [*k*], and ſome others of a like Import, which ſeem ſometimes to be uſed in general for Beauty, belong more properly to that ſuperficial Sort of Beauty, which I mentioned in part under the Firſt Head, in ſpeaking of the ſilky Appearance of the Skin, and the Luminouſneſs in ſome Eyes. But to talk of Things rather than Words; I ſhould be willing to add ſome general Obſervations that I have made, at Times, in thinking on this Subject.

It has been obſerved by ſome Writers, that there is naturally a great deal of Propriety in Pleaſure; or, in other Words, that Pleaſure is annexed by Nature to ſuch Things as are proper for our Preſervation, and Pain to ſuch as would be deſtructive to us. Thus Pleaſure, for Example, is annexed to Food and Exerciſe; and Pain, to ſuch Degrees of Abſtinence and Indolence as would be hurtful. The ſame may be obſerved in the different Sorts of Pleaſures, adapted to each Stage of human Life. Thus in Infancy, when Growth is as neceſſary as Support, we have more frequent Returns of Appetite, and more Pleaſure in Feed-

[*k*] ——— Liparæi nitor Hebri. *Horat.* Lib. iii. Od. xii. 6.

Urit me Glyceræ nitor
Splendentis Pario marmore purius.
*Id* Lib. i. Od. xix. 6.

The Epithets *marmoreus*, *eburneus*, and *candidus*, are all applied to Beauties by the *Roman* Poets; ſometimes as to their Shape, and ſometimes as to the Shiningneſs here ſpoken of.

ing;

ing; and as frequent Feeding requires the more Exercise, the chief Pleasure of that Age consists in the Love of Motion, and in a Series of little sportive Exercises. The same is carried on in other Pleasures, equally adapted to the middle and latter Stages of Life; so far, that wherever Nature has affixed a Pleasure, she seems to lead and conduct us toward some Duty or other; either for the Preservation of the Individual, or the Continuance of the Species.

There is a great deal of the same Propriety to be observed, in the Dispensation of Beauty and Deformity. The good Passions are all pleasing; and the bad, disagreeable. Virtue is naturally the most beautiful and lovely Thing in the World; and Vice the most odious and deformed.

There is also a Propriety in the Timing of Beauty. Thus, for Instance, a Peach or a Pine-apple are in their highest Beauty, just at the Time that they should be eat. They want a Ripeness of Colors, as well as of Taste, till they come to that State; and gradually decay in Beauty, as they go farther and farther from it.

It might sound odd to you, if I should say, that a Woman is like a Pine-apple; yet the Similitude would hold much farther, and in more Particulars, than any one would at first imagine. She has her Season of growing to her greatest State of Beauty, of Continuance in it, and of a Decay from it, as well as that; and the highest Season of their Beauty is just as properly timed in the one Case, as in the other.

As to the Quantity of Beauty, in particular Perſons, I have ſometimes had a Thought, which may ſerve (at leaſt) to divert you. You know that Monſ. *de Piles*, in his Lives of the Painters, has laid down a Scale by which one may judge of their comparative Excellence. Now I ſhould think, that a Scale might be ſettled in the ſame Manner, by which one might judge tolerably well of the proportional Excellence in any of our moſt celebrated Beauties. In this Scale, I would ſet the higheſt Excellence in Color, at Ten; in Shape, at Twenty; in Expreſſion, at Thirty; and in Grace, at Forty. So that the greateſt Excellence of Beauty, at the higheſt Reckoning in each Part of it, would amount in all to One Hundred.

There is probably no Inſtance of the higheſt Excellence in all theſe Particulars, in any one Perſon. They who run very high in ſome Articles, are often as deficient in others. If I was to ſtate the Account, as to ſome particular Ladies, who have been generally allowed to be very great Beauties, I ſhould aſſign to Lady *L. B* * * *, Eight for Color, Four for Shape, Twenty-five for Expreſſion, and Ten for Grace; in all, Forty-ſeven; not quite half-way in the complete Sum of Excellence: — To Mrs. *A* * * *, Eight for Color, Seventeen for Shape, Fifteen for Expreſſion, and Twenty for Grace; in all, Sixty Degrees of Excellence:—And to Mrs. *B* * * * Eight for Color, Ten for Shape, Twenty-five for Expreſſion, and Thirty for Grace; in all, Seventy-three. And that is the higheſt Sum, that I could in Conſcience

ſcience allow to any Woman that I have ever yet ſeen.

Extreme Deformity ſhould be rated, under each Article, at the ſame Numbers as the higheſt Excellence; and, in mixt Beauties, Deductions ſhould be made for them, in the ſame Manner as the Additions are for the former. Thus, for Example, Mrs. *M* * * *, for Color Six, Shape Fifteen; Expreſſion Twenty, to be deducted; Grace Five; which will reduce her other Degrees of Excellence only to Six.

Others would have no Share at all, in our preſent Subject; as falling, under each Article, to the Balance of Deformity. Thus Mrs. *P* * * *, bad Color Six, Shape *ditto* Four, Expreſſion of bad Paſſions Twenty-five, Ungracefulneſs Ten; which together make Forty-five, all on the wrong Side of the Queſtion.

I do not pretend, in all this, to have made my Calculations exactly; but rather to point out to you, what might be done by ſuch as are more exact Judges of Beauty than I can pretend to be. The beſt may be liable to ſome little falſe Bias or other; but if their Calculations did not anſwer in every Point preciſely to the Truth, they might at leaſt come very near it.

Theſe exact Judges indeed may not be ſo frequently to be met with; for Judgment, as well as Beauty, is dealt out in very unequal Proportions to Mankind; and a very great Excellence in either, falls to the Lot of but a few. However, good Judgment is the more common of the Two; and,

and, I believe, People in general are more capable of judging right of Beauty (at leaſt, in ſome Parts of it) than they are of moſt other Things.

Yet there are a great many Cauſes, apt to miſlead the Generality in their Judgments of Beauty; and I ſhall beg leave to enumerate ſome of them.

If the Affection is entirely engaged by any one Object, a Man is apt to allow all Perfections to that Perſon; and very little, in compariſon, to any body elſe; or, if they ever commend others highly, it is for ſome Circumſtance in which they bear ſome Reſemblance to their favourite Object.

People are very often miſled in their Judgments, by a Similitude either of their own Temper, or Perſonage, in others. It is hence, that a Perſon of a mild Temper is more apt to be pleaſed with the gentler Paſſions in the Face of his Miſtreſs; and one of a very lively Turn would chooſe more of Spirit and Vivacity in his; that little People are inclined to prefer pretty Women, and larger People majeſtic ones; and ſo on, in a great Variety of Inſtances. This may be called falling in Love with ourſelves, at Second-hand; and Self-love (whatever other Love may be) is ſometimes ſo falſe-ſighted, that it may make the moſt plain, and even the moſt diſagreeable Things ſeem beautiful and pleaſing.

I remember, at the Tryal of the *Scotch* Lords a few Years ago in *Weſtminſter-hall*, a Pair of apiſh Lovers, that ſat by each other; and gave no ſmall Diverſion to a good Part of that large Company,

Company, before the Lords made their Appearance. They were perpetually turning their Heads toward each other, a good deal in the ſame Manner, and at the ſame Time; ſmiled together, grinned together, and laughed out together. All their Actions were pleaſing to each other, though ſo very diſpleaſing to every body elſe.

Sometimes an Idea of Uſefulneſs may give a Turn to our Ideas of Beauty; as the very ſame Things are reckoned Beauties in a Coach-horſe, which would be ſo many Blemiſhes in a Race-horſe.

I have often thought ſome Ladies a little too unguarded, as to this Particular. They ſeem to have the *Polyphemus* [*l*] Idea of Beauty; and talk

[*l*] When *Ulyſſes*, after having put out that *Cyclops's* Eye, tells him his real Name and Character; the Monſter makes the following Exclamation:

Ω ποποι, η μαλα δη με παλαιφαλα θεσφαθ' ικανει.
Εσκε τις ενθαδε μαντις ανηρ ηυς τε μεγας τε,
Τηλεμος Ευρυμιδης ——
Ος μοι εφη ταδε παντα τελευτησασθαι οπισσω·
Χειρων εξ Οδυσηος αμαρτησασθαι οπωπης.
Αλλ' αιει τινα φωτα μεγαν και καλον εδεγμην
Ενθαδ' ελευσεσθαι, μεγαλην επιειμενον αλκην·
Νυν δε μ' εων ολιγος τε, και ιδιδανος, και ακοκυς,
Οφθαλμω αλαωσεν. —— Οδ. l. 516.

Oh Heav'ns! Oh Faith of ancient Prophecies!
This *Telemus Eurymides* foretold: ——
Long ſince he menac'd, ſuch was Heav'n's Command;
And nam'd *Ulyſſes* as the deſtin'd Hand.
I deem'd ſome godlike Giant to behold;
Or lofty Hero, haughty, brave, and bold:
Not this weak pigmy Wretch. ——
*Pope's Tranſlat.* B. ix. ver. 603.

as if it was a Maxim abſolutely eſtabliſhed in their Breaſts, that nothing can be beautiful, unleſs it has ſome Approach to the Gigantic. "Such a "Man," ſays Mrs. *D* * * *, "is really a pretty Fellow, "though ſo little;" without conſidering, that he could not be ſo pretty, if he was larger. And then is ſhe for ever crying up her chief Favourite, Mr. *E* * * *, with that very bad Face, and thoſe very bad Paſſions which generally appear in it, only becauſe his Shoulders ſpread a good deal wider, than they ought to do.

But the greateſt and moſt general Miſleader of our Judgments, in relation to Beauty, is Cuſtom, or the different national Taſtes for Beauty; which turn chiefly on the Two lower Parts of it, Color and Form.

It was from the moſt common Shape of his Countrywomen that *Reubens*, in his Pictures, delights ſo much in Plumpneſs; not to give it a worſe Name. Whenever he was to repreſent the moſt beautiful Women, he is ſure to give them a good Share of Corpulence. It ſeems as if nobody could be a Beauty with him, under Two Hundred Weight. His very *Graces* are all fat.

But this may go much farther than mere Bulk; it will reach even to very great Deformities; which ſometimes grow into Beauties, where they are habitual and general. One of our own Countrymen (who was a particularly handſome Man,) in his travelling over the *Alps*, was detained by a Fever in one of thoſe Villages, where every grown

Perſon has that Sort of Swellings in the Neck, which they call *Goters*; and of which I have ſeen ſome, very near as big as their Heads. The firſt *Sunday* that he was able, he went to their Church (for he was a *Roman* Catholic) to return Thanks to Heaven for his Recovery. A Man of ſo good a Figure, and ſo well dreſt, had probably never before been within the Walls of that Chapel. Every body's Eyes were fixed upon him; and as they went out, they cried out, loud enough for him to hear them; "O how "completely handſome would that Man be, if he "had but a *Goter!*"

In ſome of the moſt military Nations of *Africa*, no Man is reckoned handſome that has not Five or Six Scars in his Face. This Cuſtom might, poſſibly, at firſt, be introduced among them to make them leſs afraid of Wounds in that Part, in Battle; but, however that was, it grew at laſt to have ſo great a Share in their Idea of Beauty, that they now cut and flaſh the Faces of their poor little Infants, in order to give them thoſe Graces when they are grown up, which are ſo neceſſary to win the Hearts of their Miſtreſſes; and which, with the Aſſiſtance of ſome Jewels, or Ingots of Gold, in their Noſes, Ears, and Lips, muſt certainly be irreſiſtible to the Ladies of that Country.

The Covering each Cheek all over with a burning Sort of Red Color, has long been looked upon in a neighbouring Country to be as neceſſary to render a Fine Lady's Face completely beautiful, as theſe Scars are for the Beaux in *Africa*.

'Tis

'Tis really surprising, that there should be so wide a Difference in the Tastes of Two Countries, as there is in this Particular between the *French* and us; when the bordering People of each live nearer together, than the Inhabitants do in the Extremes of one of our own moderate Counties; as, for Instance, in this good County of *Surrey*, in particular.

The first Time I saw the Ladies all ranged in the Front of the Boxes, at the Opera at *Paris*, they seemed to me to look like a long Bed of high-coloured full-blown Pionies in a Garden.

The Two prettiest Women I have ever seen, are the Duchess of *B* * * *, in *France*, and Mrs. *A* * * *, in *England*; and the very Reason why I should give the Preference to the latter of the Two is, that the former is obliged, by the Fashion of the Country where she lives, to heighten the Color of the Roses which Nature had scattered over her Cheeks, into one great Mass of Vermilion.

Were a *Frenchman*, on his first Coming over hither, to see a Set of our greatest Beauties all in a Row, he might, probably, think them like a Bed of Lilies; or, at least, like a Border of light-coloured Pinks.

In fact, when the Count *de Grammont* was in *England* in King *Charles* the Second's Time, when the Court was so gay, and so particularly well furnished with Beauties; he said, "That the "*English* Ladies were particularly handsome; but

" that it was a great Pity that they were all ſo " pale."

The natural Complexion of the *Italian* Ladies is of a higher Glow than ours uſually are; and yet Mr. *Addiſon* is very juſt, in making a *Numidian* call the Ladies of the ſame Country, " [*m*] Pale, " unripened Beauties."

The Prince of *Annamaboo*, who had been ſo long, and latterly ſo much uſed to the *European* Complexion, yet ſaid, a little before he left *London*; " That Miſs *C* * * * would be the moſt " charming Woman in the World, if ſhe was but " a Negro."

I remember to have read, in an Account of ſome of the fartheſt Travels that any of our People have made up the River *Gambia*; that when they came to ſome Villages, where, probably, no *Europeans* had ever been before, the Women ran frightened and ſcreaming from them; on taking them to be Devils, merely on Account of the Whiteneſs of their Complexion.

I cannot help obſerving to you, that Heaven is very good and merciful to Mankind, even in making us capable of all this Variety of Miſtakes. If every Perſon judged exactly right of Beauty, every Man that was in Love in ſuch a Diſtrict, would be in

[*m*] The glowing Dames of *Zama*'s royal Court
Have Faces fluſht with more exalted Charms:
The Sun, that rolls his Chariot o'er their Heads,
Works up more Fire and Colour in their Cheeks:
Were you with theſe, my Prince, you'd ſoon forget
The pale, unripen'd, Beauties of the North!
*Syphax*, to *Juba*; in *Cato*. Act i. Scene 4.

Love

Love with the ſame Woman. Only conſider of what fatal Conſequence that muſt be, in any City or Town that you are beſt acquainted with. The acknowledged Fair one, in the ſame Manner, could chooſe out but one happy Man for her Favourite, in all her Town of Lovers; and all the reſt muſt be left in a State of Deſpair. This (as bad as it would be) is only the beſt Side of the Caſe, and ſuppoſing every thing to be carried on with a Patience and Tranquillity, which would then be almoſt impoſſible; for, in Truth, if the Affections of all centred on the ſame Object, nothing but perpetual Quarrels and Miſchiefs would be to be apprehended. The ſuperior Beauty of each Hamlet would be the Object of the Hate and Malice of all the reſt of her own Sex in it; and the Cauſe of Diſſenſion and Murders among all of the other. If this would hold in one Town, it would hold, for the ſame Reaſons, in every other Town or Diſtrict; and of Courſe, there would be nothing more wanting than this univerſal right Judgment of Beauty, to render the whole World one continued Scene of Blood and Miſery.

But now that Fancy has, perhaps, more to do with Beauty than Judgment, there is an Infinity of Taſtes, and conſequently an Infinity of Beauty; for, to the Mind of the Lover, ſuppoſed Beauty is full as good as real. Every body may now chooſe out what happens to hit his own Turn and Caſt. The honeſt Ruſtic can think himſelf happy in his Woman of a good ſtrong Make, and Sunburnt frowſy Complexion; the fine Gentleman

may be bleſt in his Coquette; the common Soldier can delight himſelf with his Gin-drinking Trull; and the Captain with his military Miſtreſs.

This increaſes the Extent of Beauty vaſtly, and makes it in a Manner univerſal; for there are but few People, in compariſon, that are truly beautiful; but every body may be beautiful in the Imagination of ſome one or other. As I have ſaid before, ſome may delight themſelves in a black Skin, and others in a white; ſome in a gentle natural Roſineſs of Complexion, others in a high, exalted, artificial Red; ſome Nations, in Waiſts diſproportionably large; and another, in Waiſts as diſproportionably ſmall. In ſhort, the moſt oppoſite Things imaginable may each be looked upon as beautiful, in whole different Countries; or by different People, in the ſame Country.

I ſhould be apt to make a Diſtinction here again, as to the Two former Parts of Beauty, and the Two latter. Fancy has much more to do in the Articles of Form and Color, than in thoſe of the Paſſions and Grace. The good Paſſions, as they are viſible on the Face, are apparent Goodneſs, and that muſt be generally amiable; and true Grace, wherever it appears to any Degree, I ſhould think, muſt be pleaſing to every human Creature; or, perhaps, this may never appear in the Women of any Nation, where the Men are grown ſo ſavage and brutal, as to have loſt all Taſte for it.

Yet, even as to Grace itſelf, under the Notion of Pleaſingneſs (as I was juſt now calling it,) it may

may become almoſt univerſal; and be as ſubject to the Dominion of Fancy, as any of the leſs ſignificant Parts of Beauty. A Parent can ſee Genteelneſs, in the moſt aukward Child, perhaps, that ever was born; and a Perſon who is truly in Love, will be pleaſed with every Motion and Air of the Perſon beloved; which is the moſt diſtinguiſhing Character that belongs to Grace. 'Tis true, this is all a miſtaken Grace; but, as to that particular Perſon, it has all the Effects of the true.

Since I have ſpoken of this Extent and Univerſality of ſuppoſed Beauty, it would be very ungrateful not to ſay ſomething of the real Beauty of the other Works of Nature; which ſeem to reach every-where, as far as we are acquainted with them; and to meet us, which ever Way we turn our Eyes.

If we look upon the Earth, we ſee it laid out in a Thouſand beautiful Inequalities, and a pleaſing Variety of Plains, Hills, and Mountains; generally cloathed by Nature in a living Green, the Color that is the moſt delightful and the moſt refreſhing to the Eye; diverſified with an Infinity of different Lights and Shades: adorned with various Sorts of Trees, Fruits, and Flowers; interſperſed often with winding Rivers, or limpid Streams, or ſpreading Lakes; or terminating, perhaps, on a View of the Sea, which is for ever changing its Form, and in every Form is pleaſing.

If we look up to the Heavens, how charming are the Riſing of the Sun, the gentle Azure of

the noble Arch expanded over our Heads, the various Appearance and Colors of the Clouds, the fleeting Shower, and the painted Bow! Even in the Abſence of its great Enlivener, the Sun, we ſee it all ſtudded with living Lights, or gilded by the more ſolemn Beauties of the Moon; moſt pleaſing in her infant Shape, and moſt majeſtic, when in her full Orb. I know not how it may be with others, but to me the very Lightnings are pleaſing, when ſtruggling amidſt the ſhaded Clouds; and thoſe Fires that dart and waver upwards, ſometimes in various Colors, and ſometimes with Streams of gentle Light, not unlike the Break of Day, on the firſt Appearance of the Morning, from whence they have their Name.

If we turn toward the different Sorts of Animals, it is obſervable enough among them, that the Beauty which is deſigned chiefly to pleaſe one another in their own Species, is ſo contrived as to diffuſe Pleaſure to thoſe of other Species, or at leaſt to Man. How beautiful, even to us, are the Colors that adorn the Necks of the Pigeon and Pheaſant; the Train of the Mackaw and Peacock; and the whole Dreſs of ſeveral Sorts of Birds, more particularly in the Eaſtern Parts of the World? How neat and pleaſing is the Make of the Deer, the Greyhound, and ſeveral Sorts of Horſes? How beautiful is the Expreſſion of the Paſſions, in a faithful Dog? And they are not even without ſome Degrees of Grace; as may be ſeen, in particular, in the natural Motions of a *Chineſe* Pheaſant; or the acquired ones, of a managed

naged Horſe. And I the rather take Part of the Beauty of all theſe Creatures to be meant, by the Bounty of Nature, for us; becauſe moſt of the different Sorts of Sea-Fiſh (which live chiefly out of our Sight) are of Colors and Forms more hideous, or (at beſt) leſs agreeable to us.

And as the Beauty of one Species of Animals may be ſo deſigned and adapted, as to give Pleaſure to many others; ſo the Beauty of different Worlds may not be confined to each, but be carried on from one World to another, and from one Syſtem of Worlds to another; and may end in one great univerſal Beauty, of all created Matter taken in one View. How far this may hold, we are, as yet, incapable even of forming any Gueſs; but ſome late Diſcoveries have ſhewn, that there is a ſurpriſing Symmetry and Proportion in the Sizes and Diſpoſition of the ſeveral Worlds in our Syſtem; from whence one would be apt to imagine, that the ſame Beauty of Proportion is kept up between the Worlds of other Syſtems; and poſſibly, even between one Syſtem and another: At leaſt, all that we know of theſe Worlds, are exactly proportioned; and all that we ſee of them, is beautiful. Thus ſuch of them as come within our View, make what we call a fine ſtarry Heaven; and as they compoſe that beautiful Object to us, ſo does our Syſtem make a Part in ſeveral of their Proſpects; and may be, in the great Compoſition of the Univerſe, a little ſingle Stud in a noble Piece of moſaic Work.

And yet all the Profuſion of Beauty I have been ſpeaking of, and even that of the whole Univerſe taken together, is but of a weaker Nature in

Compariſon of the Beauty of Virtue. It was extremely well ſaid by *Plato*, That if Virtue was to appear in a viſible Shape, all Men would be enamoured of her: And it ſeems as if the *Greeks* and *Romans* in general had had this Idea of her Beauty, becauſe the Goddeſs of Virtue, and the Goddeſs of Wiſdom (which was often taken for one and the ſame Thing among them, as well as in our Sacred Writings,) were always repreſented with the greateſt and moſt commanding Beauty. The ſame appears yet ſtronger from their uſing the Words Good [*n*] and Beautiful indifferently for each other; as if all Beauty was contained in Goodneſs.

Indeed the Beauty of Virtue or Goodneſs exceeds all other Beauty, as much as the Soul does the Body.

The higheſt Object of Beauty that we can ſee is the Goodneſs of God, as diſplayed in the Works of the Creation. In him all Goodneſs and Beauty dwells; and whatever there is of moral Beauty in the whole Univerſe beſide, is only as ſo many Emanations from the divine Author of all that is Good and Beautiful.

We ſometimes ſee a few feeble Rays of this Beauty reflected in human Actions, but much diſcoloured by the Medium through which they paſs; and yet how charming do they even thus appear in ſome Perſons, and on ſome Occaſions? All the Grandeur in the World is as nothing in Compariſon of any one of theſe good becoming Deeds. How many more Charms are there, for

[*n*] Καλον, Πρεπτον, Pulchrum, Honeſtum.

Inſtance,

Inſtance, in the Actions of ſuch an humble Perſon as the *Man of Roſs*, than in all the Victories of our *Edwards* and our *Harries?* or (to go farther back in Hiſtory) how much more amiable is the Death of *Socrates*, than the whole Life of *Alexander* the Great?

As Virtue is the ſupreme Beauty, ſo is Vice the moſt odious of all Deformities. I do not know how to make this more evident to you by any Inſtance, than by that of the different Conduct of Two very celebrated Poets, *Milton* and *Taſſo*, in deſcribing the fallen Angels: *Taſſo*'s Devils are chiefly made hideous by their Shape; their Horns and Tails are the principal Ingredients of Deformity in his Deſcriptions of them; whereas *Milton* generally omits thoſe little Particulars, and paints out the Deformity of their Minds; their Pride, Impiety, Malignity, and Obſtinacy; by which Means his Devils are tenfold more Devils, and more odious and horrible to the Reader, than thoſe of the *Italian* Poet.

There is a mighty eaſy Conſequence to be drawn from all this, which well deſerves to be more generally obſerved. If Virtue be the chief Beauty, People, to be beautiful, ſhould endeavour to be virtuous; and ſhould avoid Vice, and all the worſt Sort of Paſſions, as they would fly Deformity. I wiſh the more beautiful Half of the human Creation, in particular, were thoroughly ſenſible of this great Truth; "That the readieſt Way to be "beautiful, is to be good;" and ſuch of them as are more ſolicitous about chooſing and adjuſting

what

what they wear, and how that will appear, than about forming their Minds, and regulating their disagreeable Passions, will really fall under the Censure I mentioned before, from one of the *Latin* Poets; and shew too plainly to all the World, that they, in their own Hearts, consider their Dress as the better Part of themselves.

I must have quite tired you, I believe, added CRITO, rising; and should be glad if you would take a little Walk, to refresh us all after this long Harangue. It has been far from seeming long to us (replied MILESIUS, as they were all going together out of the Tent:) 'Tis a Subject that can scarce ever be tiresome; and your Manner of treating it has, in general, been very pleasing; only I must say, that, toward the Conclusion, it began to grow a little too like a Sermon. I wish, says TIMANTHES, that some Ladies of your Acquaintance had been present at the whole Discourse, and particularly at that Part of it; for I don't know whether it might not have done them more Good, than any Sermon that they ever were at in their Lives. However, as there were no Ladies here, I wish CRITO would give us, who were of his Audience, Leave to beg he would be so good as print it, for the Benefit of the Fair Sex in general; for, I dare say, it would be of good Use to some of them. I know not whether it would be of any Use to them, replied CRITO; but if you really thought so, and could recollect enough of it to write it down, it is entirely at your Service; and you have my full Leave to send it to the Press, as soon as you please.

A PAR-

A PARTICULAR

# ACCOUNT

OF THE

# EMPEROR of CHINA'S GARDENS, near PEKIN:

IN A

LETTER from F. ATTIRET, a French Miſſionary, now employed by that Emperor to paint the Apartments in thoſe Gardens, to his Friend at *Paris*.

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Tranſlated from the French;

By Sir *HARRY BEAUMONT*.

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# ADVERTISEMENT
## TO THE
# PUBLIC.

IT is now above Half a Century, ſince the *French* have been publiſhing a Collection of the Letters of their Miſſionaries; from all the moſt diſtant Parts of the World. This Collection is already grown very voluminous. The famous *Pere du Halde* was the Perſon who had the chief Hand in making and publiſhing it. There were but Eight Volumes that had appeared before he undertook the Care of it, which was in the Year 1711; and he carried it on, in Eighteen more, to the Year 1743; when the Death of that Father, and ſome other Incidents, occaſioned an Interruption of the Work, for about Six Years. It was reſumed in 1749, by *F. Pattouillet*; who then publiſhed the 27th Volume. The following is a Tranſlation of the Firſt Letter in that Volume; and is, perhaps, as curious as any one in the whole Collection.

A LET-

A

# LETTER

FROM A

# FRENCH MISSIONARY

IN

# CHINA.

PEKIN, *Nov.* 1, 1743.

SIR,

IT was with the greateſt Pleaſure that I received your Two laſt Letters; one of the 13th of *October*, and the other of the 2d of *November*, 1742. I communicated the very intereſting Account of the Affairs of *Europe*, which you gave me in them, to the reſt of our Miſſionaries; who join with me in our ſincere Thanks. I thank you too, in particular, for the Box full of Works in Straw, and Flowers, which came very ſafe to me: but I beg of you not to put yourſelf to any ſuch Expence for the future; for the *Chineſe* very much exceed the *Europeans*, in thoſe kinds

kinds of Works; and particularly in their [*a*] artificial Flowers [*b*] We came hither by the Command, or rather by the Permiſſion of the Emperor. An Officer was aſſigned to conduct us; and they made us believe, that he would defray our Expences: But the latter was only in Words; for, in Effect, the Expence was almoſt wholly out of our own Pockets. Half of the Way we came by Water; and both eat and lodged in our Boats: And what ſeemed odd enough to us was, that by the Rules of Good-breeding received among them, we were not allowed ever to go aſhore, or even to look out of the Windows of our covered boats to obſerve the Face of the Country, as we paſſed along.

We made the latter Part of our Journey in a Sort of Cage, which they were pleaſed to call a Litter. In this too we were ſhut up all Day long; and at Night carried into our Inns; (and very wretched Inns they are!) and thus we got to *Pekin*, with our Curioſity quite unſatisfied, and with ſeeing but very little more of the Country, than if we had been ſhut up all the while in our own Chambers.

[*a*] Theſe are chiefly made of Feathers; coloured and formed ſo exactly like real Flowers, that one is often apt to forget one's ſelf, and ſmell to them. The famous Signora *Vannimano*, at *Rome*, (ſo many of whoſe Works in this kind are continually brought Home by our Gentlemen who travel to that City,) at firſt learned her Art from ſome which were ſent from *China*, by the Jeſuits, as a preſent to the then Pope.

[*b*] Here is a Page or two omitted, as relating only to their private Affairs.

Indeed

Indeed they ſay, that the Country we paſſed is but a bad Country; and that, though the Journey is near 2000 Miles, there is but little to be met with on the Way that might deſerve much Attention: Not even any Monuments, or Buildings, except ſome Temples for their Idols; and thoſe built of Wood, and but one Story high: The chief Value and Beauty of which ſeemed to conſiſt in ſome bad Paintings, and very indifferent Varniſh works. Indeed any one that is juſt come from ſeeing the Buildings of *France* and *Italy*, is apt to have but little Taſte, or Attention, for whatever he may meet with in the other Parts of the World.

However, I muſt except, out of this Rule, the Palace of the Emperor of *Pekin*, and his Pleaſure-Houſes; for in them every thing is truly great and beautiful, both as to the Deſign and the Execution; and they ſtruck me the more, becauſe I had never ſeen any thing that bore any manner of Reſemblance to them in any Part of the World that I had been in before.

I ſhould be very glad, if I could make ſuch a Deſcription of theſe, as would give you any juſt Idea of them; but that is almoſt impoſſible; becauſe there is nothing in the whole, which has any Likeneſs to our manner of Building, or our Rules of Architecture. The only way to conceive what they are, is to ſee them; and if I can get any Time, I am reſolved to draw ſome Parts of them as exactly as I can, and ſend them into *Europe*.

The

The Palace is, at leaſt, as big as [c] *Dijon*; which City I chooſe to name to you, becauſe you are ſo well acquainted with it. This Palace conſiſts of a great Number of different Pieces of Building; detached from one another, but diſpoſed with a great deal of Symmetry and Beauty. They are ſeparated from one another by vaſt Courts, Plantations of Trees, and Flower-Gardens. The principal Front of all theſe Buildings ſhines with Gilding, Varniſh-work, and Paintings; and the Inſide is furniſhed and adorned with all the moſt beautiful and valuable Things that could be got in *China*, the *Indies*, and even from *Europe*.

As for the Pleaſure-houſes, they are really charming. They ſtand in a vaſt Compaſs of Ground. They have raiſed Hills from Twenty to Sixty Feet high; which form a great Number of little Valleys between them. The Bottoms of theſe Valleys are watered with clear Streams; which run on till they join together, and form larger Pieces of Water and Lakes: They paſs theſe Streams, Lakes, and Rivers, in beautiful and magnificent Boats: I have ſeen one, in particular, Seventy-eight Feet long, and Twenty-four Feet broad, with a very handſome Houſe raiſed upon it. In each of theſe Valleys, there are Houſes about the Banks of the Water, very well diſpoſed; with their different Courts, open and cloſe Porticos, Parterres, Gardens, and Caſcades; which, when viewed all together, have an admirable Effect upon the Eye.

[c] A handſome City in *France*; and the Capital one in the Province of *Burgundy*; between Three and Four Miles round.

They

They go from one of the Valleys to another, not by formal ſtrait Walks as in *Europe*; but by various Turnings and Windings, adorned on the Sides with little Pavilions and charming Grottos; and each of theſe Valleys is diverſified from all the reſt, both by their manner of laying out the Ground, and in the Structure and Diſpoſition of its Buildings.

All the Riſings and Hills are ſprinkled with Trees; and particularly with Flowering Trees, which are here very common. The Sides of the Canals, or leſſer Streams, are not faced (as they are with us) with ſmooth Stone, and in a ſtrait Line; but look rude and ruſtic, with different Pieces of Rock, ſome of which jut out, and others recede inwards; and are placed with ſo much Art, that you would take it to be the Work of Nature. In ſome Parts the Water is wide, in others narrow; here it ſerpentiſes, and there ſpreads away, as if it was really puſhed off by the Hills and Rocks. The Banks are ſprinkled with Flowers, which riſe up even through the Hollows in the Rock work, as if they had been produced there naturally. They have a great Variety of them, for every Seaſon of the Year.

Beyond theſe Streams there are always Walks, or rather Paths, paved with ſmall Stones; which lead from one Valley to another. Theſe Paths too are irregular; and ſometimes wind along the Banks of the Water, and at others run out wide from them.

On your Entrance into each Valley, you ſee its Buildings before you. All the Front is a Colonnade, with

with Windows between the Pillars. The Wood-work is gilded, painted, and varnished. The Roofs too are covered with varnished Tiles of different Colours; red, yellow, blue, green, and purple; which, by their proper Mixtures, and their Manner of placing them, form an agreeable Variety of Compartments and Designs. Almost all these Buildings are only one Story high; and their Floors are raised from Two to Eight Feet above the Ground. You go up to them not by regular Stone Steps, but by a rough Sort of Rock-work, formed as if there had been so many Steps produced there by Nature. The Inside of the Apartments answers perfectly to their Magnificence without. Beside their being very well disposed, the Furniture and Ornaments are very rich, and of an exquisite Taste. In the Courts and Passages, you see Vases of Brass, Porcelain, and Marble filled with Flowers; and before some of these Houses, instead of naked Statues, they have several of their hieroglyphical Figures of Animals, and Urns with perfumes burning in them, placed upon Pedestals of Marble.

Every Valley, as I told you before, has its Pleasure-house; small indeed in Respect to the whole Inclosure; but yet large enough to be capable of receiving the greatest Nobleman in *Europe*, with all his Retinue. Several of these Houses are built of Cedar, which they bring, with great Expence, at the Distance of 1500 Miles from this Place. And now how many of these Palaces do you think there are, in all the Valleys

of

of the Inclosure? There are above 200 of them, without reckoning as many other Houses for the Eunuchs; for they are the Persons who have the Care of each Palace, and their Houses are always just by them; generally at no more than Five or Six Feet Distance. These Houses of the Eunuchs are very plain; and for that Reason are always concealed, either by some Projection of the Walls, or by the Interposition of their artificial Hills.

Over the running Streams there are Bridges, at proper Distances, to make the more easy Communication from one Place to another. These are most commonly either of Brick, or Free stone, and sometimes of Wood, but are all raised high enough for the Boats to pass conveniently under them. They are fenced with Ballisters finely wrought, and adorned with Works in Relievo; but all of them varied from one another, both in their Ornaments and designs. Do not imagine to yourself, that these Bridges run on, like ours, in strait Lines: On the contrary, they generally wind about and serpentize to such a Degree, that some of them, which, if they went on regularly, would be no more than Thirty or Forty Feet long, turn so often and so much as to make their whole Length 100 or 200 Feet. You see some of them which, either at the Midst, or at the Ends, have little Pavilions for People to rest themselves in; supported sometimes by Four, sometimes by Eight, and sometimes by Sixteen Columns. They are usually on such of the Bridges as afford the most engaging Prospects. At the Ends

Ends of other of the Bridges there are triumphal Arches, either of Wood, or white Marble; formed in a very pretty Manner, but very different from any thing that I have ever ſeen in *Europe*.

I have already told you that theſe little Streams, or Rivers, are carried on to ſupply ſeveral larger Pieces of Water, and Lakes. One of theſe Lakes is very near Five Miles round; and they call it a Meer, or Sea. This is one of the moſt beautiful Parts in the whole Pleaſure Ground.

On the Banks are ſeveral Pieces of Buildings, ſeparated from each other by the Rivulets, and artificial Hills above mentioned.

But what is the moſt charming Thing of all is, an Iſland, or Rock, in the Middle of this Sea; raiſed, in a natural and ruſtic Manner about Six Feet above the Surface of the Water. On this Rock there is a little Palace, which, however, contains an Hundred different Apartments. It has Four Fronts, and is built with inexpreſſible Beauty and Taſte; the Sight of it ſtrikes one with Admiration. From it you have a View of all the Palaces, ſcattered at proper Diſtances round the Shores of this Sea; all the Hills that terminate about it; all the Rivulets, which tend thither, either to diſcharge their Waters into it, or to receive them from it; all the Bridges, either at the Mouths or Ends of theſe Rivulets; all the Pavilions and triumphal Arches that adorn any of theſe Bridges; and all the Groves that are planted to ſeparate and ſcreen the different Palaces, and to prevent the Inhabitants of them from being overlooked

looked by one another. The Banks of this charming Water are infinitely varied; there are no two Parts of it alike. Here you ſee Keys of ſmooth Stone; with Porticos, Walks, and Paths, running down to them from the Palaces that ſurround the Lake: There, others of Rock-work, that fall into Steps, contrived with the greateſt Art that can be conceived: Here, natural Terraces with winding Steps at each End, to go up to the Palaces that are built upon them; and above theſe, other Terraces, and other Palaces, that riſe higher and higher, and form a ſort of Amphitheatre. There again a Grove of flowering Trees preſents itſelf to your Eye; and a little farther you ſee a Spread of wild Foreſt-trees, and ſuch as grow only on the moſt barren Mountains: Then, perhaps, vaſt Timber-trees with their Under-wood; then Trees from all foreign Countries; and then, ſome all blooming with Flowers, and others all laden with Fruits of different Kinds.

There are alſo, on the Banks of this Lake, a great Number of Net-work-houſes, and Pavilions; Half on the Land, and Half running into the Lake, for all Sorts of Water-fowl; as farther on upon the Shore, you meet frequently with Menageries for different Sorts of Creatures; and even little Parks for the Chaſe. But of all this Sort of Things, the *Chineſe* are moſt fond of a kind of Fiſh, the greater Part of which are of a Colour as brilliant as Gold; others, of a Silver Colour; and others of different Shades of red, green, blue, purple, and black; and ſome, of all Sorts of Colours mixt together.

together. There are ſeveral Reſervoirs for theſe Fiſh, in all Parts of the Garden; but the moſt conſiderable of them all is at this Lake. It takes up a very large Space; and is all ſurrounded with a Lattice-work of Braſs-wire, in which the Openings are ſo very fine and ſmall, as to prevent the Fiſh from wandering into the main Waters.

To let you ſee the Beauty of this charming Spot in its greateſt Perfection, I ſhould wiſh to have you tranſported hither when the Lake is all covered with Boats, either gilt, or varniſhed; as it is ſometimes, for taking the Air; ſometimes, for fiſhing; and ſometimes, for [*d*] Juſts, and Combats, and other Diverſions, upon the Water; but above all, on ſome fine Night, when the Fire-works are played off there; at which Time they have Illuminations in all the Palaces, all the Boats, and almoſt on every Tree. The *Chineſe* exceed us extremely in their Fire-works; and I have never ſeen any thing of that Kind, either in *France*, or *Italy*, that can bear any Compariſon with theirs.

[*d*] I have ſeen of this Sort of Juſts upon the Water, in our Parts of the World; and particularly at *Lions* in *France*. The Champions ſtand as firmly as they are able, on the Prows of two Boats, with a Shield in their left Hands, and a blunted Spear in their right. There is an equal Number of Rowers in each of the Boats, who drive them on with great Impetuoſity. The two Combatants charge each other with their Spears; and often both, but almoſt always one of them is driven backward on the Shock; either down into his Boat, or (which often happens) into the Water; which latter makes one of the principal Parts in this odd Sort of Diverſion.

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The Part in which the Emperor usually resides here, with the Empress, his [e] favourite Mistresses, and the Eunuchs that attend them, is a vast Collection of Buildings, Courts, and Gardens; and looks itself like a City. 'Tis at least as big as our City of [f] *Dole*. The greater Part of the other Palaces is only used for his walking; or to dine and sup in upon Occasion.

This Palace for the usual Residence of the Emperor, is just within the grand Gate of the Pleasure Ground. First are the Antechambers; then the Halls for Audience; and then the Courts and Gardens belonging to them. The Whole forms an Island; which is entirely surrounded by a large and deep Canal. 'Tis a sort of Seraglio; in the different Apartments of which, you see all the most beautiful Things that can be imagined, as to Furniture, Ornaments, and Paintings, (I mean of those in the *Chinese* Taste;) the most valuable Sorts of Wood; varnished Works, of China and Japan; antient Vases of Porcelain; Silks, and Cloth of Gold and Silver. They have there brought together all that Art and good Taste could add to the Riches of Nature.

[e] The Original says; "les Koucifeys, les Feys, les "Pines, les Kouci-gins, et les Ichangtsays:" and informs us in a Note, that these are so many different Titles of Honour, for the different Classes of such of the Emperor's Mistresses as are most in his Favour. I did not think it worth while to set down all these hard Names in the Text; and, perhaps, they might as well have been omitted even here.

[f] The second City for Size in the *Franche Comté*.

From this Palace of the Emperor, a Road which is almoſt ſtrait, leads you to a little Town in the Midſt of the whole Incloſure. 'Tis ſquare; and each Side is near a Mile long. It has Four Gates, anſwering the Four principal Points of the Compaſs; with Towers, Walls, Parapets, and Battlements. It has its Streets, Squares, Temples, Exchanges, Markets, Shops, Tribunals, Palaces, and a Port for Veſſels. In one Word, every thing that is at *Pekin* in Large, is there repreſented in Minature.

You will certainly aſk for what Uſe this City was intended? Is it that the Emperor may retreat to it as a Place of Safety, on any Revolt, or Revolution? It might indeed ſerve well enough for that Purpoſe; and poſſibly that Thought had a Share in the Mind of the Perſon who at firſt deſigned it; but its principal End was, to procure the Emperor the Pleaſure of ſeeing all the Buſtle and Hurry of a great City in little, whenever he might have a Mind for that Sort of Diverſion.

The Emperor of *China* is too much a Slave to his Grandeur ever to ſhew himſelf to his People, even when he goes out of his Palace. He too ſees nothing of the Town, which he paſſes through. All the Doors and Windows are ſhut up. They ſpread wide Pieces of Cloth every where, that nobody may ſee him. Several Hours before he is to paſs through any Street, the People are forewarned of it; and if any ſhould be found there whilſt he paſſes, they would be handled very ſeverely by his Guards. Whenever he goes into the Country,

try, two Bodies of Horſe advance a good way before him, on each Side of the Road; both for his Security, and to keep the Way clear from all other Paſſengers. As the Emperors of *China* find themſelves obliged to live in this ſtrange ſort of Solitude, they have always endeavoured to ſupply the Loſs of all public Diverſions, (which their high Station will not ſuffer them to partake,) by ſome other Means or Inventions, according to their different Taſtes and Fancies.

This Town, therefore, in theſe two laſt Reigns, (for it was this Emperor's Father who ordered it to be built) has been appropriated for the Eunuchs to act in it, at ſeveral Times in the Year, all the Commerce, Marketings, Arts, Trades, Buſtle, and Hurry, and even all the Rogueries uſual in great cities. At the appointed Times, each Eunuch puts on the Dreſs of the Profeſſion or Part which is aſſigned to him. One is a Shop-keeper, and another an Artiſan; this is an Officer, and that a common Soldier: One has a Wheel-barrow given him to drive about the Streets; another, as a Porter, carries a Baſket on his Shoulders. In a Word, every one has the diſtinguiſhing Mark of his Employment. The Veſſels arrive at the Port; the Shops are opened; and the Goods are expoſed for Sale. There is one Quarter for thoſe who ſell Silks, and another for thoſe who ſell Cloth; one Street for Porcelain, and another for Varniſh-works. You may be ſupplied with whatever you want. This Man ſells Furniture of all Sorts; that, Cloaths and Ornaments for the Ladies; a third

has all Kinds of Books for the learned and curious. There are Coffee-houſes too, and Taverns of all Sorts, good and bad; beſide a Number of People that cry different Fruits about the Streets, and a great Variety of refreſhing Liquors. The Mercers, as you paſs their Shops, catch you by the Sleeve, and preſs you to buy ſome of their Goods. 'Tis all a Place of Liberty and Licence; and you can ſcarce diſtinguiſh the Emperor himſelf from the meaneſt of his Subjects. Every body bauls out what he has to ſell; ſome quarrel, others fight; and you have all the Confuſion of a fair about you. The public Officers come and arreſt the Quarrellers; carry them before the Judges, in the Courts for Juſtice; the Cauſe is tried in form; the Offender condemned to be baſtinadoed; and the Sentence is put in Execution; and that ſo effectually, that the Diverſion of the Emperor ſometimes coſts the poor Actor a great deal of real Pain.

The Myſtery of Thieving is not forgot, in this general Repreſentation. That noble Employ is aſſigned to a conſiderable Number of the cleverest Eunuchs, who perform their Parts admirably well. If any one of them is caught in the Fact, he is brought to Shame, and condemned (at leaſt they go through the Form of condemning him) to be ſtigmatiſed, baſtinadoed, or baniſhed; according to the Heinouſneſs of the Crime, and the Nature of the Theft. If they ſteal cleverly they have the Laugh on their Side; they are applauded, and the Sufferer is without Redreſs. However, at the

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End of the Fair, every thing of this Kind is reſtored to the proper Owner.

This Fair (as I told you before) is kept only for the Entertainment of the Emperor, the Empreſs, and his Miſtreſſes. 'Tis very unuſual for any of the Princes, or Grandees, to be admitted to ſee it; and when any have that Favour, it is not till after the Women are all retired to their ſeveral Apartments. The Goods which are expoſed and ſold here, belong chiefly to the Merchants of *Pekin*; who put them into the Hands of the Eunuchs, to be ſold in reality; ſo that the Bargains here are far from being all pretended ones. In particular, the Emperor himſelf always buys a great many Things; and you may be ſure they aſk him enough for them. Several of the Ladies too make their Bargains; and ſo do ſome of the Eunuchs. All this trafficking, if there was nothing of real mixt with it, would want a great deal of that earneſtneſs and Life, which now make the Buſtle the more active, and the Diverſion it gives the greater.

To this Scene of Commerce, ſometimes ſucceeds a very different one; that of Agriculture. There is a Quarter within the ſame Incloſure, which is ſet apart for this Purpoſe. There you ſee Fields, Meadows, Farm-houſes, and little ſcattered Cottages; with Oxen, Ploughs, and all the Neceſſaries for Huſbandry. There they ſow Wheat, Rice, Pulſe, and all other Sorts of Grain. They make their Harveſt, and carry in the Produce of their Grounds. In a Word, they here

imitate every thing that is done in the Country; and in every thing expreſs a rural Simplicity, and all the plain Manners of a Country Life, as nearly as they poſſibly can.

Doubtleſs you have read of the famous Feaſt in *China*, called the Feaſt of the Lanthorns. It is always celebrated on the 15th Day of the firſt Month. There is no *Chineſe* ſo poor, but that upon this Day he lights up his Lanthorn. They have them of all Sorts, Figures, Sizes, and Prices. On that Day all *China* is illuminated; but the fineſt Illuminations of all are in the Emperor's Palaces; and particularly in theſe Pleaſure-grounds, which I have been deſcribing to you. There is not a Chamber, Hall, or Portico, in them, which has not ſeveral of theſe Lanthorns hanging from the Ceilings. There are ſeveral upon all the Rivulets, Rivers, and Lakes; made in the Shape of little Boats, which the Waters carry backward and forward. There are ſome upon all the Hills and Bridges, and almoſt upon all the Trees. Theſe are wrought mighty prettily, in the Shapes of different Fiſhes, Birds, and Beaſts; Vaſes, Fruits, Flowers; and Boats of different Sorts and Sizes. Some are made of Silk; ſome of Horn, Glaſs, Mother of Pearl, and a Thouſand other Materials. Some of them are painted; others embroidered; and of very different Prices. I have ſeen ſome of them which could never have been made for a Thouſand Crowns. It would be an endleſs Thing to endeavour to give you a particular Account of all their Forms, Materials,

terials, and Ornaments. It is in theſe, and in the great Variety which the *Chineſe* ſhew in their Buildings, that I admire the Fruitfulneſs of their Invention; and am almoſt tempted to own, that we are quite poor and barren in Compariſon of them.

Their Eyes are ſo accuſtomed to their own Architecture, that they have very little Taſte for ours. May I tell you what they ſay when they ſpeak of it, or when they are looking over the Prints of ſome of our moſt celebrated Buildings? The Height and Thickneſs of our Palaces amazes them. They look upon our Streets as ſo many Ways hollowed into terrible Mountains; and upon our Houſes, as Rocks pointing up in the Air, and full of Holes like Dens of Bears and other wild Beaſts. Above all, our different Stories, piled up ſo high one above another, ſeem quite intolerable to them; and they cannot conceive how we can bear to run the Riſk of breaking our Necks, ſo commonly, in going up ſuch a Number of Steps as is neceſſary to climb up to the fourth and fifth Floors. "Undoubtedly, (ſaid the Emperor *Cang-hy*, whilſt he was "looking over ſome Plans of our European "Houſes,) this *Europe* muſt be a very ſmall and "pitiful Country; ſince the Inhabitants cannot "find Ground enough to ſpread out their Towns, "but are obliged to live up thus in the Air." As for us, we think otherwiſe; and have Reaſon to do ſo.

However, I muſt own to you, without pretending to decide which of the two ought to have

the Preference, that the Manner of Building in this Country pleaſes me very much. Since my Reſidence in *China*, my Eyes and Taſte are grown a little *Chineſe*. And, between Friends, is not the Dutcheſs of *Bourbon*'s Houſe oppoſite to the Tuilleries, extremely pretty? Yet that is only one Story, and a good deal in the *Chineſe* Manner. Every Country has its Taſte and Cuſtoms. The Beauty of our Architecture cannot be diſputed; nothing is more grand and majeſtic. I own too that our Houſes are well diſpoſed. We follow the Rules of Uniformity, and Symmetry, in all the Parts of them. There is nothing in them unmatched, or diſplaced; every Part anſwers its oppoſite; and there's an exact Agreement in the whole. But then there is this Symmetry, this beautiful Order and Diſpoſition too in *China*; and particularly in the Emperor's Palace at *Pekin*, that I was ſpeaking of in the Beginning of this Letter. The Palaces of the Princes and great Men, the Courts of Juſtice, and the Houſes of the better Sort of People, are generally in the ſame Taſte.

But in their Pleaſure-houſes, they rather chooſe [g] a beautiful Diſorder, and a wandering as far as

[g] The Author of this Letter ſeems here to have formed his Opinion only from the Garden in which he was employed; for this is not univerſally the caſe in the Pleaſure-houſes of the Emperor of *China*. I have lately ſeen ſome Prints of another of his Gardens, (brought from that Kingdom, and which will very ſoon be publiſhed here,) in which the Diſpoſition of the Ground, Water, and Plantations, is indeed quite irregular; but the Houſes, Bridges, and Fences, are all of a regular Kind

as poſſible from all the Rules of Art. They go entirely on this Principle, "That what they are "to repreſent there, is a natural and wild View "of the Country; a rural Retirement, and not "a Palace formed according to all the Rules of "Art." Agreeably to which, I have not yet obſerved any Two of the little Palaces in all the grand Incloſure which are alike, though ſome of them are placed at ſuch conſiderable Diſtances from one another. You would think that they were formed upon the Ideas of ſo many different foreign Countries; or that they were all built at random, and made up of Parts not meant for one another. When you read this, you will be apt to imagine ſuch Works very ridiculous; and that they muſt have a very bad Effect on the Eye; but were you to ſee them, you would find it quite otherwiſe; and would admire the Art with which all this Irregularity is conducted. All is in good Taſte; and ſo managed, that its Beauties appear gradually one after another. To enjoy them as one ought, you ſhould view every Piece by itſelf; and you would find enough to amuſe you for a long while, and to ſatisfy all your Curioſity.

Beſide the Palaces themſelves (though I have called them little, in compariſon of the whole) are very far from being inconſiderable Things. I ſaw them building one in the ſame Incloſure, laſt Year, for one of the Princes of the Blood; which

Kind. Thoſe Prints will give the trueſt Idea we can have of the *Chineſe* Manner of laying out Pleaſure-grounds.

coſt him near [*b*] Two Hundred Thouſand Pounds; without reckoning any thing for the Furniture and Ornaments of the Inſide; for they were a Preſent to him from the Emperor.

I muſt add one Word more, in relation to the Variety which reigns in theſe Pleaſure-houſes. It is not only to be found in their Situations, Views, Diſpoſitions, Sizes, Heights, and all the other general Points; but alſo in their leſſer Parts, that go to the compoſing of them. Thus, for inſtance, there is no People in the World who can ſhew ſuch a Variety of Shapes and Forms, in their Doors and Windows, as the *Chineſe*. They have ſome round, oval, ſquare, and all Sorts of angled Figures; ſome, in the Shape of Fans; others in thoſe of Flowers, Vaſes, Birds, Beaſts, and Fiſhes; in ſhort, of all Forms whether regular or irregular.

It is only here too, I believe, that one can ſee ſuch Porticos, as I am going to deſcribe to you. They ſerve to join ſuch Parts of the Buildings in the ſame Palace, as lie pretty wide from one another. Theſe are ſometimes raiſed on Columns only, on the Side toward the Houſe; and have Openings, of different Shapes, through the Walls on the other Side; and ſometimes have only Columns on both Sides; as in all ſuch as lead from

[*b*] The Original ſays, *Soixante Ouanes*; and adds in a Note, that one Ouane is worth Ten Thouſand *Jaëls*; and each *Jaël* is worth Seven Livres and a Half; ſo that Sixty Ouanes makes Four Million, and a Half of Livres; which is equal to 196,875 Pounds Sterling.

any

any of the Palaces, to their open Pavilions for taking the freſh Air. But what is ſo ſingular in theſe Porticos, or Colonnades, is, that they ſeldom run on in ſtrait Lines; but make an Hundred Turns and Windings; Sometimes by the Side of a Grove, at others, behind a Rock, and at others again along the Banks of their Rivers or Lakes. Nothing can be conceived more delightful; they have ſuch a rural Air as is quite raviſhing and inchanting.

You will certainly conclude from all I have told you, that this Pleaſure-place muſt have coſt immenſe Sums of Money; and indeed there is no Prince, but ſuch a one as is Maſter of ſo vaſt a State as the Emperor of *China* is, who could either afford ſo prodigious an Expence, or accompliſh ſuch a Number of great Works in ſo little Time; for all this was done in the Compaſs of Twenty Years. It was the Father of the preſent Emperor who began it; and his Son now only adds Conveniences and Ornaments to it, here and there.

But there is nothing ſo ſurpriſing or incredible, in this; for beſides that the Buildings are moſt commonly but of one Story, they employ ſuch prodigious Numbers of Workmen, that every thing is carried on very faſt. Above Half the Difficulty is over, when they have got their Materials upon the Spot. They fall immediately to diſpoſing them in Order; and, in a few Months the Work is finiſhed. They look almoſt like thoſe fabulous Palaces, which are ſaid to be raiſed by Inchant-

Inchantment, all at once, in some beautiful Valley, or on the Brow of some Hill.

This whole Inclosure is called *Yven-ming Yven*, the Garden of Gardens; or the Garden by way of Eminence. It is not the only one that belongs to the Emperor; he has Three others, of the same Kind; but none of them so large, or so beautiful, as this. In one of these lives the Empress his Mother, and all her Court. It was built by the present Emperor's Grandfather [*i*] *Cang-hy*; and is called *Ichang tchun yven*, or the Garden of perpetual Spring. The Pleasure-places of the Princes and Grandees are, in Little, what those of the Emperor are in Great.

Perhaps you will ask me, "Why all this long "Description? Should not I rather have drawn "Plans of this magnificent Place, and sent them "to you?" To have done that, would have taken me up at least Three Years, without touching upon any thing else; whereas I have not a Moment to spare; and am forced to borrow the Time in which I now write to you, from my Hours of Rest. To which you may add, that for such a Work, it would be necessary for me to have full Liberty of going into any Part of the Gardens whenever I pleased, and to stay there as long as I pleased; which is quite impracticable here. 'Tis very fortunate for me, that I had got the little Knowledge of Painting that I have; for,

[*i*] *Cang-hy* began his Reign in 1660; his Son *Yongtching* succeeded him in 1722; and his Grandson *Kien-long* in 1735.

without

without this, I ſhould have been in the ſame Caſe with ſeveral other *Europeans*, who have been here between Twenty and Thirty Years, without being able ever to ſet their Feet on any Spot of this delightful Ground. There is but one Man here, and that's the Emperor. All Pleaſures are made for him alone. This charming Place is ſcarce ever ſeen by any body but himſelf, his Women, and his Eunuchs. The Princes, and other chief Men of the Country, are rarely admitted any further than the Audience-Chambers. Of all the *Europeans* that are here, none ever entered this Incloſure, except the Clock-makers and Painters, whoſe Employments make it neceſſary that they ſhould be admitted every where. The Place uſually aſſigned us to paint in, is in one of thoſe little Palaces above-mentioned; where the Emperor comes to ſee us work almoſt every Day; ſo that we can never be abſent. We don't go out of the Bounds of this Palace, unleſs what we are to paint cannot be brought to us; and in ſuch Caſes they conduct us to the Place under a large Guard of Eunuchs. We are obliged to go quick, and without any Noiſe; and huddle and ſteal along ſoftly, as if we were going upon ſome Piece of Miſchief. 'Tis in this Manner that I have gone through, and ſeen, all this beautiful Garden; and entered into the Apartments. The Emperor uſually reſides here Ten Months in each Year. We are about Ten Miles from *Pekin*. All the Day we are in the Garden; and have a Table furniſhed for us by the Emperor: For the Nights, we have bought

us a House near the Entrance to the Gardens. When the Emperor returns to *Pekin*, we attend him; are lodged there within his Palace; and go every Evening to the *French* Church. [*k*]

I think it is high Time both for you and me, that I should put an End to this Letter; which has carried me on to a greater Length than I at first intended. I wish it may give you any Pleasure; and should be very glad if it was in my Power to do any thing more considerable, to shew you the perfect Esteem I have for you. I shall always remember you in my Prayers; and beg you would sometimes remember me in yours. I am, with the greatest Regard,

SIR,

*Your most obedient,*

*Humble Servant,*

ATTIRET.

[*k*] Here follow Fourteen or Fifteen Pages in the Original, which treat only of the Author's private Affairs, or of the Affairs of the Mission, without any thing relating to the Emperor's Garden; and are therefore omitted by the Translator.

# DEFORMITY:

AN

# ESSAY.

By *WILLIAM HAY*, Esq.

——*Te consule ; dic tibi quis sis :*
——*E cœlo descendit γνωθι σεαυτον.*
Juv. Sat. xi.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

TO promote the Sale of this Piece, Mr. DODSLEY was for dedicating it to ſome reigning Toaſt; but it was thought more for his Intereſt to ſend it into the World, with the Motto inſcribed on the Golden Apple adjudged to *Venus*; for then a Thouſand Goddeſſes might ſeize it as their own.

DEDI-

# DEDICATION.

DETVR PVLCHRIORI.

TO THE

GREATEST BEAUTY.

# DEFORMITY;

## AN

# ESSAY.

IT is offenſive for a Man to ſpeak much of himſelf; and few can do it with ſo good a Grace as *Montaigne*. I wiſh I could; or that I could be half ſo [*a*] entertaining or inſtructive. My Subject, however, will be my Apology; and I am ſure it will draw no Envy upon me. Bodily Deformity is viſible to every Eye; but the Effects of it are known to very few; intimately known to none, but thoſe who feel them; and they generally are not inclined to reveal them. As therefore I am furniſhed with the neceſſary Materials, I will treat this uncommon Subject at large; and to view it in a philoſophical Light is a Speculation which may be uſeful to Perſons ſo oddly (I will not ſay unhappily) diſtinguiſhed; and perhaps not unentertaining to others.

[*a*] The Marquis of *Halifax*, in a Letter to *Charles Cotton*, Eſq; who tranſlated *Montaigne*'s Eſſays, ſays, it is the Book in the World, with which he is beſt entertained; and that *Montaigne* did not write for Praiſe, but to give the World a true Picture of himſelf and of Mankind.

I do

I do not pretend to be so ingenious as *Montaigne*; but it is in my Power to be as ingenuous. I may, with the same [*b*] *Naïvité* remove the Veil from my mental as well as personal Imperfections; and expose them naked to the World. And when I have thus anatomized myself, I hope my Heart will be found sound and untainted, and my Intentions honest and sincere.

[*c*] *Longinus* says, that *Cecilius* wrote of the Sublime in a low Way: on the contrary, Mr. [*d*] *Pope* calls *Longinus* "the great Sublime he draws." Let it be my Ambition to imitate *Longinus* in Style and Sentiment; and like *Cecilius*, to make these appear a Contrast to my Subject; to write of Deformity with Beauty; and by a finished Piece to atone for an ill-turned Person.

If any Reader imagines, that [*e*] a Print of me in the Frontispiece of this Work would give him a clearer Idea of the Subject; I have no Objection, provided he will be at the Expence of engraving. But, for want of it, let him know, that I am scarce five Feet high; that my Back was bent in my Mother's Womb; and that in Person I resemble *Æsop*, the Prince of *Orange*, Marshal *Luxemburg*,

[*b*] *Vertu Naïve*, an Expression of *Montaigne*; and which *Fontenelle* puts into his Mouth in his Dialogue with *Socrates*.

[*c*] In the Beginning of his Treatise on the Sublime.

[*d*] In his Essay on Criticism.

[*e*] It was a disobliging Stroke to a Lady; but it was said of Mademoiselle *de Gournai*, that, to vindicate her Honour from Reflexion, she need only prefix her Picture to her Book. *General Dictionary, under the Word* (Gournai.)

Lord

Lord Treasurer *Salisbury*, *Scarron*, and Mr. *Pope*; not to mention *Therſites* and *Richard* the Third; whom I do not claim as Members of our Society: [*f*] the firſt being a Child of the Poet's Fancy; the laſt miſrepreſented by Hiſtorians, who thought they muſt draw the Devil in a bad Shape. But I will not (on this Occaſion) accept of *Richard*'s Statue from the Hand of any Hiſtorian, or even of *Shakeſpear* himſelf; but only from that of his [*g*] own Biographer, who tells us (and he ought to know) that *Richard* was a handſome Man.

As I have the greateſt Reaſon to thank God, that I was born in this Iſland, and enjoy the Bleſſings of his Majeſty's Reign; let me not be unthankful, that I was not born in *Sparta!* where I had no ſooner ſeen the Light, but I ſhould have been deprived of it; and have been thrown as a uſeleſs Thing [*b*], into a Cavern by Mount *Taygetus!* Inhuman *Lycurgus!* thus to deſtroy your own Species! Surrounded by the Innocents, whom you have murdered, may I not haunt you among the Shades below for this Barbarity? That it was ill Policy, the glorious Liſt of Names, which I have produced, is a Proof; your own *Ageſilaus*

[*f*] *Tam mala Therſiten prohibebat forma latere,*
*Quam pulchrâ Nireus conſpiciendus erat.*
Ov. Ep. ex Ponto xiii. ver. 4.

[*g*] *George Buck*, Eſq. who, in his Hiſtory of *Richard* the Third, endeavours to repreſent him as a Prince of much better Shape (both of Body and Mind) than he had been generally eſteemed. And Biſhop *Nicholſon* calls *Buck* a more candid Compoſer of Annals than Sir *Thomas More*. See his *Hiſtorical Library*.

[*b*] See *Plutarch* in the Life of *Lycurgus*.

confutes

confutes your Maxim; and I hope to confute it too by my own Behaviour. Is the Carcaſe the better Part of the Man? And is it to be valued by Weight, like that of Cattle in a Market?

Inſtead of this *Lacedemonian* Severity, thoſe, who had the Care of my Infancy, fell into another Extreme; and, out of Tenderneſs, tried every Art to correct the Errors of Nature; but in vain: for (as, I think it is, Mr. *Dryden* ſays)

*God did not make his Works for Man to mend.*

When they could not do that, they endeavoured to conceal them; and taught me to be aſhamed of my Perſon, inſtead of arming me with true Fortitude to deſpiſe any Ridicule or Contempt of it. This has cauſed me much Uneaſineſs in my younger Days; and it required many Years to conquer this Weakneſs, of which I hope now there are but little Remains left. This ill Management gave me too an inſuperable Baſhfulneſs; and although I have paſſed the Courſe of my whole Life among the better Part of Mankind, I have always felt a Reluctance to produce a bad Figure, which may be ſome Obſtruction to a Man's Advancement in the World; but an Advantage in reſtraining his Fondneſs for it.

Unmerited Reflexions on a Man's Perſon are hard of Digeſtion. Men of Underſtanding have felt them. Even Mr. *Pope* was not invulnerable in this Part. For when the Dunces were foiled by his Writings, they printed a Caricatura of his Figure; and it is evident that this ſtung him more

than

than a better Anſwer; for [i] he ranks it among the moſt atrocious Injuries. I never in my Life received the leaſt Affront on this Head from any Gentleman I ever converſed with; or from any one who had the leaſt Pretenſion to that Name: for I ſhould be a Churl indeed, if I eſteemed as ſuch any little innocent Pleaſantry of a Friend, which is rather an Inſtance of ſincere Kindneſs and Affection; and I ſhould he unfit to ſit at Table with him, ſhould I reſent his Congratulations on my emerging from an Eclipſe of a Surloin of Roaſt-beef, or of a Bowl of Punch, that ſtood between us. But the Scene changes extremely when I get into a Mob, where Inſolence grows in Proportion, as the Man ſinks in Condition; and where I can ſcarce paſs without hearing ſome Affront. But I am now unmoved with that Scurrility, which uſed to affect me when I was young. Their Title of Lord I never much valued; and now I entirely deſpiſe, and yet they will force it upon me as an Honour, which they have a Right to beſtow, and which I have none to refuſe. This abuſe is grown into ſuch a Habit with the Rabble, that an *Iriſh* Chairman often uſes it, when he aſks me to take a Chair; and ſometimes a Beggar, when he demands an Alms.

This Difference of Behaviour towards me hath given me the ſtrongeſt Idea of the Force of Education; and taught me to ſet a right Value upon it. It is certainly the Stamp of a Man's Charac-

[i] In his Epiſtle to Dr. *Arbuthnot* are theſe Lines:
The Morals blacken'd, when the Writings 'ſcape,
The libel'd Perſon, and the *pictur'd Shape*, &c.

ter:

ter: it distinguishes the base from the valuable Metal; and is the Barrier between the Mob and the civilized Part of Mankind. This Usage hath also been a great Advantage to me; for it hath made me (like [k] *Horace)* fly from the Vulgar to the Company and Conversation of my Superiors, where I am sure to be easy. I have ever enjoyed it; and though I want polite Qualities to recommend me, I cannot say I was ever ill received by them. Moreover, these Abuses from my Inferiors often furnish me with generous Reflexions. I sometimes recollect the Expression of *Brutus* in *Shakespear*, "Your *Words* pass by me as the idle "Wind which I regard not:" at other Times a Saying (I think) of *Socrates*; "Shall I be angry "if an Ass kick at me? It is his Nature so to do." [l] But personal Reflexions of this kind are almost unknown among Persons of high Rank. It must therefore be only a *French* Romance, that gave rise to the Report, that our great and glorious Deliverer once called *Luxemburg* crooked-back Fellow; who replied, that he *could* not know that he was so, for he had never seen his Back.

When, by some uncommon Accident, I have been drawn into a Country Fair, Cockpit, Beargarden, or the like riotous Assemblies, after I have got from them, I have felt the Pleasure of

[k] Odi profanum vulgus, & arceo. Od. il. 3.

[l] I might add another Bon Mot of *Socrates*; when asked, how he could bear the noise and Ill-manners of *Xantippe*, he replied, They that live in a trading Street are not disturbed at the Passage of Carts. See the Spectator, No. 479.

one

one escaped from the Danger of a Wreck; for all the Time I am present, I consider myself as liable to Affront, without a Power of shewing any Resentment; which would expose me to ten-fold Ridicule. Nor am I formed for a Masquerade; where such a Figure would soon be discovered; nor escape Abuse from the lower Class, whom the Mask introduces to their Betters; and where all indulge a greater Liberty of Behaviour.

I always had an Aversion in my Childhood to Dancing-masters; and studied all Evasions to avoid their Lessons, when they were forced upon me; for I was ever conscious to myself, what an untoward Subject they had to work on. I carried this a little too far; and have sometimes wished I had sacrificed a little more to the Graces. The Neglect of this has left behind it an Aukwardness in some Part of my outward Gesture and Behaviour; and I am sensible, that I might, by Care and Habit, have corrected some Things now grown inveterate; and that from a natural Dislike to Trifles, I neglected some Forms too much.

Bodily Deformity is very rare; and therefore a Person so distinguished must naturally think, that he has had ill Luck in a Lottery, where there are above a thousand Prizes to one Blank. Among 558 Gentlemen in the House of Commons, I am the only one that is so. Thanks to my worthy Constituents, who never objected to my Person; and I hope never to give them cause to object to my Behaviour. They are not like a venal Borough, of which there goes a Story; that, though they never took Exceptions to any Man's Charac-

ter, who came up to their Price; yet they once rejected the beſt Bidder, becauſe he was a Negroe.

I never was, nor ever will be, a Member of the [*m*] Ugly Club; and I would adviſe thoſe Gentlemen to meet no more: For though they may be a very ingenious and facetious Society; yet it draws the Eyes of the World too much upon them, and theirs too much from the World. For who would chooſe to be always looking at bad Pictures, when there is ſo great a Collection to be met with of good ones, eſpecially among the Fair Sex; who, if they will not admit them to be Intimates, will permit them to be diſtant Admirers. When deformed Perſons appear together, it doubles the Ridicule, becauſe of the Similitude; as it does, when they are ſeen with very large Perſons, becauſe of the Contraſt. Let them therefore call *Minerva* to their Aid in both Caſes.

There are many Great and Tall Men, with whom I ſhall always eſteem it an Honour to converſe; and though their Eyes are placed in a much higher Parallel, they take care never to overlook me; and are always concerned, if, by Chance, they happen to ſtrike my Hat with their Elbow. When ſtanding or walking, we indeed find ſome Difficulty in the Converſation; for they are obliged to ſtoop down, as in ſearch of a Pin, while I am looking up, as if taking the Height of a Star with a Quadrant. And I own I ſometimes uſe a little Policy, that the Contraſt may not be too remarkable.

[*m*] Spectator, Numb. 17.

General

General *O.* is Brother in Blood and in Worth to one of the greateſt and beſt Men of the Age; and a brave Spirit is lodged in a large Perſon. The Man, who ſtood intrepid by his Majeſty's Side in the glorious Day of *Dettingen*, and afterwards by that of his Royal Highneſs in the more unfortunate one of *Fontenoy*, is now placed at the Head of a Troop of Horſe Grenadiers, to guard that Prince, whom he hath ſo long and faithfully ſerved. I have the Honour to be well known to him; and I once accidentally accompanied him to ſee the Horſes of his Troop. I never was more humbled, than when I walked with him among his tall Men, made ſtill taller by their Caps. I ſeemed to myſelf a Worm and no Man; and could not but inwardly grieve, that when I had the ſame Inclination to the Service of my Country and Prince, I wanted their Strength to perform it.—As a Member of the Houſe of Commons, I ſometimes uſe the Precaution to place myſelf at ſome Diſtance from the General, though I am commonly of the ſame Side of the Houſe.

Lord *D.* is another brave Officer at the Head of one of his Majeſty's Troops of Guards; one of the talleſt of his Subjects; an ancient Peer; an able Senator; and (what is much to the Honour of any Peer) a uſeful Magiſtrate in the Country. I am always proud of meeting his Lordſhip at the Quarter Seſſions; but I always take Care to have the Chairman at leaſt between us on the Bench, that it may not be too viſible to the Coun-

try, what a prodigious Disparity there is in every Respect between us.

But I will now divide my Text, in order to discuss it more thoroughly; and will consider the natural Consequences of Bodily Deformity; first, how it affects the outward Circumstances; and lastly, what Turn it gives to the Mind.

It is certain, that the Human Frame, being warped and disproportioned, is lessened in Strength and Activity; and rendered less fit for its Functions. *Scarron* had invented an Engine to take off his Hat; and I wish I could invent one to buckle my Shoe, or to take up a Thing from the Ground, which I can scarce do without kneeling; for I can bend my Body no farther than it is bent by Nature. For this Reason, when Ladies drop a Fan or Glove, I am not the first to take it up; and often restrain my Inclination to perform those little Services, rather than expose my Spider-like Shape. And I hope it will not be construed as Pride, if I do not always rise from my Seat when I ought; for if it is low, I find some Trouble in it; and my Center of Gravity is so ill placed, that I am often like to fall back. Things, hanging within the Reach of others, are out of mine. And what they can execute with Ease, I want Strength to perform. I am in Danger of being trampled upon, or stifled in a Crowd; where my Back is a convenient Lodgment for the Elbow of any tall Person that is near. I can see nothing; and my whole Employment is to guard my Person. I have forborn to attend his Majesty in the House of

Peers

Peers, since I was like to be squeezed to death there against the Wall. I would willingly come thither when his Majesty commands, but he is too gracious to expect Impossibilities. Besides, when I get in, I can never have the Pleasure of seeing, on the Throne, one of the best Princes, who ever sat on it. These and many others are the Inconveniences continually attending a Figure like mine. They may appear grievous to Persons not used to them; but they grow easier by Habit; and though they may a little disturb, they are not sufficient to destroy the Happiness of Life; of which, at an Average, I have enjoyed as great a Share as most Men. And perhaps one Proof of it may be my writing this Essay; not intended as a Complaint against Providence for my Lot, but as an innocent Amusement to myself and others.

I cannot tell what Effect Deformity may have on the Health; but it is natural to imagine, that as the inward Parts of the Body must, in some measure, comply with the outward Mould; the Form of the latter being irregular, the first cannot be so well placed and disposed to perform their Functions; and that generally deformed Persons cannot be healthy or long-lived. But this is a Question best determined by Facts; and in this Case the Instances are too few, or unobserved, to draw a general Conclusion from them. And Health is, more than is commonly thought, in a Man's own Power; and the Reward of Temperance, more than the Effect of Constitution; which makes it still more difficult to pass a Judg-

ment. *Æsop* could not be young when he died; and might have lived longer, if he had not been murdered at *Delphi*. The Prince of *Orange* scarce passed the Meridian of Life; and the Duke of *Luxemburg* died about the Age of sixty-seven. The Lord Treasurer *Burleigh* (the Honour of whose Company I claim on the Authority of [*n*] *Osborn*) lived to seventy-eight; but his Son the Earl of *Salisbury*, who died about fifteen Years after him, could not reach near that Age. I have heard (but know not if it is true) that Mr. *Pope*'s Father was deformed, and he lived to seventy-five; whereas the Son died in middle Age; if he may be said to die, whose Works are immortal. My Father was not deformed, but active, and my Mother a celebrated Beauty; and I that am so unlike them, have lived to a greater Age; and daily see my Acquaintance, of a stronger Frame, quitting the Stage before me.

But I leave it to better Naturalists to determine, whether Deformity, abstractedly considered, is prejudicial to Health; for in its Consequences, I believe, it is most commonly an Advantage. Deformed Persons have a less Share of Strength than others, and therefore should naturally be more careful to preserve it; and as Temperance is the great preservative of Health, it may incline them to be more temperate. I have Reason to think that my own weak Frame and Constitution have prolonged my Life to this present Date. But I should impose upon my Rea-

[*n*] See Historical Memoirs of Q. *Elizabeth*, by *Francis Osborn*, Esq.

der,

der, and affront Heaven, if I aſcribed that to Virtue, which took its Riſe from Neceſſity. Being of a conſumptive Diſpoſition, I was alarmed, when young, with frequent ſpitting of Blood; this made me abſtain from Wine, and all ſtrong Liquors, which I have now done for near thirty Years. But

*(Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Carybdim.)*

By this I fell into another Misfortune; and the Stone was the Conſequence of my drinking raw Water; but Care and Perſeverance with Abſtinence, have ſo far ſubdued that Diſtemper, that at preſent it is but little Interruption to my Eaſe or Happineſs. And weak as I am, I daily ſee many dying before me, who were deſigned by Nature for a much longer Life. And I cannot but lament, that the Generality of Mankind ſo wantonly throw away Health (without which [o] Life is not Life) when it is ſo much in their own Power to preſerve it. If every Virtue in its Conſequence is its own Reward, Temperance is eminently ſo; and every one immediately feels its good Effect. And I am perſuaded that many might arrive at *Cornaro*'s Age, if they did but follow his Example. On thinking upon this Subject, I have adopted many Maxims, which to the World will ſeem Paradoxes; as certain true Geographical Theorems do to thoſe, who are unac-

[o] *Non eſt vivere, ſed valere, vita.* —— Mart. l. vi. Ep. 70.

quainted with the Globe. I hold as Articles of Faith (but which may be condemned as Hereſies in many a General Council aſſembled about a large Table) that the ſmalleſt Liquors are beſt: That there never was a good Bowl of Punch; nor a good Bottle of Champaign, Burgundy, or Claret: That the beſt Dinner is one Diſh: That an Entertainment grows worſe in proportion as the Number of Diſhes increaſes: That a Faſt is better than a Lord Mayor's Feaſt: That no Conoiſſeur ever underſtood good Eating: That no Miniſter of State or Ambaſſador ever gave a good Entertainment: No King ever ſat down to a good Table: And that the Peaſant fares better than the Prince, &c. Being inſpired with ſuch Sentiments, what Wonder is it, if I ſometimes break out into ſuch Ejaculations. O Temperance! Thou Goddeſs moſt worthy to be adored! Thou Patroneſs of Health! Thou Protector of Beauty! Thou Prolonger of Life! Thou Inſurer of Pleaſure! Thou Promoter of Buſineſs! Thou Guardian of the Perſon! Thou Preſerver of the Underſtanding! Thou Parent of every intellectual Improvement, and of every moral Virtue!

Another great Preſervative of Health is, moderate Exerciſe; which few deformed Perſons can want Strength to perform. I never choſe long Journies, and they have been fatiguing to me; but I never found myſelf worſe for Fatigue. And (before I was troubled with the Stone) I have, on Occaſion, rode fifty Miles in a Day; or walked near Twenty. And, though now ſlow in my Motions,

tions, I can be on my Feet the greateſt Part of the Day; and cannot be ſaid to lead a ſedentary Life. As a deformed Perſon is not formed for violent Exerciſe, he is leſs liable to ſuch Diſorders as are the natural Conſequence of it. He will alſo eſcape many Accidents, to which Men of athletic Make, and who glory in their Strength, are always expoſing themſelves to make Trial and Proof of it. If he cannot carry an Ox, like *Milo*, he will not, like *Milo*, be hand-cuffed in the Oak, by attempting to rend it. He will not be the Man that ſhall ride from *London* to *York* in a Day, or to *Windſor* in an Hour for a Wager; or that ſhall be perpetually performing ſurpriſing long Journies in a ſurpriſing ſhort Time, for no earthly Buſineſs, but the Pleaſure of relating them. Conſcious of his own Weakneſs, he will be cautious of running into Places or Occaſions of Danger. I deny myſelf ſome Entertainments, rather than venture into a Crowd, knowing how unequal I am to a Struggle in it; and, if any ſudden Quarrel ſhould ariſe, how ill I am qualified for ſuch an Encounter. One Blow from a *Slack* or *Broughton* would infallibly conſign me over to *Charon*. Nature too calls on deformed Perſons to be careful not to offer ſuch Affronts, as may call them forth into the Field of falſe Honour, where they cannot acquit themſelves well for want of Strength and Agility; and they are ſecurer from ſuch Affronts themſelves: ſince others will conſider the little Credit they will gain, by compelling them to appear on that Scene. On the whole I conclude, that Deformity is a

Protection to a Man's Health and Person; which (strange as it may appear) are better defended by Feebleness than Strength.

Let me now consider the Influence of Bodily Deformity on a Man's Fortune. Among the lower Class, he is cut off from many Professions and Employments. He cannot be a Sailor, he wants Activity to climb the Rigging; he cannot be a Chairman or Porter, he wants Strength to bear the Burthen. In higher Life, he is ill qualified for a Lawyer, he can scarce be seen over the Bar; for a Divine, he may drop from his Hassock out of Sight in his Pulpit. The Improvement of his Mind is his proper Province; and his Business only such as depends on Ingenuity. If he cannot be a Dancing-master to adjust the Heels, he may be a School-master to instruct the Head. He cannot be a graceful Actor on the Stage; but he may produce a good Play. He would appear ill as a Herald in a Procession; but may pass as a Merchant on the Exchange. He cannot undergo the Fatigue of the Campaign; but he may advise the Operations of it. He is designed by Nature, rather to sleep on *Parnassus*, than to descend on the Plains of *Elis*. He cannot be crowned at the *Olympic* Games; but may be the *Pindar* to celebrate them. He can acquire no Glory by the Sword; but he may by the Pen; and may grow famous by only relating those Exploits, which are beyond his Power to imitate.

Lord *Bacon* (that extensive and penetrating Genius, who pointed out every Part of Nature for

Examination)

Examination) in his Eſſay on Deformity ſays, " that, in their Superiors, it quencheth Jealouſy " towards them, as Perſons that they think they " may at Pleaſure deſpiſe; and it layeth their " Competitors and Emulators aſleep; as never " believing they ſhould be in a Poſſibility of Ad- " vancement, till they ſee them in Poſſeſſion." But it is much to be doubted, whether this is not more than counterballanced by the Contempt of the World, which it requires no mean Parts to conquer. For if (as I have ſomewhere read) a good Perſon is a Letter of Recommendation, Deformity muſt be an Obſtruction in the Way to Favour. In this reſpect, therefore, deformed Perſons ſet out in the World to a Diſadvantage, and they muſt firſt ſurmount the Prejudices of Mankind before they can be upon a Par with others. And muſt obtain, by a Courſe of Behaviour, that Regard, which is paid to Beauty at firſt ſight. When this Point is once gained, the Tables are turned, and then the Game goes in their Favour; for others, ſenſible of their firſt Injuſtice to them, no ſooner find them better than they expected, than they believe them better than they are; whereas in the beautiful Perſon, they ſometimes find themſelves impoſed upon, and are angry that they have worſhiped only a painted Idol. For (again take Lord *Bacon*'s Words) [*p*] " neither is it always ſeen, that very " beautiful Perſons are otherwiſe of great Virtue:

[*p*] His Eſſay on Beauty.

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" they prove accompliſhed, but not of great Spi-
" rit; and ſtudy rather Behaviour than Virtue
" Whereas [q] deformed Perſons, if they be of
" Spirit, will free themſelves from Scorn, which
" muſt be either by Virtue or Malice; and there-
" fore let it not be marvelled, if they ſometimes
" prove excellent Perſons, as was *Ageſilaus*, *Zan-*
" *ger* the Son of *Solomon*, *Æſop*, *Gaſca* Preſident
" of *Peru*; and *Socrates* may likewiſe go amongſt
" them, with others." Nay, he ſays, " in a
" great Wit Deformity is an Advantage to Ri-
" ſing." And, [q] in another Part of his Works,
" that they, who, by Accident, have ſome inevi-
" table and indelible Mark on their Perſons or
" Fortunes, as deformed Perſons, Baſtards, &c.
" if they want not Virtue, generally prove for-
" tunate."

*Oſborn*, in his *Hiſtorical Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, informs us, that " ſhe choſe the good-
" lieſt Perſons for her Houſehold Servants; but
" in her Counſellors did not put by Sufficiency,
" though accompanied with a crooked Perſon;
" as it chanced in a [r] Father and a Son of the
" *Cecils*, both incomparable for Prudence." It is well known the Queen would make the Father *(Burleigh)* ſit in her Preſence; telling him, that ſhe did not uſe him for his Legs, but Head.

[q] His Eſſay on Deformity.
[q] *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, l. 8. c. 2.
[r] I ſuppoſe what *Camden* ſays of Lord *Burleigh*'s comely and pleaſing Aſpect, relates to his Countenance only.

But

But the Son (afterwards Lord Treasurer and Earl of *Salisbury*) was not so civilly treated by the Populace; and is an Instance, not only that Envy pursues a great Man, but that the highest Post cannot redeem a deformed one from Contempt; it attends him like his Shadow, and like that too is ever reminding him of his ill Figure; which is often objected for want of real Crimes. For the same Writer [s] says of the same great Man; "that the Misfortunes accompanying him from "his Birth did not a little add to that Cloud of "Detraction, that fell upon all that he said or did; "a Mulct in Nature, like an Optick Spectacle, "multiplying much in the Sight of the People "the Apparitions of Ill." Nor was this Contempt buried with him: it trampled on his Ashes, and insulted his Grave; as appears by an Epitaph, which *Osborn* cites, as void of Wit, as it is full of Scurrility; in one Line of which there is an Epithet, not so elegant, as descriptive of his Person, *viz.* "Little *Bossive* Robin, that was so great."

Such Contempt in general, joined with the Ridicule of the Vulgar, is another certain Consequence of bodily Deformity. For Men naturally despise what appears less beautiful or useful; and their Pride is gratified, when they see such Foils to their own Persons. It is this Sense of Superiority, which is testified by Laughter in the lower Sort; while their Betters, who know how little any Man whatsoever hath to boast of, are restrain-

[s] Historical Memoirs of King *James*.

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ed by good Senſe and good Breeding from ſuch an Inſult. But it is not eaſy to ſay why one Species of Deformity ſhould be more ridiculous than another, or why the Mob ſhould be more merry with a crooked Man, than one that is deaf, lame, ſquinting, or purblind. Or why ſhould they backbite me (if I may uſe the Expreſſion) to my Face, and not laugh at my Face itſelf for being harrowed by the Small Pox? It is a Back in Alto Relievo that bears all the Ridicule; though one would think a prominent Belly a more reaſonable Object of it; ſince the laſt is generally the Effect of Intemperance, and of a Man's own Creation. *Socrates* was ugly, but not condemned; and [*t*] *Philopœmen* of very mean Appearance, and though contemned on that Account, not ridiculed; for [*u*] *Montaigne* ſays, "ill Features are but a ſuper-"ficial Uglineſs, and of little Certainty in the "Opinion of Men; but a Deformity of Limbs "is more ſubſtantial, and ſtrikes deeper in." As it is more uncommon, it is more remarkable; and that, perhaps, is the true Reaſon, why it is more ridiculed by the Vulgar.

Since this is the Caſe, I appeal to my Fraternity, whether it is not found Policy to uſe Stratagem to guard againſt their Attacks as much as

[*t*] Coming to an Inn, where he was expected, before his Attendants, the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, ſeeing a plain Perſon, of very mean Aſpect, ordered him to aſſiſt in getting things ready for *Philopœmen*. His Attendants finding him ſo employed, he told them, he was then paying the Tribute of his Uglineſs. *Plutarch.*

[*u*] In his Eſſay on Phyſiognomy.

may

may be; and, since they are deceived by outward Appearances, to call in the Aid of the Taylor, to present them with better Shapes than Nature has bestowed. Against so unfair an Adversary such Fraud is justifiable; though I do not approve of it in general. When I was a Child, I was drawn like a Cupid, with a Bow and Arrow in my Hands, and a Quiver on my Shoulder; I afterwards thought this an Abuse, which ought to be corrected; and when I sate for my Picture some years ago, I insisted on being drawn as I am, and that the strong marks of the Small Pox might appear in my Face; for I did not choose to colour over a Lye. The Painter said, he never was allowed such Liberty before; and I advised him, if he hoped to be in vogue, never to assume it again: for Flatterers succeed best in the World; and of Flatterers, Painters are the least liable to be detected by those they flatter. Nor are the Ladies the only persons concerned for their Looks. " [x] *Alexander* chose to have his Picture drawn " by *Apelles*, and his Statue formed by *Lysippus*. " And the *Spartan Agesilaus* (conscious of his ill " Figure) would never suffer any Picture or Sta- " tue of him to be taken. He was one of the most " considerable Persons of his Age both for civil " and military Virtues, insomuch that he justly " acquired the Appellation of *Agesilaus* the Great. " But though Nature had been uncommonly li-

[x] Edicto vetuit, ne quis se, præter Apellen,
Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra
Fortis Alexandri vultum simulantia.--*Hor. Ep.* i. l. 2.
See too *Cicero's* celebrated Epistle to *Lucceius*.

beral

" beral to him in the noble Endowments of the " Mind, ſhe had treated him very unfavourably " in thoſe of the body. He was remarkably low " of Stature; had one Leg ſhorter than the other; " and ſo very deſpicable a Countenance, that he " never failed of raiſing Contempt in thoſe, who " were unacquainted with his moral and intellec- " tual Excellencies. It is no wonder therefore, " that he was unwilling to be delivered down to " Poſterity under the Diſadvantages of ſo unpro- " miſing a Figure." I have given the [y] Words of a late very elegant Tranſlation of *Cicero*'s Letters.——On the whole, I could wiſh, that Mankind would be more candid and friendly with us; and inſtead of ridiculing a diſtorted perſon, would rally the Irregularities of the Mind, which, generally, are as viſible as thoſe of the Perſon; but being more common, they paſs with little Notice as well in high as low Life. [z] *Mæcenas* would laugh at any Irregularity in *Horace*'s Dreſs, but not at any Caprice in his Behaviour, becauſe it was common and faſhionable; ſo a Man's Perſon, which is the Dreſs of his Soul, only is ridiculed, while the vicious Qualities of it eſcape.—Let me add, that if ridiculing another's Perſon is in no

[y] From the Tranſlation, and Notes, of the Epiſtle I have mentioned.

[z] Si curtatus inæquali tonſore capillos
Occurri, rides; ſi forte ſubucula pexæ
Trita ſubeſt tunicæ, vel ſi toga diſſidet impar,
Rides; quid, mea cum pugnant ſententia ſecum?
Quod petiit, ſpernit; repetit quod nuper omiſit?
Æſtuat, et vitæ diſconvenit ordine toto?
Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
Inſanire putas ſolennia me; neque rides:

Caſe

Caſe to be juſtified, the ill Treatment of it muſt be highly criminal: what then muſt we think of *Balbus*, a *Roman* Quæſtor in *Spain*, who wantonly expoſed to wild Beaſts a certain noted Auctioneer at *Seville*, for no other Reaſon, but becauſe he was deformed. This is related in a [*a*] Letter to *Cicero* by *Aſinius Pollio*, the moſt accompliſhed Gentleman of that Age; who calls *Balbus* a Monſter for this and other Acts of Barbarity. I am glad he has preſerved the Memory of this poor Man, whom I here conſecrate to Fame; and place foremoſt in the glorious Liſt of our Martyrs.

I will now follow Lord *Bacon* as my Guide, in tracing out ſuch Paſſions and Affections, as moſt naturally reſult from Deformity: for he ſays, "There certainly is a Conſent between the Body "and the Mind; and where Nature erreth in the "one, ſhe ventureth in the other; and therefore "Deformity may be beſt conſidered, in this re"ſpect, as a Cauſe which ſeldom fails of the Ef"fect, and not as a Sign, which is more deceiv"able; for as there is an Election in Man touch"ing the Frame of his Mind, the Stars of natu"ral Inclination are ſometimes eclipſed by the "Sun of Diſcipline and Virtue."

He begins with ſaying, that "deformed Per"ſons are commonly even with Nature; for as "Nature hath done ill by them, ſo do they by "Nature, being for the moſt part (as the Scrip"ture ſaith) *void of natural affection.*" I can

[*a*] The 7th of the 15th Book in the Tranſlation—— the 23d of the 10th in the Original.

neither

neither find out this Paſſage in Scripture, nor the Reaſon of it; nor can I give my Aſſent or Negative to a Propoſition, till I am well acquainted with the Terms of it. If by natural Affection is here meant univerſal Benevolence, and Deformity neceſſarily implies a want of it, a deformed Perſon muſt then be a complete Monſter. But however common the Caſe may be, my own Senſations inform me, that it is not univerſally true. If, by natural Affection, is meant a partial Regard for Individuals; I believe the Remark is judicious, and founded in human Nature. Deformed Perſons are deſpiſed, ridiculed, and ill-treated by others; are ſeldom Favourites, and commonly moſt neglected by Parents, Guardians, and Relations; and therefore, as they are not indebted for much Fondneſs, it is no wonder if they repay but little. It is the Command of Scripture, *Not to ſet our Affections on Things below:* it is the Voice of Reaſon, not to overvalue what we muſt ſoon part with; and therefore, to be ſo fond of others, as not to be able to bear the Abſence, or to ſurvive them, is neither a religious nor moral Duty; but a childiſh and womaniſh Weakneſs: And I muſt congratulate deformed Perſons, who, by Example, are early taught another Leſſon. And I will now lay open my own Heart to the Reader, that he may judge, if Lord *Bacon*'s Poſition is verified in me.

I hope it proceeds not from a Malignity of Heart; but I never am much affected with the common Accidents of Life, whether they befall myſelf

myself or others. I am little moved when I hear of Death, Loss, or Misfortune; I think the Case is common,

*([b] Tritus, & e medio fortunæ ductus acervo :)*

And as it is always likely to happen, I am not surprised when it does. If I see a Person cry or beat his Breast on any such Occasion, I cannot bear him Company, but am not a *Democritus* to laugh at his Folly. I read of Battles and Fields covered with Slain; of Cities destroyed by Sword, Famine, Pestilence, and Earthquake; I do not shed a Tear: I suppose it is, because they are the usual Storms, to which the Human Species are exposed, proceeding from the just Judgments of God, or the mistaken and false Principles of Rulers. I read of Persecutions, Tortures, Murders, Massacres; my Compassion for the Sufferers are great, but my Tears are stopped by Resentment and Indignation against the Contrivers and Perpetrators of such horrid Actions. But there are many Things that bring Tears into my Eyes, whether I will or no; and when I reflect, I am often at a loss in searching out the secret Source from whence they flow. What makes me weep? (for weep I do) when I read of Virtue and Innocence in Distress; of a good Man helpless and forsaken, unmoved by the greatest Insults and Cruelties; or courageously supporting himself against Oppression in the Article of Death. I sup-

[b] Juv. Sat. xiii.

pose

poſe it is, to ſee Vice triumphant, and Virtue ſo ill rewarded in this Life. May I judge by myſelf, I ſhould imagine, that few ſincere Chriſtians could read the Sufferings of their Saviour, or *Engliſhmen* thoſe of a *Cranmer*, *Ridley*, or *Latimer*, without Tears; the firſt dying to eſtabliſh his Religion, the laſt to reſcue it from Corruption. When I read of [c] *Regulus* returning to Torment, and [d] *John* of *France* to Impriſonment, againſt the Perſuaſion of Friends, to keep Faith with their Enemies; I weep to think, there is ſcarce another Inſtance of ſuch exalted Virtue. Thoſe who often hear me read, know, that my Voice changes, and my Eyes are full, when I meet with a generous and heroic Saying, Action, or Character, eſpecially of Perſons, whoſe Example or Command may influence Mankind. I weep when I hear a [e] *Titus* ſay, That he had loſt the Day in

[c] Donec labantes conſilio patres
Firmaret auctor nunquam aliàs dato
Interque mœrentes amicos
Egregius properaret exul.
Atqui ſciebat quæ ſibi barbarus
Tortor pararet: ———tamen
Dimovit obſtantes propinquos,
Et populum reditus morantem.
Hor. Od. v. l. 3.

[d] En vain ſes Miniſtres & les plus conſidérables Seigneurs du Royaume firent tous leurs efforts, pour le faire changer de réſolution. Il répondoit à tout ce qu'on lui diſoit là-deſſus, que quand la bonne foy ſeroit bannie du reſte du monde, il falloit qu'on la trovât toûjours dans la bouche des Rois. Hiſtoire de *France*, par le *P. G. Daniel.*

[e] Recordatus quondam ſuper cœnam, quod nihil cuiquam toto die præſtitiſſet, memorabilem illam meritoque laudatam vocem edidit: AMICI, DIEM PERDIDI.——— Suetonius.

which he did no Good. When [*f*] *Adrian* tells his Enemy, That he had escaped by his being Emperor; or [*g*] *Lewis* XII. That he is not to revenge the Affront of the Duke of *Orleans*. These are the first Instances that happen to occur to me: I might recollect many, too many to insert in this Essay; yet all are but few, compared to instances of Cruelty and Revenge: perhaps I am concerned that they are so rare: perhaps too I inwardly grieve that I am not in a Situation to do the like. I am entertained, but not moved, when I read *Voltaire*'s History of *Charles* XII. but I melt into Tears on reading *Hanway*'s Character of his Antagonist *Peter* the Great. The first is the Story of a Madman; the other of a Father, Friend, and Benefactor of his People; whose Character (as the Author observes in the Conclusion of it) will command the Admiration of all succeeding Generations; and I suppose I lament, that God is pleased to advance to Royalty so few such Instruments of Good to Mankind. *Harry* IV. of *France* had every Quality to make a Prince amiable: Courage, Humanity, Clemency, Generosity, Affability, Politeness; his Behaviour on every Occasion is charming; and I cannot read the Account of him, given us by his Prime Minister *(Sully)* without Emotion. I do not wonder, if what is reported is true; that [*b*] at least fifty

[*f*] Echard's Roman History.
[*g*] Mezerai, & Daniel.
[*b*] Moreri's Dictionary. —— Turkish Spy, Vol. I. B ii. Let. 20.

Persons

Perſons have written his Hiſtory; and that he has been celebrated in Poems, and Panegyricks, by above five hundred: there are few ſuch Subjects to be met with; and few Princes, who have ſo juſtly deſerved the Title of Great. His Grandſon had the ſame Title beſtowed on him; but how little did he deſerve it! He has been celebrated by as many Hiſtoriographers and Poets; but they are moſtly ſuch as he hired for that Purpoſe; and none of them, even *Voltaire* himſelf, will be able to paſs him for a great Man on unprejudiced Poſterity. Compare him with his Grandfather, you will find him the reverſe. *Henry* was bred to Toil and Hardſhips; *Lewis* in Luxury and Effeminacy. *Henry* pleaſant, eaſy, and affable; *Lewis* formal, haughty and reſerved. *Henry* brave, and expoſing himſelf to all Dangers; *Lewis* cautious, and always in a ſecure Poſt. The one gaining Victories by himſelf, and his own perſonal Valour; the other by his Generals, and Superiority of Numbers. The one pleaſed with performing great Actions; the other with being flattered for thoſe which he never performed. The firſt ambitious of true; and the laſt of falſe Glory. *Henry* ſtabbed by Jeſuits; *Lewis* governed by them. The one forgiving Rebels and Aſſaſſins; the other encouraging both. *Henry* perſecuted; *Lewis* a Perſecutor. The firſt granting Liberty of Conſcience; the laſt taking it away. *Henry* promoting the Silk Manufacture in *France*; *Lewis* in *England*. One treating his Subjects as his children; the other as his Slaves. *Henry* bravely aſſerting

ſerting his own Rights; *Lewis* baſely encroaching on thoſe of his Neighbours. *Henry* extricating his Country from Miſery, and laying the Foundation of her Grandeur; *Lewis* ſquandering her Blood and Treaſure, and reducing her from Grandeur to the Brink of Deſtruction. *Henry* forming Schemes for the perpetual Peace of *Europe*; *Lewis* perpetually to diſturb it. How little is *Lewis*, compared to *Henry* the Great!

But to return to my Subject.—I am uneaſy, when I ſee a Dog, a Horſe, or any other Animal ill treated; for I conſider them as endued with quick Senſe, and no contemptible Share of Reaſon; and that God gave Man Dominion over them, not to play the Tyrant, but to be a good Prince, and promote the Happineſs of his Subjects. But I am much more uneaſy at any Cruelty to my own Species; and heartily wiſh *Procruſtes* diſciplined in his own Bed, and *Phalaris* in his Bull. A Man bruiſed all over in a Boxing Match, or cut to Pieces in fighting a Prize, is a ſhocking Spectacle; and I think I could, with leſs Horror, ſee a thouſand fall in Battle, than Human Nature thus depreciated and diſgraced. Violence, when exerted in Wantonneſs or Paſſion, is Brutality; and can be termed Bravery, only when it is ſanctified by Juſtice and Neceſſity. A mangled Carcaſe is not a pleaſing Sight. Why therefore do Men pay for it; and the great Vulgar encourage theſe Diſorders among the Small? It is not Choice, but Affectation. As many, who neither

neither love nor underſtand Muſick, go to an Opera to gain the Reputation of Conoiſſeurs; many go to *Broughton*'s Theatre, to avoid the Imputation of being Cowards; but when they are at ſo much Pains to avoid the Imputation, it raiſes a Suſpicion that they are ſo.

I have been in a Situation to ſee not a little of the Pomp and Vanity, as well as of the Neceſſity and Miſery of Mankind; but the laſt only affect me; and if, as a Magiſtrate, I am ever guilty of Partiality, it is in Favour of the Poor. When I am at Church among my poor, but honeſt, Neighbours in the Country; and ſee them ſerious in performing the Ceremonies preſcribed; Tears ſometimes ſteal down my Cheek, on reflecting, that they are doing and hearing many Things they do not underſtand; while thoſe, who underſtand them better, neglect them: that they, who labour and live hard, are more thankful to Heaven, than thoſe who fare luxuriouſly on the Fruits of their Labour; and are keeping and repeating the fourth Commandment, at the very Inſtant the others are breaking it.

Theſe are ſome of the Senſations I feel; which I have freely and fairly diſcloſed, that the Reader may judge, how far I am an Inſtance of a deformed Perſon wanting natural Affection. And I am a good Subject of Speculation; for all in me is Nature: for to own the Truth, I have taken but little Pains (though much I ought to have taken) to correct my natural Defects.

Lord *Bacon*'s next Poſition is, "That deformed Perſons are extremely bold. Firſt in their own

" own Defence, as being expoſed to Scorn; but " in Proceſs of Time by a general Habit."— This, probably is ſo among the inferior Sort, who are in the way of continual Inſults; for a return of Abuſe is a natural Weapon of Self-defence; and in ſome Meaſure juſtified by the Law of Retaliation; to upbraid a Man with a perſonal Defect, which he cannot help, is alſo an immoral Act; and he who does it, has reaſon to expect no better Quarter than to hear of Faults, which it was in his own Power not to commit. But I find this Obſervation far from being verified in myſelf: an unbecoming Baſhfulneſs has been the Conſequence of my ill Figure, and of the worſe Management of me in my Childhood. I am always uneaſy, when any one looks ſtedfaſtly on ſo bad a Picture; and cannot look with a proper Confidence in the Face of another. I have ever reproached myſelf with this Weakneſs, but am not able to correct it. And it may be a Diſadvantage to a Man in the Opinion of thoſe he converſes with; for though true Modeſty is amiable, the falſe is liable to Miſconſtruction: and when a Man is out of Countenance for no Reaſon, it may be imagined, that he had ſome bad Reaſon for being ſo. In point of Aſſurance, I am indeed a perfect Riddle to myſelf; for I, who feel a Reluctance in croſſing a Drawing-room, or in opening my Mouth in private Company before Perſons with whom I am not well acquainted, find little in delivering my Sentiments in Publick, and expoſing my Diſcourſe, often as trifling as my Perſon, to the Ears of a Thou-

ſand. From what Cauſe this proceeds I know not: it may be, partly from Hopes of wiping off any ill Impreſſions from my Perſon by my Diſcourſe; partly from a Senſe of doing my Duty; and partly from a Security in public Aſſemblies from any groſs perſonal Reflections.

Lord *Bacon* compares the Caſe of deformed Perſons to that of Eunuchs; "in whom Kings "were wont to put great Truſt as good Spials "and Whiſperers; for they that are envious to-"wards all, are more obnoxious and officious to-"wards one."—But, with Submiſſion to ſo good a Judge of Human Nature, I own, I can diſcover no uncommon Qualification in them for Spies; and very few motives to Envy peculiar to themſelves. Spies ſubmit to that baſe and ungenerous Office, either for the Sake of Intereſt or Power: if for Intereſt, it is to gratify their Covetouſneſs; if for Power, their Ambition or Revenge: which Paſſions are not confined to the Eunuch or Deformed; but indiſcriminately ſeize all Claſſes of Men. Envy too may prompt a Man to mean Actions, in order to bring down the Perſon envied to his own Level; but if it is on account of Superiority of Fortune, it will operate alike on Men of all Shapes. Eunuchs have but one peculiar Motive to Envy; but that (as Lord *Bacon* expreſſes it) makes them envious towards all: becauſe it is for a Pleaſure, which all but themſelves may enjoy. Deformed Perſons are deprived only of Beauty and Strength, and therefore thoſe alone are to be deemed the extraordinary Motives to their Envy; for they can no more be beautiful or ſtrong, than

than Eunuchs be ſucceſsful Lovers. As to myſelf, whatever Sparks of Envy might be in my Conſtitution, they are now entirely extinguiſhed; for, by frequent and ſerious Reflection, I have long been convinced of the ſmall Value of moſt Things which Men value the moſt.

There is another Paſſion to which deformed Perſons ſeem to be more expoſed, than to Envy; which is Jealouſy; for, being conſcious that they are leſs amiable than others, they may naturally ſuſpect, that they are leſs beloved. I have the Happineſs to ſpeak this from Conjecture, and not from Experience; for it was my Lot, many Years ago to marry a young Lady, very piouſly educated, and of a very diſtinguiſhed Family, and whoſe Virtues are an Honour to her Family, and her Sex; ſo that I had never any Trial of my Temper; and can only gueſs at it by Emotions I have felt in my younger Days; when Ladies have been more liberal of their Smiles to thoſe, whom I thought in every reſpect, but Perſon, my Inferiors.

The moſt uſeful Inference from all this to a deformed Perſon, is to be upon his Guard againſt thoſe Frailties to which he is more particularly expoſed; and to be careful, that the outward Frame do not diſtort the Soul. [i] *Orandum eſt*, let us pray, ſays *Juvenal*, *ut ſit mens ſana in corpore ſano*, for a ſound Mind in a healthy Body; and every deformed Perſon ſhould add this Petition,

[i] Sat. x.

*ut sit mens recta in corpore curvo*, for an upright Mind in a crooked one. And let him frequently apply to himself this Article of Self-examination, [k] *Lenior & melior fis accedente senecta?* as Age approaches, do your Temper and Morals improve? It is a Duty peculiarly incumbent; for if Beauty adds Grace to Virtue itself, Vice must be doubly hideous in Deformity.

Ridicule and Contempt are a certain Consequence of Deformity; and therefore what a Person cannot avoid, he should learn not to regard. He should bear it like a Man; forgive it as a Christian; and consider it as a Philosopher. And his Triumph will be complete, if he can exceed others in Pleasantry on himself. Wit will give over, when it sees itself out-done; and so will Malice, when it finds it has no Effect: And if a Man's Behaviour afford no Cause of Contempt, it will fall upon those, who condemn him without Cause. It sometimes happens, that Persons, with whom I have a slight Acquaintance, will take notice of me on some Days, and overlook me on others; well knowing that they ought to treat one of my Shape, with the precise Degree of Ceremony, which suits their present Humour. I will not say, this is a Pleasure; but I can truly say, it is no Mortification. It excites in me no Resentment, but only Speculation. And not able to find out a very good Reason for their Behaviour, I endeavour to find as good a one as I can. I consider with myself, what it is which makes them at that Juncture of such particular Importance to themselves; and ask myself many Questions of this Sort.

[k] Hor. Ep. ii. l. 2.

Sort. Is his Father dead? Has he written a Play? Has he dined with my Lord Mayor? Has he made a Speech? Has he been presented at Court? Has he been spoke to at a Levee? Has he a new Equipage, or Title? Has he had a good Run? Has he got a Place? Is he going to marry a Fortune? Has he been congratulated on the Performance of his *French* Cook, or his *French* Taylor? Is he reckoned a Man of Taste? Is he admitted of *White*'s, or of the *Royal Society?*—Such are the Topicks of my Speculations; and though I am a Person of no great Penetration, I sometimes hit on the right Cause.

Fine Cloaths attract the Eyes of the Vulgar; and therefore a deformed Person should not assume those borrowed Feathers, which will render him doubly ridiculous. He could scarce expose himself more by dancing at Court, than by appearing the finest there on a Birth-day. Ever since I have arrived at Years of Discretion, I have worn a plain Dress; which, for near thirty Years, has been of the same grave Colour; and which I find not the least Inclination to alter. It would be monstrous in me to bestow any Ornament on a Person, which is incapable of it; and should I appear in Lace or Embroidery, my Friends might assign it as no unreasonable Pretence for a Commission of Lunacy against me—I can scarce forbear digressing on this Subject, when I reflect, what Numbers, who should know better, set a Value upon these Trifles, which are fit Amusements only for Children. If they are pleased with the Finery only; they are no better than Children. If it is to gain respect;

ſuch reſpect muſt come from the Vulgar, and not from Men of Senſe. Is it to ſhew their Quality? it does not, for even Apprentices are fine. Is it to be an Evidence of their Riches? it is not; for the moſt neceſſitous are fineſt, as Taylors know to their Coſt. Do their Figure or Reputation depend on their Dreſs: then they are entirely in the hand of the Taylor. He is the Engineer to guard and defend them; the God to ſave or deſtroy. Do they dreſs to pleaſe the Ladies? that is the moſt reaſonable End; yet very few of them but are wiſer than to be taken with the Coat inſtead of the Man; and what can be taking in a Man, who invades their Province, and appears by his Actions to be one of them?—If it is a Lady that is fond of Finery; I aſk her why? If ſhe is a Beauty, ſhe wants no Ornament; if plain, ſhe cannot be transformed. Her Dreſs indeed may enliven her Poet's Fancy, and ſave him a Journey to the Sun and Stars for his Similies and Alluſions. If the Lady had not put on her Finery, we might have loſt this polite and ingenious Stanza:

*Th' adorning thee with ſo much Art*
*Is but a barbarous Skill:*
*'Tis like the poiſoning of a Dart,*
*Too apt before to kill.*

Every Mother (like her in [*l*] *Juvenal*) hath prayed in the Temple of *Venus*, for the moſt ex-

[*l*] Formam optat modico pueris, majore puellis
Murmure, cùm Veneris fanum videt anxia mater,
Uſque ad delicias votorum.——Sat. x.

quiſite

quiſite Beauty in her Children. But ſince the Goddeſs hath been thus deaf and unkind, I cannot adviſe any one of my Sect to be her profeſſed Votary; for ſhe will be as little propitious to his Wiſhes, as ſhe was to his Mother's Prayer. A *Helen* will run away with a *Paris*; but where is the Nymph that will liſten to ſuch a *Corydon?* In vain will he ſummon the Muſes to his Aid, unaſſiſted as he is by the Graces. His [*m*] *Sachariſſa*, *Myra*, *Cloe*, or *Belinda*, may, perhaps, tickle her Ear, but will never touch her Heart:

[*n*] *Not Words alone pleaſe her.*

Or if (as [*o*] *Waller* expreſſes it) her high Pride ſhould deſcend to mark his Follies, it is the greateſt Honour he can expect; unleſs, in a merry Mood, ſhe ſhould take it into her Head to treat him like [*p*] *Falſtaff*, or Squire *Slender*. He will be the choiceſt of *Cupid*'s *April* Fools; and I will not ſay an egregious Aſs, but Camel, to bear his Burthens. But let this be ſome Conſolation to him, that, while he is not ſuffered to regale on the Sweets of the Hive, he is ſecured from its Sting.

But, not to make ugly Perſons out of Love with themſelves, I will now exhibit ſome Advantages ariſing from Deformity.

[*m*] *Sachariſſa* belongs to *Waller*, *Myra* to *Lanſdown*, *Cloe* to *Prior*, and *Belinda* to *Pope*.
[*n*] *Milton*'s Paradiſe loſt, Book viii.
[*o*] In his Poem on Love.
[*p*] Merry Wives of Windſor.

Instead of repining, a deformed Person ought to be thankful to Providence for giving him such a Guard to his Virtue and Repose. Thousands are daily ruined by a handsome Person; for Beauty is a Flower, that every one wants to gather in its Bloom, and spare no Pains or Stratagem to reach it. All the Poetical Stories concerning it have their Moral. A *Helen* occasions War and Confusion: The *Hyacinths* and *Ganymedes* are seized on for *Catamites:* The *Endymions* and *Adonises* for Gallants: *Narcissus* can admire nobody but himself; and grows old before he is cured of that Passion. Who is a Stranger to the Story of *Lucretia* killing herself for her violated Chastity? or of *Virginia* killed by her Father to preserve it? In those Circumstances, says [q] *Juvenal*, she might wish to change Persons with *Rutila*, the only Lady I know, among the Ancients, celebrated for a Hump-back. The [r] handsomest Men are chosen for Eunuchs and Gallants; and when they are catched in exercising the last Function, both [s]

[q] Sed vetat optari faciem Lucretia, qualem
Ipsa habuit. Cuperet Rutilæ Virginia gibbum
Accipere, atque suam Rutilæ dare.——— Sat. x.

[r] ——— Nullus ephebum
Deformem sæva castravit in arce tyrannus.
Nec prætextatum rapuit Nero loripidem, nec
Strumosum, atque utero pariter gibboque tumentem. *ibid.*

[s] Hic se præcipitem tecto dedit: ille flagellis
Ad mortem cæsus: fugiens hic decidit acrem
Prædonum in turbam: dedit hic pro corpore nummos:
Hu c perminxerunt calones: quinetiam illud
Accidit, ut cuidam testes caudamque salacem
Demeteret ferrum ———Hor. Sat. ii. l. 1.
——Quosdam mœchos & mugilis intrat. Juv. *ib.*

*Horace*

*Horace* and *Juvenal* inform you of the Penalties and Indignities they undergo. [*t*] *Silius* was converted, by the insatiable *Messalina*, into a Husband; and *Sporus*, by the Monster [*u*] *Nero*, into a Wife. The last mentioned Poet shews, that praying for Beauty is praying for a Curse; and [*x*] *Persius* refuses to join in such a Prayer; and have not I reason to thank my Stars, that have placed me more out of Danger, than even Virtue could; that could not guard a [*y*] *Joseph*, an [*z*] *Hippolytus*, a *Bellerophon*, and others, against the Revenge of slighted Love?

Another great Advantage of Deformity is, that it tends to the Improvement of the Mind. A Man, that cannot shine in his Person, will have recourse to his Understanding; and attempt to

[*t*] ——Optimus hic & formosissimus idem
Gentis Patriciæ rapitur miser extinguendus
Messalinæ oculis. ——— Juv. Sat. x.
[*u*] Suetonius.
[*x*] Hunc optent generum Rex & Regina: puellæ
Hunc rapiant: quicquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiat:
Ast ego nutrici non mando vota; negato
Jupiter hæc illi. ——— Pers. Sat. ii.
[*y*] Gen. ch. xxxix.
[*z*] ——— Quid profuit olim
Hippolyto grave propositum? Quid Bellerophonti?
Erubuit nempe hæc, seu fastidita repulsâ:
Nec Sthenobœa minus quam Cressa excanduit, & se
Concussere ambæ. ——— Juv. Sat. x.
Ut Prætum mulier perfida credulum
Falsis impulerit criminibus, nimis
Casto Bellerophonti
Maturare necem, refert.
Narrat penè datum Pelea Tartaro,
Magnessam Hippolyten dum fugit abstinens.
Hor. Od. vii. l. 3.

adorn that Part of him, which alone is capable of Ornament; when his Ambition prompts him to begin, with *Cowley*, to ask himself this Question,

*What shall I do to be for ever known,*
*And make the Age to come my own?*

on looking about him, he will find many Avenues to the Temple of Fame barred against him; but some are still open through that of Virtue; and those, if he has a right Ambition, he will most probably attempt to pass. The more a Man is unactive in his Person, the more his Mind will be at work; and the Time which others spend in Action, he will pass in Study and Contemplation: by these he may acquire Wisdom, and by Wisdom Fame. The Name of *Socrates* is as much sounded, as those of *Alexander* and *Cæsar*; and is recorded in much fairer Characters. He gained Renown by Wisdom and Goodness; they by Tyranny and Oppression: He by instructing; they by destroying Mankind: and happy it is, that their evil Deeds were confined to their Lives; while he continues to instruct us to this Day. A deformed Person will naturally consider, where his Strength and his Foible lie; and as he is well acquainted with the last, he will easily find out the first; and must know, that (if it is any where) it is not, like *Sampson*'s, in the Hair; but must be in the Lining of the Head. He will say to himself, I am weak in Person; unable to serve my Country in the Field; I can acquire no military Glory; but I may, like *Socrates*, acquire Reputation

tation by Wisdom and Probity; let me therefore be wise and honest. My Figure is very bad; and I should appear but ill as an Orator, either in the Pulpit or at the Bar; let me therefore pass my Time in my Study, either in reading what may improve myself, or in writing what may entertain or instruct others. I have not the Strength of *Hercules*; nor can I rid the World of so many Monsters; but perhaps I may get rid of some myself. If I cannot draw out *Cacus* from his Den, I may pluck the Villain from my own Breast. I cannot cleanse the Stables of *Augeas*; but I may cleanse my own Heart from Filth and Impurity: I may demolish the *Hydra* of Vices within me; and should be careful too, [*a*] that while I lop off one, I do not suffer more to grow up in its stead. Let me be serviceable in any way that I can; and if I am so, it may, in some measure, be owing to my Deformity. Which at least should be a Restraint on my Conduct, lest my Conduct make me more deformed.

Few Persons have a House entirely to their Mind; or the Apartments in it disposed as they could wish. And there is no deformed Person, who does not wish that his Soul had a better Habitation; which is sometimes not lodged according to its Quality. Lord *Clarendon* says of Sir *Charles Cavendish* (Brother to the Marquis of *Newcastle*) that he was a Man of the noblest and largest Mind, though of the least and most inconvenient

[*a*] Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?
Hor. Ep. ii. l. 2.

Body,

Body, that lived. And every body knows, that the late Prince of *Orange* had many amiable Qualities. Therefore, in Juſtice to ſuch Perſons, I muſt ſuppoſe that they did not repine, that their Tenements were not in a more regular Style of Architecture. And let every deformed Perſon comfort himſelf with reflecting, that though his Soul hath not the moſt convenient and beautiful Apartment, yet that it is habitable; that the Accommodation will ſerve in an Inn upon the Road; that he is but Tenant for Life, or (more properly) at Will; and that, while he remains in it, he is in a State to be envied by the Deaf, the Dumb, the Lame, and the Blind.

When I die, I care not what becomes of the contemptible Carcaſe, which is the Subject of this Eſſay. I wonder at the Weakneſs of ſome of the old Patriarchs, that provided burying Places, that their Bones might be gathered to their Fathers. Doth one Clod of Earth delight in the Neighbourhood of another? or is there any Converſation in the Grave? It muſt have been a Joke in Sir *Samuel Garth*, when he ordered himſelf and Lady to be buried at *Harrow on the Hill:* One of his Strength of Mind could have no Superſtition of that Sort. It is of no Conſequence where the Body rots; whether it rots immediately, or be preſerved a few Years; or whether it be devoured by Birds or Beaſts, or placed in a ſumptuous Tomb. If a Man doth not provide himſelf a Monument by his Actions, and embalm his Memory in Virtue; the lying Marble will decay; and then his Memorial (even in that little Corner) will periſh;

[b] *Quan-*

[b] *Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris.*

The *Pharaohs* are stolen from their Pyramids; and their Mummies dispersed through the World, only as idle Curiosities. And though the Pyramids are more durable than common Sepulchres; yet their History is already unknown; and they must, in the End, undergo the same Fate. [c] Mr. *Addison* admires the Humanity of *Cyrus* (or rather of *Xenophon*) in ordering his Body to be buried in the Earth, that it might be useful in manuring it. My Flesh will afford but little Manure; but, in another Respect, my Carcase may be of eminent Service to Mankind; and therefore, if I should die intestate, or not mention it in my Will, let the World take this as my dying Request. As I have for some Years, been afflicted with the [d] Stone, and owe the Preservation and Ease of Life since to the continued taking of great Quantities of Soap, I desire my Body may be opened and examined by eminent Surgeons; that Mankind may be informed of its Effect. And if a Stone should be found in my Bladder (as I imagine there will) I desire it may be preserved among Sir *Hans Sloane*'s Collection.——Until that Time comes, I hope to employ the little Remainder of Life in Pursuits not unbecoming a rational Creature.

[b] Juv. Sat x. [c] Spectator, No. 169.

[d] I will here give a more particular Account of myself with regard to that Distemper, which, I hope, will be of more immediate Service.

My

# My CASE.

FOR many Years red Sand conſtantly came from me, without Pain or Inconvenience. About nine Years ago I began to be uneaſy; and before twelve Months had paſſed, was ſo much out of order, that I could no longer ride; the Motion of a Coach grew inſupportable; and that of a Chair or Walking, was generally attended with bloody Water.

## *The Regimen.*

I took Mrs. *Stephens*'s Medicine in the ſolid Form, three Ounces a Day for about five Years; when I changed it for the ſame Quantity of Caſtile Soap; which, about a Year ſince, I reduced to two Ounces; and lately to one Ounce, with about a Pint of Lime-water mixt with Milk; being willing to regain my Liberty as far as is conſiſtent with Eaſe and ſafety. This Regimen I have inceſſantly purſued; except ſome few Days that I have purpoſely omitted it, to obſerve the Conſequences of ſuch Omiſſion.

## *The Effects.*

Whilſt I purſue this Regimen, I never diſcharge red Sand; whenever I omit it for a few Days, I conſtantly do. By a ſteddy Perſeverance in it, my particular Complaint has been gradually diminiſhed;

diminiſhed; and my Health, in general improved. I believe I could now ride, though I have not tried. I ſeldom feel any Uneaſineſs in a Coach; and when I do, it is inconſiderable; though ſometimes (but very rarely) it is attended with bloody Water. And the Motion of a Chair or Walking do not affect me. In ſhort, I have exchanged Pain for Eaſe, and Miſery for Comfort; and had it not been for this Medicine, I ſhould not have been now alive to have told my Story.

My Concluſions are theſe:

1. Mrs. *Stephens*'s Medicine, or Caſtile Soap, are ſafe Remedies; and three Ounces may be taken every Day for Years together (and, probably, during Life) without any ill Conſequence.

2. That Health in general will improve by their Uſe; for by their cleanſing Quality, I imagine, they better prepare the Stomach for Digeſtion, and the Inteſtines for Chylification.

3. They are Preventives of the Stone; either by hindering the Generation or Formation of thoſe Particles of which it is compoſed, or by facilitating the Diſcharge of them before Concretion. And I am perſuaded, that, by taking them, Perſons who have not that Diſtemper, will be ſecured from it; and thoſe who have it, from growing worſe. And if, on leſſening my Quantity, I again find the Appearance of red Sand, I will increaſe it again to a Quantity ſufficient to prevent it.

4. They

4. They are Lithontriptics. Of this I have often had ocular Proof; and the discharged Fragments are softened, and their Parts more easily separated.

5. They are Lenitives, where the Stone is not entirely discharged; so that when a complete Cure is not obtained, Ease may, as I have happily experienced. But from what Cause this proceeds, let Physicians enquire and determine.

I believe Men scarce differ so much in the Temper of their Bodies, as of their Minds; and though many Cases may be very unlike my own, I am persuaded, that a regular Use of this Medicine would, for the most Part, be as beneficial to others as to myself. Persons, with whom it disagrees, in other Respects, are excluded from this Benefit; as the Intemperate are from the Benefit of this or any other Medicine.

I have, for a long Course of Years, abstained from all strong Liquors; but drink every thing that is small. I can eat any thing, but not much; and like the most common Diet best. I prefer most things to Flesh; and of Flesh the whitest. I never altered my common Diet on Account of this Medicine; or the Times of my Meals, which have ever been very irregular. I have always taken an Ounce at a time; sometimes before, sometimes at, and sometimes after, Meals; and I have often made a Meal of the Medicine itself, only with a Glass of small Liquor (of any Sort) and a little Bread, which I have always taken with it. I generally took the three Ounces at

proper

proper Intervals; and ſometimes at very ſhort ones. This Medicine has always agreed with me; and I never once felt it on my Stomach, or any other Inconvenience from it. And I think it my Duty to omit no Opportunity of publiſhing its Virtues to the World.

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## POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE I finiſhed this Eſſay, I am in doubt whether I ought not to change the Title. For I have heard of a very ingenious Performance, called *The Analyſis of Beauty*, which proves inconteſtably, that it conſiſts in Curve Lines: I congratulate my Fraternity; and hope, for the future, the Ladies will eſteem them *Des Beaux Garçons.*

POST-

# POST-POSTSCRIPT.

I Wonder, that in the firſt Edition of this Eſſay, I forgot to mention ſome Inconveniences I ſuffer of a very grievous Nature; and which have a Right to a Place in Pages 100 and 101 of this Edition.

When I am in a Coach with a Fair Lady, I am hid by Silk and Whale-bone. When I ſit next her at Table, my Arm is ſo pinioned, I can neither help her nor myſelf. We are deprived of the Pleaſure of ſeeing each other; and ſhe would ſcarce know I was there, if ſhe did not ſometimes hear me under her Wing. I am in Purgatory on the Confines of Paradiſe. I therefore beg one Favour, and which ſhe may grant with Honour; that (ſince I deſpair of ſupplanting her [*e*] Lapdog) ſhe will allow me a Cuſhion to raiſe me above ſuch Misfortunes.

[*e*] N. B. Many Ladies ſay, that *Shock* is as ugly a Cur as myſelf, and unworthy of his Poſt. But nothing ſo diſreſpectful ſhall ever eſcape me; leſt it ſhould offend, or be thought the Envy of a Rival.

*Lucina ſine Concubitu.*

A

# LETTER

Humbly addreſſed to the

# *ROYAL SOCIETY;*

IN WHICH

Is proved, by moſt Inconteſtable Evidence, drawn from Reaſon and Practice, that a Woman may conceive, and be brought to Bed, without any Commerce with Man.

*Ore omnes verſæ in Zephyros ſtant rupibus altis,*
*Exceptantque leves auras, et ſæpe ſine ullis*
*Conjugiis vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu)*
*Saxa per, et ſcopulos et depreſſas convalles*
*Diffugiunt*, &c. Virg. Georgic. iii.

*Cur ego deſperem ſieri ſine conjuge mater,*
*Et parere intacto, dummodo caſta, viro?*
Ovid, Faſt. v.

*Or, as other Authors ſing,*
*The frolic Wind that breathes the Spring,*
Zephyr *with* Aurora *playing,*
*As he met her once a Maying,*
*Fill'd her with thee a Daughter fair,*
*So buxom, blithe, and debonnair.*
Milton's L'Allegro.

Firſt Printed in 1750.

A

# LETTER

Humbly addreſſed the

# *ROYAL SOCIETY.*

GENTLEMEN,

THE great Encouragement you ſhew to all learned Inveſtigations of Nature (witneſs thoſe excellent Treatiſes publiſhed every Year in your Philoſophical Tranſactions) emboldens me to lay before you a Diſcovery, which, I believe, is entirely new, and which I am ſure will equal any thing that has been offered to the World ſince Philoſophy has been a Science. Excuſe my Preſumption, and forbear your Cenſures, till you have read my Narrative. No leſs than fifteen Years of my Life have been ſpent in bringing this *Arcanum* to a Maturity. And when both Theory and Practice had confirmed me in it, my firſt Thoughts inclined me to go over into *France*, and put up for the Prize at *Bourdeaux*, where Philoſophers ſhew Problems, as Gardeners do Carnations at a Floriſt's Feaſt. But conſidering with myſelf, that your illuſtrious Society might, probably, eſteem yourſelves affronted, if

you

you had not the Maidenhead of my Secret, and at the same time disdaining to come in Competition with the lower Race of Philosophers, who write about Tides and Eclipses, and Laws of Gravitation, the trivial Amusements of idle Speculatists, and Almanack-makers! I say, out of Reverence for your eminent Body, and some Degree of Pride in Conjunction, I resolved to appeal at once to the Public, and more particularly to address myself to your Worships. Not to keep you any longer in Suspence, I have found out, and am going to prove, by most incontestable Evidence, that a Woman may conceive, and be brought to Bed, without any Commerce with Man. This, Gentlemen, I dare say, you will allow to be a very wonderful Discovery; and though I might easily satisfy People of your penetrating Insight into the Works of Nature, with a mere physical Account of human Seed, and the Anatomy of a Female Womb; yet, as I am to combat the Simplicity of the Ignorant, and the Prejudices of the Perverse, I will describe at large what first suggested this Thought to me, and how I proceeded afterwards from Conjecture to Demonstration.

The Lot which Providence assigned me in Life, was to practise Physick in a Country Town; to which I united the sisterly Science of Man-Midwifry. And though it ill becomes any one to boast of his own Merit, yet I will venture to assert, that, in the Course of my Practice, I have helped near as many People into the World as ever I helped out of it; which rendered my Fame

so

so great for obstetric Operations, that I engrossed the Custom of all the Breeding Women in the fruitful County of——. But not to trouble you with more of my private History than is necessary, as I was sitting alone one Afternoon, smoking my *Postmeridian* Pipe, I received a Message from a neighbouring Gentleman, informing me that his Daughter was dangerously ill, and desiring my immediate Attendance. When I was arrived, and had examined the young Lady concerning her Complaints, I was surprised to find in her all the Symptoms of Pregnancy; but as I know very well how tenderly Ladies value their Reputation, even after they have lost them, I withdrew the Father aside into a separate Room, for the Sake of Privacy, and here, with great Concern, told him what my Office obliged me to declare; that his Daughter was apparently with Child, and very near the Time of her Labour. The old Gentleman was struck with Horror at the News; and immediately rushing into the Chamber, upbraided both his Wife and Daughter in the bittereſt Terms, for concealing so important a Secret from him, and bringing such a Disgrace on the Family. The young Lady turned up a Face of inexpressible Innocence and Amazement, and immediately fainted away into her Mother's Arms. 'Tis usually observed, I know, that all Professions, which delight in Blood, from the Physician down to the Butcher (who are employed to disburthen Nature of her Numbers, lest the World should grow too populous) outlive the Sensations of Humanity, and never suffer their Minds

Minds to be interrupted with Pity; but though I had been long used to the Sight of Misery, and had acquired a sufficient Constancy of Features, there was something in the Scene before me too powerful for Custom; and I really found myself inclining to Compassion. But the good old Lady soon put a Stop to these Womanish Emotions of my Spirit, falling upon me with the most outrageous Abuse, for *daring to asperse her Daughter's Reputation in that wicked ruffianly Manner*, vowing *it was a Lie, a damn'd Lie*; and *she wondered her Husband could hear it without Resentment.* To all which I replied, with some Acrimony, that I was not used to be treated with such Language, that I knew very well how disagreeable a Truth it must be to a Parent's Ear; but since my Office could not protect me from Abuse, my Honour obliged me to take my Leave; and so making a Bow, I left the Family to grow calm at leisure; not doubting but I should have a second Summons, when they had reasoned themselves into Temper. Accordingly a Chariot came to fetch me the next Morning; and though the Mother could hardly bridle in her Passion, and the young Lady protested every Moment she was innocent, Affairs were now too far advanced to be concealed; and about Five in the Afternoon, I conducted into the World the little malicious Witness, whose Evidence was so fatal to the young Lady's Character, and so necessary to the Vindication of mine. Yet still, after this seemingly conclusive Conviction, she continued to make the same earnest Declarations to all who visited her; and one Day, as I

was

was ſitting alone with her, after ſhe was pretty well recovered from the Shock of her Delivery, ſhe caught me haſtily by the Hand, and with many Tears, and many Aſſeverations of Innocence, begged of Heaven to blaſt her immediately with Lightning, if ever ſhe had known a Man. Such earneſt Proteſtations, delivered with ſuch an Air of Truth, and accompanied with ſo many moving Tears, wrought upon me ſo ſtrongly, that, I knew not how, I found myſelf ſtrangely inclined to believe her, even againſt the Remonſtrances of Reaſon and Experience. Full of what ſhe had ſaid, I returned Home in a very thoughtful Mood, and continued uneaſy and perplexed for a great while; till one Day happening to take up Mr. *Woollaſton*'s *Religion of Nature delineated*, I fell accidentally upon a Paſſage, which ſtruck ſuch a ſudden Light on my Imagination, that I ſhall beg Leave to quote it at large, as the Groundwork and Foundation of my whole Syſtem.

That great Philoſopher diſputing whether human Souls are traduced from Parents to their children, or ſupernaturally conveyed into the Fœtus at the Time of its Birth (which is a very worthy Subject of philoſophic Enquiry, becauſe impoſſible to be determined, and much a-kin to that learned Diſquiſition of old, [*a*] whether Eggs or

[*a*] *Cenſorinus* ſays, many of the old Philoſophers aſſerted the Eternity of the World upon this excellent invincible Argument, "quod negent omnino poſſe reperiri, aveſne ante an ova generata ſint; cum et ovum ſine ave, et avis ſine ovo gigni non poſſit." This intereſting Queſtion was once much agitated, as may be ſeen by *Macrobius* and *Plutarch*, who calls it τὸ ἄπορον καὶ πολλὰ πράγματα τοῖς ζητητικοῖς παρέχον πρόβλημα.

the Chicken in them are first created) in the fifth Section of his incomparable Work, has the following remarkable Passage: "If then the Semina, out of which Animals are produced, are "(as I doubt not) Animalcula already formed; "which being distributed about, especially in "some opportune Places, are taken in with Aliment, or perhaps the very Air; being separated in the Bodies of Males, by Strainers proper "to every Kind, and then lodged in their seminal Vessels, do there receive some kind of Addition and Influence; and then being transferred into the Wombs of the Females, are there "nourished more plentifully, and grow too big "to be longer confined: I say, if this be the "Case, &c." And again, "I cannot but conclude that there are Animalcula of every Tribe "originally formed by the Almighty Parent, to "be the Seed of all future Generations; and it is "certain the Analogy of Nature in other Instances, and microscopical Observations, do strongly abet what I have said."——These are the Words of the great and learned Mr. *Woollaston*; which I had no sooner read, than I was instantly thrown into a *Reverie*, and began to reflect with myself, that if such little Embryos or Animalcula are so dispersed about, and taken in at the Mouth with Air or Aliment; and if nothing more is required than a certain hot Bed for them to dilate and expand themselves, till they grow too big to be longer confined, after the Manner of Seeds in a Cucumber-Frame: I say, if this be the whole

Mystery

Myſtery of Generation (and Experiment has ſince fully convinced me that it is ſo) I began to queſtion, why might not the Fœtus be as completely hatched in the ſeminal Veſſels of the Woman, as when it paſſes through the Organs of both Sexes? Why ſhould the Animalculum, or little Animal, go ſuch a tedious Progreſs, make ſuch a round-about Tour, when there is ſo much nearer a Road, ſo much ſhorter a Cut into Day-light? As to what the great Philoſoper mentions of Strainers in the Bodies of Males, that was plainly owing to his Want of Skill in Anatomy; and the only Doubt now remaining with me was, whether Animalcula did really float about in the Air, and ſlide down the Throat as he deſcribed? for I had been uſed to think they were originally lodged in the Loins of the Males: But if Mr. *Woollaſton*'s Hypotheſis could be proved, the Conſequence, I thought, would then be eaſy and undeniable. Here again I was at a Stand; all before me was Darkneſs and Doubt; I knew not if there were any ſuch Animalcula, or, if there were, I ſuppoſed them too ſmall to be diſcovered by the naked Eye; and though perhaps they might be diſcernible with the Help of a Microſcope, yet I knew not where to ſeek for thoſe *opportune Places*, hinted at by the great Metaphyſician.

In this ſecond Perplexity, Fortune again ſtept in to my Aſſiſtance, and my Doubts were unridled by the following Paſſage in *Virgil*'s *Georgicks*:

*Ore omnes verſæ in Zephyros ſtant rupibus altis,*
*Exceptantque leves auras; et ſæpe ſine ullis*

*Conjugiis vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu)*
*Saxa per et ſcopulos et depreſſas convalles*
*Diffugiunt; non, Eure, tuos, neque Solis ad ortus,*
*In Boream Caurumque, aut unde nigerrimus Auſter*
*Naſcitur, et pluvio contriſtat frigore cœlum.*

Thus tranſlated by Mr. *Dryden*;

*The Mares to Cliffs of rugged Rocks repair,*
*And, with wide Noſtrils, ſnuff the Weſtern Air:*
*When (wondrous to relate) the Parent Wind,*
*Without the Stallion, propagates the Kind.*
*Then fir'd with amorous Rage, they take their Flight*
*Thro' Plains, and mount the Hill's unequal Height.*
*Nor to the North, nor to the riſing Sun;*
*Nor Southward to the rainy Regions run;*
*But boring to the Weſt, and hov'ring there,*
*With gaping Mouths they draw prolific Air.*

Now it is well known, that this ſame *Virgil* was a great Natural Philoſopher, as well as a Poet and a Farrier; and here we ſee he confidently aſſerts, that it was very common for Mares to become pregnant, without any Coition, only by turning their Faces to the Weſt, and ſnuffing up the Wind in that Quarter: But all Naturaliſts being agreed that there is a great Analogy and Similitude in the generation of all Animals, whether Bipeds or Quadrupeds, it occurred to me, that what had happened to a Mare, might, for this very Reaſon, happen to a Woman.

Thus was I got ſucceſsfully through two Steps of my Diſcovery: The great *Woollaſton* has told me, that Animalcula were diſperſed about in *opportune Places*, to be the Seed of all Generations; and

and the greater *Virgil* had told me, that certain Mares of his Acquaintance were impregnated by a Weſt Wind, which, therefore I concluded to be one of thoſe *opportune Places*, and conſidered it as the proper Vehicle of theſe floating Embryos.

But not willing to rely on Hypotheſis only, or preſume on the Authority of great Names, eſpecially in this enlightened Age, where experimental Philoſophy is ſo triumphant, and nothing goes down that is not made obvious to our Senſes, I reſolved to have Demonſtration before I ventured to publiſh my Thoughts to the World. There are, I know, a droll Sett of Gentlemen, who think themſelves authoriſed to tell any Lies in Print, and afterwards to quarrel with the World for not believing them: But for my Part, I write purely and ſimply for the Love of Truth, for the Uſe and Emolument of my Countrymen; and I ſhould eſteem myſelf the moſt unworthy of all Beings, if I preſumed to amuſe them with Fables, or abuſe them with Forgeries.

Accordingly, after much Exerciſe of my Invention, I contrived a wonderful cylindrical, catoptrical, rotundo-concavo-convex Machine (whereof a very exact Print will ſpeedily be publiſhed for the Satisfaction of the Curious, deſigned by Mr. *H—y—n*, and engraved by Mr. *V—rtu)* which being hermetically ſealed at one End, and electrified according to the niceſt Laws of Electricity, I erected it in a convenient Attitude to the Weſt, as a kind of Trap to intercept the floating Animalcula in that prolific Quarter of the Heavens. The

Event answered my Expectation; and when I had caught a sufficient Number of these small, original, unexpended Minims of Existence, I spread them out carefully like Silk-worms Eggs, upon white Paper; and then applying my best Microscope, plainly discerned them to be little Men and Women, exact in all their Limbs and Lineaments, and ready to offer themselves little Candidates for Life, whenever they should happen to be imbibed with Air or Nutriment, and conveyed down into the Vessels of Generation.

After this first Success in my Undertaking, I continued to make Experiments of various Kinds, too tedious to be related, for a whole Year, till I had at length fully established the Doctrine of Winds and Embryos; and I find that as other Insects are usually brought by an Easterly Wind, your *Human Insects* are always wafted from the opposite Quarter; the Swarms of both appear like Blights to the naked Eye; and both seem destined to much the same End of Existence, *fruges consumere nati*, born to consume the Fruits of the Ground.

Oftentimes, while I was viewing them through my Glass, my Imagination would turn romantic upon the Subject, and represent to me the great Variety of Fortune these Insects might go through, whenever they should happen to be called out into Day-light. I said in my Mind, this little Reptile may be an *Alexander*, that a *Faustina*, another a *Tully*, and another a Mountebank; and I was struck with Admiration to consi-

der

der how many Heroes, and Patriots, and Legislators, and Monarchs, were now contained on a Sheet of Paper, whose great Souls, in Time to come, may make them esteem the whole World too confined a Scene for their Ambition. I remembered the Sarcasm of *Juvenal*, as true before Life as after Death, *Expende Annibalem*, &c. and I repeated, with a kind of Enthusiasm, those excellent Lines in Dr. *Garth*'s *Dispensary*;

*Now she unfolds the faint and dawning Strife*
*Of infant Atoms kindling into Life;*
*How the dim Speck of Entity began*
*T' extend its recent Form, and stretch to Man;*
*To how minute an Origin we owe*
*Young* Ammon, Cæsar, *and the great* Nassau.

But now the great Trial of all was come, which, I believe, would have puzzled a whole College of Physicians, and set at nought all the consulting Powers of *W—rw—k Lane*. The preparatory Points were established to my entire Satisfaction, but whether Animalcula could be ripened into Existence, by passing through the seminal Vessels of a Woman only, was still a Question; and how to make the Experiment, *hic labor, illud opus*. Very hard it was to know when a Woman had imbibed the necessary Seed; and harder still to restrain her from all Commerce with Man, till the Experiment had Time to take Effect. If I made Choice of a married Woman, there the Difficulties were innumerable; or if I made Choice of a Maiden, Virginity has, in all Ages, been esteemed a very brittle Ware; and, I pre-

ſume, has not greatly mended its Nature of later Days. Sometimes I thought of taking a Wife, over whom I could uſurp an abſolute Authority, and lock her up till the Day of her Labour; but fearing ſhe might grow deſperate, when ſhe ſhould find I had only married her to try an Experiment upon her; and at the ſame Time grievouſly miſtruſting the Continuance of my own Affection, after I had accompliſhed my Ends, I diſmiſſed that Project, and reſolved, after much Perplexity, to hazard all upon a Chambermaid. Accordingly, having firſt perſuaded the Girl ſhe was ill, I read *Jacob Behmen* five Times over; and then mixing up ſome Animalcula in a Chymical Preparation, I adminiſtered them to her as a Doſe of Phyſick. After which I diſcarded my Footman, and ſuffered no Male Creature, in human Shape, to approach my Doors; nay, ſo great was my Caution to have my Stratagem ſucceed, that I hardly permitted a Dog of the maſculine Gender to enter my Houſe.

In about Six Months it was very viſible the Medicine had taken Effect; and let the Reader imagine, if he can, the Joy I felt, when firſt I perceived her begin to bourgeon: At the ſame Time too a little Circumſtance happened, which heightened my Joy, and put the manner of her Conception beyond all Poſſibility of Doubt. As I was ſitting alone one Morning in my Study, ruminating on this great Event, the Girl came in to me with Tears in her Eyes, and having obtained my Leave to aſk a Queſtion, entreated me earneſtly to tell her, *if it was poſſible to breed after three Years?*

*Years?* Though I gueſſed the Drift of her Queſtion, yet, affecting an Air of Ignorance, and putting on a grave Phyſician's Aſpect, I ordered her to be more explicit; whereupon ſhe proceeded, with frequent Breaks of Crying, to tell me how much ſhe was aſtoniſhed at ſome Symptoms; that *Heaven above knew what was the Matter with her, but ſhe verily believed herſelf a breeding*, and yet *ſhe could take her Bible Oath, ſhe had not been—been—been touched by a Man for theſe three Years* [*b*]. So then, ſaid I, with a ſterner Countenance,



[*b*] When I wrote this, I had not ſeen a remarkable Caſe publiſhed in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions* of *September*, of a Woman, from whom a Fœtus was extracted, that had been lodged thirteen Years in the *Fallopian* Tubes, ſent from *Riga* by Dr. *James Mounſey*, Phyſician to the *Czarina*'s Army, together with the Bones of the ſaid Fœtus, as a Preſent to the *Royal Society* of *London*. The Woman, as we are told in that ingenious Treatiſe, was a Soldier's Wife of *Abo* in *Finland, of a middle Stature*, who, being pregnant for the third Time in the Year 1730, was afflicted with violent Pains and Twiſtings of the Bowels, *&c.* and continued ſickly for ten Years afterwards. In the Month of *September* 1741, ſhe pierced her Navel with an Awl, out of which ran a yellow-coloured Water, *&c.* In the Month of *June* two ſmall Bones came out, *&c.* and in *October* 1742, ſhe was taken in hand by Dr. *Mounſey*, and Mr. *Geitle*, Surgeon, who thruſt a grooved Probe into the *Fiſtula*, and made an Inciſion with a Biſtory, upwards and obliquely, from the *Linea alba*, into the Cavity of the *Abdomen*; but the Woman being unruly (as well ſhe might) and the Operation not going on according to the Doctor's liking, he proceeded no further till the next Day, *&c.* At the next Operation the Inciſion was carried downwards; but care taken not to make the external Wound larger than needful, leſt the *Omentum* and Guts ſhould fall

and a Tone of Severity, You confeſs then that about three Years ago, you was guilty of Incontinency!—*Yes, Sir*, replied ſhe, *to be ſure it would be a Folly to deny it to a Man of your Learning—to be ſure I muſt confeſs that about three Years ago—to be ſure, Sir, I was not quite ſo good, Sir, as I ſhould have been, Sir.—My laſt Maſter, Sir, who was a Parſon, Sir,—God forgive him and me too, —I am ſure I have repented it a hundred Times, and I hope he has done the ſame.*—The courteous Reader, I hope, will pardon my deſcending to ſuch low Particulars, which, I confeſs, are beneath the Dignity of a Philoſopher; but as it very much concerns me, in an Affair of ſuch Moment and Importance to the World, to ſhew how regularly and cautiouſly I proceeded, it was neceſſary to deſcribe the Girl's Simplicity as a Proof of her Honeſty. Authors who write only for the Amuſement of Mankind, may chooſe and omit Circum-

fall out, &c.——In ſhort, the Fœtus was at length extracted Piece-meal at ſeveral difficult Operations. Now comparing all theſe Circumſtances together, it ſeems reaſonable to believe that this Fruit never was in the Cavity of the Womb, but that the impregnated *Ovum* was ſtopt in its Paſſage through one of the *Falopian* Tubes, where it grew and was detained ſo many Years. Nothing therefore can be concluded from hence againſt the Cauſe I have aſſigned of my Maid's Pregnancy (as a certain learned Gentleman of the *Royal Society*, who communicated this Story to me, ſeemed to imagine) for the Caſes are very different; and the uncommon Delay of this *Finland* Woman's Delivery was owing to the præternatural Situation of the Fœtus.

ſtances at their own Pleaſure, according to the Rule of *Horace*,

——*Quæ*
*Deſperes tractata nitescere poſſe, relinquas.*

But we who are unfortunately tied down to Truth, muſt write, as it were, in Fetters, and are obliged to keep on in the direct Road, without the Privilege of turning aſide to entertain ourſelves with Proſpects. Be it ſufficient, however, to ſay, that at the nine Months End, the Girl was delivered of a chopping Boy, whom I have ever ſince educated as my own, in ſpite of all the Calumny of the Neighbourhood; and I cannot doubt, but, in Time, he will riſe to be a Judge or an Alderman.

Thus, Gentlemen of the *Royal Society*, I hope I have proved, in the moſt inconteſtable manner, that a Woman may conceive without any Commerce with Man; that the World has been in an Error for ſix thouſand Years, and, probably, would have continued in it ſix thouſand more, if I had not been born on purpoſe to break through ſilly Prejudices of Education, and undeceive Mankind in ſo material a Point. Material I muſt call it; for how different is this from all the Diſcoveries of *Iſaac Newton* the Star-gazer! His, all of them, end in Speculation, but mine extend to Practice; his are only calculated for the Peruſal of a few College-Pedants, but mine offer themſelves to the World in general: And I ſhall ſhortly publiſh a large Volume to ſhew that this is the moſt natural Way of being born; grounding my Demon-

Demonſtration on the following infallible Argument, which I have drawn up ſyllogiſtically, to prove my wonderful Talents in Logic.

[c] Nature (ſay certain Authors of great Erudition) is a very frugal old Lady, and a prodigious good Oeconomiſt: She is obſerved to give herſelf as little Trouble as ſhe can, and to do every thing at the cheapeſt hand.

But Animalcula may be hatched as completely in a Female Womb, as when they take the more tedious Progreſs through the Loins of the Males alſo.

*Ergo*, That is the right Road into Life, which is the ſhorteſt Road.

And now—what ſhall I ſay next? As it often happens that the Uſe and Practice of a Thing are known, before the Theory of it is diſcovered, (for Inſtance, Men of War could batter down Towns with Bombs, long before it was proved that Projectiles deſcribe a parabolic Curve; and little Boys had amuſed themſelves with the Shadows of a magic Lanthorn many a Day ere ſome great Philoſophers undertook to explain the Myſteries of that wonderful Machine) ſo has it fallen out in the Subject now under our Conſideration: Hiſtory has here and there furniſhed an Example, and ſome Phyſicians of Antiquity have accidentally glanced upon the Subject; but ſtill I think I may challenge to myſelf the Merit of an original In-

[c] This is a Method much practiſed by the learned Mr. *W—rb—n*, I ſuppoſe for the ſame Reaſon, to ſhew his Skill in chopping Logic.

vention;

vention; and it would be very hard if a few Hints loosely dropt in old unfashionable Authors, which too I never saw till after I had established my Theory, should prevail so far as to fix upon me the odious Scandal of Plagiarism. There are, I know, a Sort of malevolent Readers, who take an infinite Pleasure in telling you that all Authors have stolen their Works since the Days of one *Orpheus*; and how lucky is it for that old *French* Poet, that we know not the Names of any of his Predecessors! but more especially they have recourse to this Device, whenever they find it not quite so easy to answer the Doctrine of a Book, and yet are determined to cry down its Reputation: Then we are sure to hear, *Lord, Sir! the Fellow stole it all; there is not a Page, nor a Line, nor a Word, nor a Syllable, nor a Letter, nor a Comma of it his own; I can turn to the very Book and Place from whence he pilfered it all.* Now that I may anticipate this heavy Censure, and save certain ingenious Critics the Trouble of turning back to the good old Writer (Peace unto his *Manes*, whoever he be) from whom I transcribed this little Treatise, I have determined to produce of my own accord what few Passages I have accidentally met with upon this Subject, and afterwards I shall leave the World to decide, whether in spite of such occasional Hints, I may not still be allowed to be the sole Proprietor of this wonderful Hypothesis.

*Galen*, in his celebrated Treatise upon the Measles, wherein he endeavours to account for the Origin of that Distemper, delivers it as a common

Opinion,

Opinion, that it was brought into the World by a Woman, born without the Assistance of a Father; but he seems to treat this as a vulgar Fable, and calls it a *Notion of the Multitude.*

*Hippocrates* informs us, that his Mother used frequently to tell him, she had no carnal Intercourse with his Father for near two Years before his Birth, but that she found herself strangely influenced one Evening, as she was walking in a Garden. His Father obtained a Divorce on this Occasion, and the good Woman fell under the Reproach of all her Acquaintance: But I hope this Treatise will vindicate her Memory from the Infamy, which has ever since attended it through all succeeding Times.

If we look back to the fabulous Ages of the World, when every thing was aggrandized by poetic Ornament, we read of many ancient Ladies, got with Child by such impossible Methods, that I believe they must have owed their Pregnancy to what I have been describing, and I hope all Commentators and Mythologists will, for the future, fall in with my Explication. For what else are we to think of *Juno*'s growing big-bellied only with eating a Piece of Cabbage [*d*], which *Flora* gathered for her in the *Olenian* Fields? 'Tis plain she must have swallowed some Animalcula at the same time, and thus became with Child of *Mars*. How else are we to account for

[*d*] Quod petis, Oleniis, inquam, mihi missus ab arvis
Flos dabit; est hortis unicus ille meis.
Protinus hærentem decerpsi pollice florem,
Fitque potens voti, Marsque creatus erat.
Ovid. Fast. v.

tho

the odd Conception of *Danaë* in her Impriſonment? Some old Oracle had foretold, that her Father *Acriſius* ſhould have his Throat cut by a Grandſon; and to defeat this Prediction, he locked up his only Daughter in a brazen Tower, under ſuch cloſe Confinement, that it was impoſſible for any thing but Wind to get Acceſs to her; yet in theſe Circumſtances the Lady was brought to Bed of the moſt mighty *Perſeus*, who accompliſhed the Oracle in putting *Acriſius* to Death. The Poets indeed tell us a ſtrange improbable Story of *Jupiter*'s raining himſelf through the Tiles of the Houſe in a golden Shower; but this is plainly a poetic Fiction, invented to account for a puzzling Phænomenon.

The Story of *Boreas* running away with a young Heireſs out of a Garret Window, and getting her with Child (as *Ovid* deſcribes it in his *Metamorphoſis*) is more immediately to our Purpoſe, and directly points out the Manner of her Conception. We all know, that it is the Profeſſion of Poetry to perſonaliſe all its Objects, and if a Lady found herſelf impregnated with Wind, nothing was ſo natural as to make a God of that Element, and impute the Effects to ſupernatural [*e*] Power; though I confeſs there is an Impropriety here according to my Syſtem, but that may be owing to

[*e*] In this Manner we muſt interpret what *Ovid* puts into the Mouth of *Flora*, where ſhe tells us ſhe was raviſhed by *Zephyrus*:

Ver erat, errabam; Zephyrus conſpexit, abibam:
Inſequitur, fugio: fortior ille fuit.
Lib. v. Faſt. 201. et dehinc.

the

the Looseneſs of poetic Deſcription, or, perhaps, the Lady miſtook the Quarter of the Wind in telling her Story. In general we may conclude, whenever we read of Virgins got with Child by Rivers, by Dragons, by golden Showers, &c. that it was Wind, nothing in the World but Wind; only for want of knowing the real Cauſe, they were glad to aſſign imaginary ones; and the Poets getting hold of ſuch improveable Topics, ſo overloaded them with Additions of their own, that in the End they were all conſidered in the Light of Fable and Romance.

If we deſcend from theſe allegoric Ages to ſucceeding Times, when Hiſtory had learnt a more ſober Style, and was contented to tell Truth without Diſguiſe, we ſhall find ſome few Examples here alſo to our Purpoſe. *Diodorus Siculus* informs us, in an old Edition of his Works, communicated to me by my learned and induſtrious Friend the Rev. Dr. *T—r*, that a certain Sorcereſs of *Egypt*, pretended, among other ſupernatural Claims, to be able to breed without the Help of Man; and under Colour of theſe Pretences, would have perſuaded People to believe her the celebrated *Iſis*, returned to viſit her native Country; but at laſt a Prieſt of *Taautus*, or *Mercury*, was found in Bed with her, and ſo the Affair was at an End.

*Polybius* has a Story more explicitly to our Purpoſe; but he ſpeaks of it with ſo much Diſtruſt himſelf, that I will not venture to produce it, leſt it ſhould give an Air of Romance to this Performance [*f*].

[*f*] Θεωρων δε τες Κελτες δυσκεραινοντας, κ. τ. λ. *Polyb.* lib. iii. p. 230.

Among

Among the *Roman* Hiſtorians, I can only produce an Example from *Livy*, of a Woman who was reported to have been delivered of Twins in a deſolate uninhabited Iſland, where ſhe was caſt away, and had not ſeen a human Face for the Space of Nine Years before her Labour. He tells us ſhe was brought to *Rome*, and examined before the *Roman* Senate; but the Particulars of this Story are ſo very prolix and tedious, that I chooſe to refer the Reader to the Original, in the fiftieth Book of that incomparable Hiſtorian.

This is all I have been able to meet with in my reading, which I was willing to produce, as it may give ſome Light and Confirmation to my Hypotheſis; but I appeal to the illuſtrious Mr. *W—r-b—n*, that great Decider of old Problems and modern Controverſies, who well knows the Zeal of Authors to have their Works thought original, whether notwithſtanding any thing here quoted the Merit of this great *Arcanum* does not of right belong to me? I mention that Gentleman's Name, who now unqueſtionably ſtands foremoſt in the Catalogue of *Britiſh* Writers, with the moſt profound Reſpect; and it would afford me infinite Pleaſure, if he would give this Subject a Diſcuſſion in the next Volume of the *Divine L—g—n*, whenever he pleaſes to oblige the World with that long-expected Work: Or if, by Chance, he ſhould happen not to have room for it, being already furniſhed with his Complement of Digreſſions (and to be ſure one Book can hardly contain every thing) ſtill I have the Vanity to expect a Letter from him by the firſt Poſt, to thank me,

according

according to Cuſtom, for the honourable Mention I have made of him, and with ſome Compliments on my Performance, to make an Overture of his Acquaintance.

It now remains, before I conclude, to explain the great Advantages that will flow from the Publication of this Treatiſe; for this it is, which muſt redeem me from the reproachful Name of a Projector, and rank me in the Number of thoſe illuſtrious Worthies, who have invented uſeful Arts for the better Accommodation and Happineſs of human Life. [g]

And, in the firſt Place, I hope I ſhall merit univerſally the Thanks of all the Fair Sex, for diſabuſing Mankind on the Subject of Conception, and teaching them how a Woman may be with Child in a ſingle State, conſiſtently with the pureſt Virtue.

*Cur ego deſperem fieri ſine Conjuge Mater,*
*Et parere intacto, dummodo caſta, viro?*

But before this was known, when the World was fooliſh enough to ſuppoſe Coition always previous to Conception, how many Ladies have innocently loſt their Reputation? How many unhappy Creatures have fallen under the Cenſures of a malicious World, been excluded from Viſits, left out of Card-Parties, and pointed at by Prudes, only for the ſlight Inconvenience of happening to be brought to Bed before Marriage? Whereas, when once this Diſcovery is ſpread, it will be eaſy for a young Lady to loſe her Maidenhead without

[g] *Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes.* VIRG. Quoted for the Sake of a Quotation.

loſing

losing her Character, and to *take the Air* without any Dread of Calumny and Reproach in Consequence of so innocent a Gratification.

*Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,*
*Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.*

Another great Benefit resulting from this Discovery, will be the utter Abolition of Matrimony, which has long been complained of by all the polite World, as a Nuisance grievous and intolerable, inconsistent with all the Articles of modern Pleasure, and destructive of that Freedom, which of Right belongs to Gentlemen. In consequence whereof, we see Dukes and Dutchesses, Lords and Ladies, and all the Great, whoring, divorcing, poisoning one another, starving one another, cutting one another's Throats, and practising every other genteel fashionable Art to break loose from their Fetters, and rescue themselves from this worse than *Egyptian* Bondage. Now as I am a most devoted Admirer of the Great, apt to esteem every thing wise, lawful and right, that comes from the Mouth of a Nobleman, I account myself happy to be Author of a Scheme, that falls in so naturally with their Desires, and will deliver them from that most pernicious Institution, supported by no other Authority than that of the Scriptures, an Authority long obsolete and out of Date with the politer Part of Mankind! And as I cannot doubt but all Women for the future will choose to propagate the Species upon the Plan here recommended, I can assure them for their Comfort,

fort, that their Satisfaction will be as great in this Way, as in the ordinary and coarser Communication with Man; which indeed the Fondness that Ladies have always expressed for *Zephyrs*, abundantly proves, though hitherto they have been ignorant of the Cause of the agreeable Sensations excited by that amorous Wind.

But the most capital Advantage of all remains yet to be told, and in describing of this I must exalt my Style;

——— *Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo,*
*Majus opus moveo.*

There is a certain Distemper most fatally epidemic, which has much employed the Speculation, and more the Practice, of Mankind. Whether with Physicians we call it the *Lues Venerea*, with Pothecaries the *Venereal Disease*, with Ladies the *French Distemper*, or with fine Gentlemen the *P—x*; it is known by all these Denominations, besides an infinite Number of inferior Titles, that mark the several Stages of this puissant, destroying Pestilence.

——— *Nomina mille,*
*Mille nocendi artes.*

Some tell you that *Columbus* brought it over from his new *American* World in a Ban-box; and that it is nothing more than the Yaws operating differently upon *European* Constitutions [*b*]. Others

[*b*] However some People may contend for the modern Introduction of this Distemper, I am persuaded it is as old as the Days of *Hercules*, and that this illustrious Giant-killer was infected with it. The envenomed Shirt of

thers are contented to go no farther for it than *France*; and very confidently assure us, that it was imported hither among other elegant Accomplishments, for which we have been indebted to that Land of Luxury and Refinement. But though its Origin be doubtful and uncertain, its Atchievements are unquestionably sure; and, oh, that I had the Pen of *Fracastorius* to describe the Ravage it commits upon a human Body! Lend, lend me Assistance, all ye battered Rakes, while with blackest Ink I undertake to paint the Havocks of that honourable Disease, of which thousands of your Fore-fathers have died, and whereof yourselves so vain-gloriously boast in Taverns and Coffee-houses, to the great Advancement of Virtue and Morality. Say, illustrious —— and —— and ——, for ye know, with what fatal Rapidity its Venom over-runs the Constitution, how it undermines the Teeth, unhinges the Nose, soddens the Flesh, strikes Rottenness to the Bones, and poisons the very spinal Marrow. Say, farther, most enviable Sons of Pleasure! for this also Experience may have taught you, how it spreads by Contagion, and operates by Communication. Some Husbands give it their Wives, and some Wives give their Husbands. Nor does the Evil end with Life, but revives again in the Posterity, is *entailed* on the Heirs of great Families, inherited in sure Succession, and oftentimes, too often, proves the

of *Nessus*, and the Torments he suffered by putting it on, are plainly a Poetic Allegory, which I interpret in the following easy Manner.——*Nessus* p--x'd his Whore, and she p--x'd *Hercules*.

only

only thing that is inherited by Heirs of noble, but corrupted Blood. Hence arises an enervated Progeny, weak in their Persons, and weaker in their Understandings; a puny, ill-compounded, unmanly Race, who bear about them the Marks of their Fathers Wickedness in most legible Characters; and though liable to be blown away by every Blast of Wind, have the Arrogance to strut through the *Mall* with Swords by their Sides, and fancy themselves Men. Alas! their Mothers Chambermaids would make better Men.

*Non his juventus orta parentibus*
*Infecit æquor sanguine Gallico.*

Now this Distemper, so terrible in its Effects, and so pernicious in its Consequences, has been attacked for many Centuries, by all the *Esculapian* Art in vain; [*i*] *Mercury* has exhausted all its fruitless Powers; Salivations exerted their cleansing Influence without Effect; and the mighty *Ward*, with his illustrious Pill, sits despairing in an Elbow-chair at *Whitehall*, to find himself defeated by this invincible Disease. But what neither physical Prescriptions, nor chirurgical Operations, what neither Empirics with their Pills, nor Graduates of the Faculty with their Purges, have been able to accomplish; I pretend to perform in a safe, easy, effectual Manner, *absit superbia dicto)* and for ever to drive out the P—x from his Majesty's Dominions. If all in female

[*i*] *Cæsar* tells us our old *British* Ancestors worshiped *Mercury* above all the Gods, *Deum maxime Mercurium colunt*, &c. Their modern Descendants still worship the same Deity.

Shape

Shape (for I dare not call them all Women) will agree to seclude themselves from the foul Embraces of Men for one Year (which I account a very modest Proposal, as I offer them a better Gratification in lieu of what they are to forfeit) this ruinous Plague must cease from among us. And I humbly recommend it, with all due Submission, to the Judgment and Consideration of the most honourable the L—ds of the P. C. whether a R—l Edict would not be well employed, to forbid all Copulation throughout the Kingdom for the Space of one whole Year; beginning from *Lady-day* next, in order to stop the Growth and Increase of a Contagion much more fatal than that which now sweeps away our horned Cattle, and equally deserving the Interposition of Authority.

But Objectors still may be apt to question, whether your *double-distill'd* Children, who pass through the seminal Vessels of both Sexes in the old Way of Generation, are not of Course more healthy and vigorous, than your *single-distill'd* Infants will be, who are to receive only the Nurture of a female Womb? In Confutation of which silly Prejudice, though I could produce several very cogent Arguments from the Depth of Philosophy, yet I choose to answer this Query by another; Whether the present Race of Fathers, especially those in high Life, under the Circumstances I have described, are qualifyed to beget Children at all? But when Women are left to breed of themselves, and the Venereal Disease is banished from among us, we may then hope to

see

ſee an Offspring robuſt and healthy; *Britiſh* Valour will then recover its ancient Glory; new *Creſſys*, new *Agincourts*, new *Blenheims* ſucceed to grace our Annals,

*Nor* Henry *be the laſt that conquers* France.

Wherefore, not doubting but my Scheme will immediately take Place, I ſhall apply very ſoon for a Patent to ſecure to myſelf the ſole Advantage of this Diſcovery; and in the mean Time I have taken a Houſe in the *Hay-market*, *dans la marché au foin*, where I ſhall give Attendance to all Women deſirous of breeding, from the Hours of Seven or Eight in the Evening, till Twelve at Night; and if they will quietly ſubmit themſelves to my Experiment, I will enſure their Pregnancy at the proper Time, calculating from the Hour they did me the Favour of their Viſit. Let them conſider that the Glory and Intereſt of *Great-Britain are now incumbent upon them*, that it is in their Power to raiſe our Vigour, and, as I may ſay, to mend the Breed of *Engliſhmen*. In ſo doing, their Names will be recorded in Hiſtory, as the illuſtrious Propagators of Heroiſm, the Founders of a new Sect of Men, and be handed down to Poſterity equally famous with the *Spartan* and *Roman* Ladies, whoſe many gallant Atchievements for the Good of their Countries, in Times of Diſtreſs, engaged Poets and Hiſtorians in their Praiſe.

But principally and earneſtly I addreſs myſelf to you, Gentlemen of the *Royal Society*, *who ſhine in the Dignity of F. R. S.* and I hope you will recommend

commend this Treatise to the World with all the Warmth and Zeal, that becomes the Promoters of useful Knowledge, the Patrons of Learning, the Judges of Science, and the Investigators of Truth.

I am, Gentlemen, with all possible Respect, Deference, Submission, and Veneration,

*Your most obedient, humble,*

*and devoted Servant,*

ABRAHAM JOHNSON.

A

# MODEST DEFENCE

OF

# GAMING.

First Printed in the Year 1754.

OF all the zealous Efforts that have been made by the Reformers of this Christian Age to check the Progress of Vice and Immorality, the Clamour against *Gaming* hath met with the greatest Number of Voices to support it: the Journalist worries it from the Press: the Preacher curses it most devoutly from the Pulpit; and to crown all, the Tragedian thunders against it from the Stage. This last courageous Author, in the Hurry of his Valour, disdaining the Precaution of most Heroes, who have usually entered upon these Adventures, cased in Poetry, and armed at all Points with Rhyme and Metaphor, sallies out with no earthly Weapon, but honest blunt Prose, upon the old Scheme of fighting Giants, and taming Monsters. But

firſt he ſends out his little Dwarf of a [a] Prologue, to challenge the *Hydra* from her Den, and to deſire ſhe would come out and be tamed: they meet; and after a Fight of three Hours, the Monſter having received ſome ſecret Wound, nobody knows where, falls down and expires. So

*Moore of Moore-Hall*
*With Nothing at all*
*Hath ſlain the Dragon of Wantley.*

But, in the Name of *Fortune*, what has the *Society of Gameſters* done to provoke all this Violence? If the Zeal of Gentlemen lies upon their Hands, let them however employ it upon its proper Objects. There are Vices at leaſt as epidemic as *Gaming*, and far more pernicious, that may employ all the Wit and Genius any modern Author has to ſpare. Hath Extortion been baniſhed from the Seat of Trade; Perjury from the Courts of Juſtice; or hath *Covent Garden* been deſtroyed by Fire from Heaven? What Wiſdom is it to connive at *theſe* Enormities, and vent our Spleen upon an innocent Diverſion, which, if an Infirmity, is ſurely the Infirmity of Noble Minds?

That this Cauſe ſhould hitherto have wanted Advocates, will, no doubt, appear ſingular: for though the Profeſſors themſelves are not at leiſure to deal in Controverſy, it might be expected their Dependants would take the Pen in their Behalf. However, ſince Gratitude has not done

[a] Our Author, Sirs, is come a Monſter-taming, [illegible] all Points againſt the Hydra——Gaming. Prologue to the *Gamſter*.

them

them this good Office, Juſtice ſhall; and I hope thoſe noble Perſonages will interpret, with their uſual Candour, the Intentions of one, who honours them for their Principles though he is a Stranger to their Perſons: Principles that open and enlarge the Soul; dear to Philoſophy, becauſe they are founded in the Contempt of worldly Things; Friends to Policy, becauſe they make Money circulate, and teach Induſtry the Way to thrive; ſomething allied to Religion too, for *they fill the Hungry with good Things, and ſend the Rich empty away.*

In order to ſet this Matter in the cleareſt Light, I ſhall fairly ſtate and anſwer thoſe Objections that are made to the *Gameſter*, conſidered as Maſter of a Family, and Member of the Community; that we may ſee how far his Profeſſion can be thought to affect either Domeſtic Peace, or public Happineſs: After which I ſhall briefly enumerate the Advantages that reſult from this Practice, which either Careleſſneſs hath overlooked, or Prejudice miſconſtrued.

And firſt it is repreſented as a Matter of Scandal, that a Gentleman ſhould indulge himſelf in a perpetual Courſe of licentious Diverſions, while his Lady is left to bear the Burthen of Family-œconomy, and repining for the Loſs of that Tenderneſs to which ſhe hath an undoubted Claim.

Here I obſerve, how difficult it is for *Engliſhmen* to preſerve Reverence, or even common Modeſty, when they are diſcourſing of their Superiors. Here is the whole Body of the Female Nobility and Gentry ſtigmatized in a Lump, as if they ſubmitted to the vulgar Drudgery of inſpecting

the Accounts and Morals of their Families: Such Calumnies as these are not the less injurious to Decency, because in this Country of Freedom they may be vented with Safety; neither is it any ways fit, that Characters of this exalted Rank should lie at the Mercy of the vulgar Herd, who judge without Distinction, and censure without Feeling.

As to the other Chimæra, that Women of Quality ever repine for their Husbands Absence, or that one single straggling Idea ever went in search of them, or their Amusements, their Business, or their Company, I can only wonder, where it found an Imagination to harbour it. Is any one so wild to conceive that *Numbers* marry for any other Purpose than to get a Separation as fast as possible? Some wed for a Title; some are weary of a Mother's Leading-strings; some *settle in the World*, that they may run loose about the Town, and indulge the Marriage Liberties: 'Tis the Lawyer, not the Priest, tyes the Knot; they mortify for the present, to have Pleasure in Reversion.

But the strongest Objection against this Commerce in the Eye of the World is still behind; and that is, Allegiance to the higher Powers: For there reigns in this Island a Monarch, who unfortunately could not be prevailed upon to abdicate at the *Revolution*, though he had always claimed and exercised a dispensing Power; the Prince I mean is *Fashion*. His Laws differ in one Respect from those of the *Medes* and *Persians*, for they

they altered not; whereas *his* are shifting every Hour; but they agree in this Point, that whoever opposes them had as good be cast into the *Den of Lions*, and devoured out of the way; for no human Creature will give him Countenance, or be seen in his Company.

This Prince, like a wise Legislator, hath built his System of Government upon the old Foundation of Rewards and Punishments. The Ladies of *England* enjoy from *Fashion*, as the rest of us do from the Common Law, certain Rights and Privileges, that are not to be forfeited, except by their own Consent. It would be needless to recite them at present; they are contained at large in the Grand Charter *Fashion* gave his Subjects; they, on their side, engaged to submit their Thoughts, Words, and Actions, to his Direction, and to do him Homage as their Liege Sovereign. From this short Sketch it will be easy to point out the Consequence, if any Woman of *Fashion* were to commence an Acquaintance with her *own* Husband: She would be excommunicated from every Assembly in Town, and her Name expunged from the Catalogue of human Beings.

Gentlemen therefore may well be excused for not obtruding Visits, which are *unconstitutional*, and *void in themselves*; neither ought the *Gamesters* in particular to be taxed for Principles which they only hold in common with all Persons of Figure and Taste.

It is further alledged against the Practice of *Gaming*, that the Heirs of great Families are often ruined by the Vices of their Parents, and reduced

from a State of Affluence to ſtruggle againſt Poverty with a Spirit broken by Diſappointment.

Let us argue this Matter calmly. The Miſchiefs of a vicious Education are univerſally lamented; and, I hope, all will concur to apply the Remedy, wherever found, without any Mixture of Paſſion and Prejudice. I ſay then, it is one main End of the wiſe Inſtitution of *Gaming*, to prevent or correct the Effects of a vicious Education, and to ſecure our Youth from Intemperance by the ſalutary Reſtraints of Want and Poverty. It is the Confidence of inheriting great Eſtates that naturally begets Idleneſs and Debauchery; and do we cenſure thoſe whoſe unwearied Practice it is to abate this Confidence? It is to this *independent Spirit* we owe the exiſtence of thoſe Creatures that walk upright, and are called *Bucks*; and from this is derived that monſtrous Brood of *Country Squires*, whoſe ſole Buſineſs and Pleaſure it is *to kill Foxes*; a Practice that cannot eaſily be juſtified either to God or Man, becauſe thoſe Animals do leſs Miſchief in a Manor, and are a far more rational Vermin than themſelves.

But if the Principles of *Play* were duly attended to, the Heirs of *Gaming* Families would reflect on their precarious Situation, and ſhelter themſelves in ſome Liberal Profeſſion: They would conſider, that Induſtry and Application might ſet things right, and make them almoſt as rich as their younger Brothers. Intereſt would charm them to Virtue, though they had ſtopt their Ears to Reaſon and Conſcience: For all

*Well-*

*Well-bred* Perſons are agreed to deteſt Poverty more, if poſſible, than Learning itſelf.

Still it will be urged, that the Daughters of Gameſters are unprovided for in this Scheme, whom Cuſtom, if not nature, hath barred from all Reſources of Induſtry, except ſuch as are beneath the Dignity of noble Birth; and therefore, in the Caſe abovementioned, they are inevitably expoſed either to Poverty or Contempt.

'Tis confeſſed their Education differs from ours: They cannot flouriſh at the Bar, or bluſter in a Campaign; but they may exerciſe their Genius at *Whiſt*, or their Courage at the *Brag Table*; the Card Aſſemblies are ſtill open to their Induſtry; the nobleſt Scene, wherein the Female Talents can be exerted: Neither is any great Fund neceſſary for this, if we conſider the known Prerogatives of the Sex: When they win, they have ſpeedier Payment; when they loſe—*they have longer Credit*. And certain it is, whatever Pain it may give us to confeſs it, the Ladies have the *Powers* of Gaming in greater Perfection than the Men: What Enthuſiaſm in their Hopes! what Judgment in their Fears! what Skill in changing Places and veering about, when the Wind of Fortune is in their Teeth! how dextrouſly do they ſhuffle! how critically do they cut! how do they penetrate into an Adverſary's Game,—*as it were with a Glance!* then they calculate! Thought cannot keep pace with them: doubtleſs they play the *Whole Game* with greater Succeſs than we can pretend to do.

But ſuppoſing they had no Reſource; it is only a particular Inſtance of Diſtreſs from which no State hath been exempted; an Accident by which the beſt Purpoſes of Induſtry and Virtue have ſometimes miſcarried: it is no Diſgrace to a *Gameſter* that he is foiled by Fortune, who hath *lurched* Generals in her Time, and Stateſmen too when they have looked wiſeſt.

Some, like *Roderigo*, to put Money in their Purſe, have ſold all their Lands; why not? Gaming, like the Law, abhors Perpetuities. Property is in conſtant Circulation; but then, like the Sea, what it loſes on one Shore it gains on another; and if ſome few can be mentioned whom *Play* hath reduced to Beggary, I could engage (if it would not offend their Modeſty) to name many more whom it has *taken out of the Mire to ſet them with Princes.*

Now to view this Affair in another Light: Pray where is the Difference, in point of Morality, between the *Gameſter* that trafficks with his Stock at home, and the Merchant that ſends it abroad on foreign Ventures? But it will be aſked, "Do I call the Profeſſion of *Gameſters* a "Trade?" Yes, certainly! one of the moſt flouriſhing in the Kingdom. And if they ſhould get themſelves erected into a Corporation, 'tis what I have long expected, and they cannot do a better thing. But to proceed: the Situation of our Country inclines us to Commerce, and the Genius of our People determines them to

Play.

Play. The Merchant often risks his whole Effects in one Bottom, and the Gentleman often hazards all his Estate upon one Rubber: 'Tis true they are both liable to the Strokes of Fortune; for one cannot command the Winds and the Waves, any more than the other can the Aces and Honours; but their Designs are the same, equally tending to advance their Family, and to serve their Country. The whole Distinction is, that when the fatal Stroke happens, one is styled a Bankrupt, the other a *Cull*; but for my own Part, I must be indulged in calling the Gamester, under those Circumstances, a *Broken Merchant*, because it was the Term we used at School when a Boy had lost all his Marbles.

But now, to see the different Treatment the misjudging World affords to these two baffled Adventurers; One is received with Pity, the other with Infamy; neglected by his Friends, insulted by his Enemies, despised by all.—This is the Reward of distressed Merit in this *Northern* Climate! These are the Fruits a Gentleman is to expect after having sacrificed his Time, Health, and Quiet, in the Prosecution of a noble Scheme, merely because he has happened, in the Experiment, to beggar himself and his Posterity.

But I hope these Gentlemen, when they are brought to a Situation wherein they shall no longer *choose to be popular*, I trust, they will appeal from the Clamours of the Multitude, to the still Voice of their own Conscience—And when they shall hear themselves traduced as Poisoners of Morals, and Corruptors of Youth, they will lay their

their Hands upon their Breasts (where they will be sure to find all quiet) and reflect that all this happened to *Socrates* long ago.

I now come to those Objections wherein the *Gamester* is taxed as an Enemy to the general Good of the Community. And first, those old-fashioned Politicians (there are not many of them left) who think Righteousness exalteth a Nation, are in Pain for the general Defection to Vice, which *Gaming* occasions; and they are grievously afraid that the horrid Oaths and Blasphemies which are daily vented, and numberless Frauds which are incessantly practised, will soon complete the Measure of our Iniquities, and bring on the third Earthquake very shortly.

As to Oaths, the Objection, I must needs say, is frivolous enough; for as all Persons are agreed, Gentlemen must swear somewhere, what is the matter whether it be done in the Progress of a Rubber, or an Intrigue, in *W—te's Chocolate-house*, or a Lady's Bed-Chamber? But for my own Part, since Perjuries have been so freely *tolerated* of late, I thought (and if I am wrong I beg Pardon for a very innocent Mistake) I took it for granted that Oaths had been *allowed*, as tending to enliven Conversation, and to revive Eloquence.

The Supposition of Blasphemy must proceed from a want of Candour, which, I hope, few will imitate. Such Words should not be rashly applied to large Assemblies, where it is odds but far the greater Part are entirely innocent; for how can Men blaspheme a Power which they do not acknowledge to exist?

As

As to Frauds, they could never be ſuſpected, if the Principles on which Gentlemen regulate their Conduct were once known, which I ſhall therefore take leave to diſcloſe as briefly as poſſible.

It is agreed by Philoſophers, there is a ſtrict Analogy between the Natural and Moral Syſtems. Now as the Maſs of Nature, according to *Ariſtotle*, is compounded out of four principal Ingredients, to which he afterwards added a *Quinta Eſſentia*, of more refined Nature and *occult Qualities*; ſo Morality is formed in like manner out of four Elements, which are vulgarly ſtyled the Cardinal Virtues, beſides which there is a *Quinteſſence* called *Honour*, for the Uſe of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*,--*but No Others*; for thus the matter is ordered; the Mob content themſelves with the Elements, leaving to the Quality the ſole Poſſeſſion of the *Quinteſſence*. As to defining it, I ſhall not ſet about it for the preſent, nor in all Likelihood for the Time to come, it being a thing much eaſier to be felt than underſtood.—And here without the leaſt Intention to offend the Clergy (for whoſe Function I have a ſincere Reverence) I muſt have Permiſſion to hint one thing.—It would be *well taken* if they would drop this Subject entirely in all their Diſcourſes and Writings.—There is a ſecret Impediment in a Gown and Band, which diſqualifies the Owner from ſaying any thing to the Purpoſe on this head; for, as a Noble Lord well obſerved, *Honour* ſhould never be mentioned in the Pulpit, nor Religion out of it. Not that I think *Juſtice* ſhould altogether be diſcarded;

carded; and I am of opinion that *Temperance*, with some few Improvements, might be made useful enough: But *Honour!*

*By Heavens it were an easy Leap*
*To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,*
*Or dive into the Bottom of the Deep,*
*And pluck up drowned Honour by the Locks.* Shakespear.

I hope no Man alive will say any thing against *Honour* in my Hearing.

It is likewise alledged that *Gaming* has a Tendency to destroy all Distinctions of Rank and Quality; for that many Persons of the most sordid and obscure Families are hereby introduced to Familiarities with the Great, by which the Dignity of the P—age is debased.

With Submission I am of a different Opinion: I think the Dignity of the *P—r—ge* is most effectually debased by Pride, and exalted by Condescension. What can be more amiable than to see Persons of the highest Rank vying with each other to caress an unfortunate Man, that is making a desperate Push with the last Handful of Guineas he has in the World? Proposing Betts with so much *Affability*, taking his Money in such a *friendly* Manner, and *administring the last Offices* to him with such a Fund of *Humanity?* I see no Justice in excluding every Stranger from an E O Table, that cannot produce a Pedigree traced from the *Conquest:* If he has the Dress, and Purse of a Gentleman, that is sufficient: As for a *full and true Account of his Birth, Parentage, and Education,*

*cation*,—let that be reserved for another Time and Place.

To say the Truth, these Questions about Family are more for Curiosity than Use; and do but serve to *delay Business*. For when a Dozen Carrion Birds are met together in a Field, and get Scent of a Carcase, I never could observe them debating whether it were an Horse or an Ass they were about to devour: All they do is, to vote themselves hungry, and fall on without farther Ceremony.

Lastly, it is urged, the Example is pernicious: Vices of Quality naturally descend to a lower Sphere, and infect those, who can easily learn the Corruptions, without having the Resources of Wealth; from whence Violence and Rapine are practised, as the only means to feed Riot and Extravagance.

I am afraid this Reasoning will prove rather more than it intended; for at this rate Gentlemen must restrain their own Pleasures for the Sake of other People's Morals. Men of Wit and Spirit *about Town* must give up Genius, Fire, Vivacity, and all the Refinements of Life, in order to save the Souls of half a Dozen Beggars. A very hopeful Scheme truly! But I doubt the *Gamesters* will hardly be at leisure to consult the Scruples of others, for this manifest Reason, because they have hitherto had none of their own; neither are their Consciences of that puling Kind, that will submit to be fed with this *Milk for Babes*:—they have Digestion for stronger Food.

Having

Having thus far cleared the *Gameſter* from thoſe Imputations, that might affect him in his private and public Capacity, I ſhall now proceed to mention ſome Advantages that reſult from this Practice.

One great Advantage of *Gaming* is, that it teaches us to bear up againſt the Charms of Wealth, and Terrors of Poverty. For my own Part it hath ſeriouſly affected me to reflect, that Money, the grand Source and End of all human Counſels, the Corruptor of Patriots, and Divider of Princes, for which Beauties languiſh, Heroes fight, and Sages write upon Virtue; ſhould come to be utterly diſregarded as a Thing of no Eſteem amidſt a general Diſſolution of Morals, and in the Dregs of Time. There have been Philoſophers who have deſpiſed Riches, when they could not get at them; and, ſome, who have adviſed the World to deſpiſe them, while they have been hoarding themſelves. But no Age, except the preſent hath produced Spirits aſpiring to *this* high Perfection; that have courted Poverty in the midſt of Plenty; renounced Eaſe, when they were born to Luxury; and harraſſed their Conſtitutions to effect Deſigns, which the reſt of Mankind, wholly blinded by Prejudice, are ſure to conſider as infamous and deteſtable.

Having mentioned Philoſophers, I cannot find in my Heart to proceed, without conſidering from what Sect among the Ancients, the Principles and Tenets of our modern Gentlemen ſeem to be derived; and upon mature Reflexion, I find they are built upon the Ruins of the *Cyrenaic*, the Founder of which was *Ariſtippus*, the fineſt Gentleman

tleman of his Age; *and no doubt a Gameſter.* And whoever has turned his Thoughts to examine the Conduct and Opinions of that Philoſopher, as they are delivered to us by the moſt authentic Writers, will find the Parallel ſtriking enough to juſtify a longer Digreſſion than I at preſent deſign to make.

And firſt, *Ariſtippus* was celebrated for his uncommon Contempt of Money; for being on a Journey, and finding his Attendants lag behind, too heavy laden with Treaſure, he ordered them to leave it in the Deſart, and purſued his Way without it.

*——— Servos projicere aurum*
*In mediâ juſſit Libyâ ———*
*——— The Slaves at his Command*
*Scatter'd his Gold on Libya's barren Sand.*

In Imitation of which Proceeding, his Followers among us ſhew the utmoſt Forwardneſs to *diveſt themſelves of that Incumbrance* as faſt as poſſible.

Some Perſons have been ſurpriſed, how our modern Gentlemen can ſuſtain that Character under the ſtrange Variety of Dreſs that *Faſhion* preſcribes. What a different Appearance is made by the ſame Individual, when you ſee him ſaunt-ring in the *Mall,* and lounging in the Play-houſe? Yet ſtill the Gentleman appears through all. All which is directly traced from the Pattern of *Ariſtippus:* Sometimes he made a Figure in purple Robes; and often, as [*b*] *Diogenes Laertius* obſerves, he would walk about with a *Newmarket* Switch in his Hand, his Hair in Papers, and his Hat in the *Ancaſter* Cock:

[*b*] In Vit. Ariſtippi.

*Quid-*

*Quidlibet indutus celeberrima per loca vadet,*
*Perſonamque feret non inconcinnus utramque.* Hor.
*His Dreſs, tho' varied, fix'd the public Eyes,*
*And ſhew'd an Elegance that mock'd Diſguiſe.*

*Ariſtippus* had a wonderful *Penchant* toward the Fair Sex: He would ride Poſt at any Time, rather than baulk his Aſſignations: And once it is recorded he made a long Voyage, for the Pleaſure of converſing with the celebrated *Lais*, the *F—nny M—rry* of her Age. But here the Scholars have far out-ſtripped their Maſter, if we except the Sailing Expedition, which Fortune hath put out of the Queſtion, by providing them with Miſtreſſes, as well as Surgeons, in every Street.

It will not appear ſtrange, after what was ſaid in the laſt Paragraph, that *Ariſtippus* had ſeveral natural Children; but there being no *Foundling Hoſpital* in thoſe Days, he told their Mothers *in his eaſy Way*, Procreation was not what he deſired or *intended*; that for his Part, he conſidered Children as mere bodily Secretions: However, if the *Pariſh* choſe to provide for them, he had no Objection. Our Proceeding, till of late, was the exact Counter-part of this: Now indeed the Caſe is altered; and Gentlemen commit Fornication in the Spirit of Patriotiſm, in order to raiſe Supplies for the *Herring-Fiſhery*.

However, there is one thing which it would be unfair in me to ſuppreſs: *Horace* introduces *Ariſtippus* holding a Converſation with *Diogenes* the *Cynic*, wherein he ſays of himſelf, what Hiſtory hath likewiſe confirmed;

———*Equus*

*——— Equus ut me portet, alat rex,*
*Officium facio ———*
*——— I ſell my Flattery for Gain*
*And fawn for Luxury which Kings maintain.*

The Philoſopher, it ſeems, not being born to an *independent Fortune*, condeſcended to accept certain Gratuities from the Princes and Great Men of his Time; and, *for fear of loſing his Penſion*, was their very obſequious and devoted humble Servant; which is the only material Point, wherein his Character differs from that of our Nobility, to whom nothing of this Sort can, with any Colour, be objected.

But to return to my Argument, (which I do with the ſame Pleaſure that a Gentleman who has cut out, returns to a *Rubber*) another Advantage of *Gaming* is, that it clears the Mind of many uneaſy Paſſions. *Tully* has left us a Treatiſe againſt Perturbations; but, in my Opinion, Mr. *Hoyle* has publiſhed a much better for Uſe and Practice: For whoever has ſtudied the Works of this Philoſopher, enjoys a State of moſt bleſſed Inſenſibility: He is in perfect Charity with all Mankind, forgiving Injuries, and forgetting Benefits: He has a Wife and Children, Relations and Friends; but he has neither Fears for their Welfare, nor Tears for their Diſtreſs: He bears their Afflictions with the moſt Chriſtian Patience, and kiſſes the Rod with which Providence hath chaſtiſed them: Conforming preciſely to that Divine and Stoical Precept of *Epictetus*, "If thy "Friend be in Extremity, thou mayeſt ſay thou "haſt

" haſt Pity on him; but be ſure not to feel any,
" becauſe that is an Infirmity beneath the Dignity
" of Man."

A third Advantage reſulting from this Practice is, the Influence it hath upon the Military Eſtabliſhment. It muſt give Pleaſure to every Lover of his Country, to obſerve us exactly tracing the Plan, which *Horace* preſcribes in that ſolemn Ode addreſſed to his Friends, for the reſtoring warlike Diſcipline among the *Roman* Youth: Speaking of whom he ſays;

*Anguſtam, amici, pauperiem pati*
*Robuſtus acri militia puer*
*Condiſcat, & Parthos feroces*
*Vexet eques metuendus haſtâ.*

*Let the brave Youths, whoſe Souls for Glory pant,*
*Suſtain the manly Diſcipline of Want,*
*They ne'er ſhall ſhrink from Death's impending Blow,*
*Nor breathe from Slaughter, 'till they've quell'd the Foe.*

*Horace* appears to have been very fond of this Doctrine; for, in another Part of his Works, he tells a Story of a Soldier in *Lucullus*'s Army, who had been *robbed of all his Money by Thieves.* The Fellow was in a violent Rage, *ſwore like a Trooper*; and, fully determined neither to give nor take Quarter, runs to the Head of the Forlornhope, ſtorms a Caſtle, and ſhielded by his Deſpair, came off without Loſs of Life or Limb; but when he had reimburſed himſelf by Plunder, his Courage by no means ſeconded the Motion his General made to him ſoon after, to go upon

ſuch

ſuch another Expedition; for he very coolly aſked him,

*D'ye think me, Noble General, ſuch a Sot?*
*Let him take Caſtles who has ne'er a Groat.*

Mr. Pope.

From whence we may collect, that Men *in eaſy Circumſtances* are not the fitteſt to go upon deſperate Adventures; and that thoſe who have charged through a Troop of Creditors, are moſt likely to have the ſame Succeſs when they face an Enemy.

What then ſhall we ſay to a *Britiſh* Army, in which there are *perhaps*——*Half a Dozen* Officers, all *Gaming-proof*, with empty Purſes, and ſtarved Hopes, who fear neither God nor Devil, have felt the worſt that *Man* can do, and have laid in a Fund of Deſperation ſufficient to anſwer the Exigencies of an whole Campaign, though it were commanded by *Hannibal* himſelf? And ſhall we renounce ſuch Advantages as theſe, in which the Intereſts of *Europe* are concerned, to gratify popular Prejudice and Clamour? I take *Gaming*, conſidered in this Light, to be the beſt Inſtrument for enabling us to fulfill our Treaties on the *Continent*.

Another great Advantage of *Gaming* is, that, like Charity, it is the conſtant Reconciler of Differences, and the chief Uniter of Mankind: Here Company meet without the leaſt Regard to Age, Condition, or Party: Fortune's Veterans mix with young Adventurers, and teach them the Path to Honour. *The Courtier and the Patriot*

cut

cut in together, *equally* complain of *Grievances*, and *want Supplies:* No Man's Principles are queſtioned, if his Credit be unconteſted; for Money is indifferent to Parties, and freely liſts itſelf on either Side.

To conclude; let me offer one Argument, which perhaps will weigh more with our Opponents than either Reaſon or Juſtice; and that is, the Impoſſibility of ſucceeding in their Attempt. This is no Time to expect Succeſs in Projects that have been ſo often baffled. What hath the Wiſdom of the Nation effected by its Laws, or the Fury of the Rabble by its Clamours? *The Rulers have conſpired together, and the People imagine a vain thing.* Vain indeed! They had better therefore renounce their Oppoſition while they can do it with a good Grace, and ſay at once with the Great *Durandarte*,

[c] *Patience! and ſhuffle the Cards.*

[c] Vide Don Quixote.

THE

# THE

# Pretty Gentleman;

## OR,

## SOFTNESS of MANNERS

## VINDICATED

From the falſe RIDICULE exhibited under the Character of

*WILLIAM FRIBBLE*, Eſq.

Firſt Printed in the Year 1747.

TO

# Mr. GARRICK.

SIR,

AS in the Wantonneſs of your petulant Fancy, you have fallen upon a Sett of Gentlemen, who cannot poſſibly have given you any perſonal Provocation; I have thought proper to prefix your Name to this their Defence, and call upon you thus publickly to juſtify your Behaviour, if it be poſſible. But ſurely, Sir, it muſt have been a ſecret Admiration of their Elegant and Refined Manners, that called forth your Spleen, to turn into Ridicule thoſe ſoft Accompliſhments you deſpaired to equal; and, as a Comic Writer did by the Divine *Socrates*, mimic and burleſque upon the Stage what you had not the Face to imitate in real Life. But your Wit was as impotent as your Malice was ſtrong. Your Farce was no ſooner ſeen, than it was laughed at; you know, Sir, it was laughed at; moſt prodigiouſly laughed at: A plain Proof, that it was judged to be very *ridiculous*.

Belief me, Sir, you have fallen moſt miſerably ſhort in your Attempt. And how ſhould it be otherwiſe? *You* pretend to exhibit a Repreſentation of *The Pretty Gentleman*, who are by no means an *Adept* in the Character! *You!* that are

an entire Stranger to thoſe fine Senſations, which are *requiſite* to give a thorough Notion, and true Reliſh of the Enjoyments it affords! How ſhould you paint what Nature has not given you Faculties to feel? As far as *She* leads you by the Hand, you may, perhaps, ſucceed: But to leave her *behind*, and tread thoſe ſecret Paths to which her Guidance never points; *This*, Mr. *Garrick*, *This* is far beyond the Power of your limited Genius.

So wiſhing you more fortunate in your next Eſſay, and wiſe enough never to expoſe yourſelf again to Deriſion, by endeavouring to laugh out of Countenance a Character, which all ſenſible Men look upon with *Admiration* and *Aſtoniſhment*, I take leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, as much as I ought to be,

*SIR*,

*Your Humble Servant*,

PHILAUTUS.

THE

# Pretty Gentleman, &c.

THE Theatre is said to be the proper School for correcting the little Irregularities and Foibles of Mankind; and no Method is held more likely to check the Growth of Folly, than to bring it to full View in Scenes of humorous Representation. But then the Comic Writer should be certain, that what he endeavours to expose, be really an Object of Ridicule; otherwise he not only offends against the Rules of the *Drama*, but the Precepts of *Virtue*.

I am led into these Reflexions, by a late Performance exhibited on our Stage, wherein the Author attempts to laugh out of Countenance that *mollifying Elegance* which manifests itself with such a bewitching Grace, in the *refined* Youths of this *cultivated Age*. It is in Defence of these injured Gentlemen that I have taken up my Pen; and how well qualified I am to execute such an Undertaking, the Reader will be convinced, if he has but Patience to peruse carefully the following Sheets.

Amidst all my Researches into the History of this Country, I do not find one PRETTY GEN-

TLEMAN, till the glorious Reign of King *James* I. This Prince had an odd Mixture of contrary Qualities. In ſome reſpects he retained the Ruſticity of *Gothick* Manners; in others, he was very refined.

Lord *Clarendon* aſſures us, "That His *Moſt* "*Sacred Majeſty* was ſo highly delighted with a "Beautiful Perſon and Fine Cloaths, that theſe "were the chief Recommendations to the Great "Offices of State." A convincing Proof (begging the noble Hiſtorian's Pardon) of that Monarch's ſuperior Talents for Government.

In the Reign of *Charles* I. this Refinement ſunk in Reputation: For how indeed was it poſſible, that a genuine Taſte could be cultivated, when *Falkland* was beheld with general Admiration, and *Waller* read with general Delight?

Harder ſtill was her Fate, under the Rebukes of an auſtere Republic, and a ſour Protector. The very *Loyaliſts* themſelves were treated with leſs Rigor, and not a Man of any Elegance durſt even ſhow his Head.

But when Monarchy was reſtored, *Taſte* emerged from her Obſcurity, and ſhone with ſome Degree of Luſtre. For though the Prince was ſomewhat inelegant in himſelf, yet that *downy Eaſe*, which was cheriſhed under his auſpicious Influence, was highly favourable to the Cultivation of *ſoft Manners*; notwithſtanding the malicious Efforts of *Milton*, *Denham*, *Dorſet*, *Buckingham*, and *Dryden*.

From this Period, to the Beginning of the preſent Century, her Progreſs was now and then checked

checked by the Blasts of Envy; yet, upon the whole, she made some tolerable Shoots; when at last, a Sett of malevolent Spirits arose, who [*a*] with a cruel and bloody-minded Zeal, entered into a Combination to destroy this lovely Plant, both Root and Branch. The better to effect their barbarous Resolution, they set up an *Idol* of their own Fancy, ascribed to it all the Attributes of the *Graces*, and with the Artifice of deceiving Blandishments, allured the Majority of the Nation, to fall down and worship the *Image* which they had set up.

Hence it was that *Elegance* became a neglected Character, and the *Pretty Gentleman* an Object of general Contempt, and barbarous Raillery.

But no sooner were these Enemies removed, than the Sons of Delicacy made an Attempt to rise again: And how successful they have been, every Place of polite Resort does fully witness; and notwithstanding all Opposition, they are determined to push on their Designs, and polish the *British* Manners. Now the better to carry on this glorious Scheme of Reformation, these Gentlemen have erected themselves into an amicable Society, and from the Principles on which it is founded, have very pertinently stiled it,

*The Fraternity of* PRETTY GENTLEMEN.

As no associated Body can possibly subsist, unless they are cemented by an Union of Hearts,

[*a*] Under the Forms of *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*.

the grand Principle of this Fellowſhip is mutual Love, which, it muſt be confeſſed, they carry to the higheſt Pitch. In this Reſpect, they are not inferior to the Ἱερὰ φαλαγξ, *The ſacred* Theban *Band*, ſo illuſtrious in Story. Such an Harmony of Temper is preſerved amongſt them, ſuch a Sameneſs is there in all their Words and Actions, that the Spirit of *One* ſeems to have paſſed into the *Other*; or rather, they *all* breathe the *ſame* Soul. This is the ſecret Charm that the *Platoniſts* talk of, the intellectual Faculty, which connects one Man with another, and ties the Knot of virtuous Friendſhip. But I need not dwell any longer on a Subject, which can admit of no Debate; the Notoriety of the Fact is even become *Proverbial* amongſt us, and every one cries out,

*Magna eſt inter* MOLLES *concordia!*

I ſhall now open another Scene, and preſent to the Reader a View of their Studies and Employments; where he will find them no leſs worthy of his Admiration and Regard.

They do not indeed conſume their Hours in ſuch Points of vain Speculation, wherein the *Pride* of *Reaſon* and *Learning* has room to operate. And indeed there is ſomething in the Drudgery of *Maſculine* Knowledge, by no means adapted to Youths of ſo *nice* a Frame, that it cannot be ſaid, they are ever invigorated with perfect Health. The enfeebled Tone of their Organs and Spirits does therefore naturally diſpoſe them to the ſofter and more refined Studies; Furniture, Equipage, Dreſs the Tiring Room, and the Toy ſhop.—

What

What a Fund is here for Study! And what a Variety of eaſy Delights! Or, if the Mind is bent upon Manual Exerciſe, the *Knotting-Bag* is ready at hand; and their ſkilful Fingers play their Part. Notwithſtanding the Ridicule, which is thrown upon this Part of the Character, it appears to me, rather to merit our *Applauſe*, than to provoke our *Laughter*. With what Satisfaction have I beheld five or ſix of theſe elegant Youths interſperſed with an equal Number of Ladies, almoſt as delicate as themſelves, and vying with them in their own Accompliſhments! Rouzed by the Ardor of Emulation, they work for *Glory*, and aſſert the Prize of *Feminine Merit*.

With equal Skill their practiſed Fingers apply the Needle, and rejoin the Lace: With equal Facility they convey the gliding Shuttle through the opening Thread, and form the various Knots. Pretty Innocents! How virtuouſly, how uſefully are their Hours employed! Not in the wrangling Squabbles of the Bar, or the unmannerly Contentions of the Senate; not in the robuſt Sports of the Field, or in a toilſome Application to ungentleman-like Science; but in the pretty Fancies of Dreſs, in Criticiſms upon Faſhions, in the artful Diſpoſition of *China* Jars, and other Foreign Trinkets; in ſowing, in knitting Garters, in knotting of Fringe, and every gentle Exerciſe of Feminine Oeconomy.

If from their Studies we turn our Attention to their Converſation, we muſt be convinced, that in this Reſpect likewiſe they are ſo far from me-

riting Contempt, that nothing in the World can be more refined, or more engaging.

It is an eſtabliſhed Maxim in this School of Manners, never to oppoſe the Sentiments of the Company. Every Gentleman aſſents to every thing that is ſaid. Sometimes indeed, you may hear what appears, at firſt, like a Difference of Judgment: But have a little Patience, and you will find it is only the genteel Interchange of Sentiments: For *Sippius* will go over to the Opinion of *Fannius*, rather than be ſo rude to contradict him; and *Fannius* will allow his Friend to be in the right, rather than be thought ſo ill-bred as not to give up ſuch a Trifle as his own Judgment. Whereas your unrectified Spirits are eternally inſiſting upon the natural Right of maintaining their Opinions, and the Liberty of ſpeaking their Minds.

*The Liberty of ſpeaking your Mind!* A pretty Aſſertion truly! I know not what Arguments may be drawn in favour of it, from the muſty Precepts of antiquated Sages, but I am certain, that Good-breeding abſolutely diſallows it: Neither indeed is it reconcileable with common Senſe and Diſcretion; for he who diſapproves my Sentiments, does, in effect, tell me *I am a Fool.* Conſequently, let him talk ever ſo well, and reaſon (as you call it) ever ſo juſtly, he is ſure to give Offence: Whilſt the yielding Companion, the well-bred Aſſenter, never fails to conciliate Favour; for there is not a more engaging Compliment to the Underſtanding, than to ſacrifice *your own* Vanity to That of *another.*

A

A *Pretty Gentleman* therefore ſcarce ever diſſents. He will indeed ſometimes ſay, *Oh! pard'n me, mi Dear! I ke'n't poſſibly be of that Apinion!* But then this is only a polite Artifice, that he may flatter your Judgment with a finer Addreſs, when he afterwards ſuffers himſelf to be convinced by your ſuperior Reaſoning. To give him his Due, he has no Attachment to any one Opinion in the World, but *that* of preſerving the Rules of Good-breeding. In all other Caſes, he has an Aſſent entirely at your Service; and you cannot change Sides oftener, than this moſt obſequious humble Servant will follow you. A Tranſgreſſion of *Decorum* is indeed ſo ſhocking to his Nature, that he cannot let it paſs without Correction; but then it is always inflicted with a gentle Hand. The ſevereſt Animadverſion never riſes beyond this,

*O! fie! ye filthy Creter!*

The Epithet *filthy*, as it appears upon Paper, may ſeem ſomewhat coarſe and unclean: But were you to hear how he liquidates the Harſhneſs of the Sound, and conceals the Impurity of the Idea by a ſweetened Accent, you would grow enamoured of his Addreſs, and admire the enchanting Beauties of refined Elocution. *Oh! fie! ye filt-hy Creter!* How eaſy, how gentle, how humane a Chaſtiſement for the higheſt Offence!

It has been obſerved (but I don't remember by what Author) that there are two Kinds of Converſation: The one, cloſe and continued; the other, looſe and unconnected. The *Firſt* was practiſed amongſt us whilſt the Enemies of Ele-

gance prevailed: But now the *Latter* has deservedly gained the Aſcendant; as it is perfectly ſuited to the Turn and Caſt of our polite Aſſemblies of every Denomination [*b*]. The Gravity of dull Knowledge is at laſt happily exploded: *Maſculine* Senſe and Wit are rejected as obſolete and unfaſhionable Talents; and better ſupplied by the more engaging Charms of the contrary Qualities. Nothing is now heard, but ſweet Chit-chat and tender Prittle-Prattle, Shreds of Sentiments, and *Cuttings* of Sentences,—all ſoft and charming, elegant and polite.

By this ſhort Abſtract of the prevailing Turn in polite Converſation, the Reader ſees, that the *Pretty Gentleman* muſt neceſſarily be the beſt Company; becauſe he will neither offend by the abominable Coarſeneſs of *manly* Reaſon, nor the ungrateful Poignancy of keen Repartee: But though he is not ſuch a *Fool*, or ſo ill-bred as to be down-right *Witty*, he will now and then indulge himſelf in what he calls, *The little Eſcapes of Fancy*, which I will not injure ſo much as to rank them under the Denomination of *Wit*. If the Company happens to grow languid, *Fannius* has an admirable Talent at reviving their Spirits by ſome pretty familiar Remark or other; which, obvious as it is, would never have entered into the Head of an unrefined Mortal. On ſuch an Occaſion this little Wag will pat a Lady over the

[*b*] Drums, Kettle-Drums, Drum-Majors, Routs, Hurries, Riots, Tumults, and Helter-Skelters, the ſeveral Appellations by which the modern Aſſemblies are aptly characterized and diſtinguiſhed.

Shoulder,

Shoulder, and tell her, with the moſt facetious Leer, *I vew, Me'me, yur'e immoderately entertaining.*

And though this is all he ſays, yet there is ſomething in the *Manner*, in the *Accent*, and in the—*I don't know what*; that the Company inſtantly revive, and begin again to exchange their *Words*. Nor let any Man imagine that this is a trifling Talent, which can raiſe Something out of—Nothing, and reſtore a Society to Chearfulneſs and Pleaſantry; for good Manners require that Converſation ſhould be kept up at any Rate.

But when I told you that their Raillery was the moſt inoffenſive thing in Nature, and operated ſo finely, that it could ſcarce be felt; yet as there are no general Maxims but what have ſome Exceptions, I confeſs that *Lepidulus* now and then ſteps beyond the Rules of the Community, and like a little Waſp as he is, leaves his Sting in the Wound he inflicts. A certain Lady, who affects a maſculine Senſe and Spirit of Jocularity, gave herſelf the Liberty to rally the modern Refinement, and in the Ardor of her Zeal was tranſported ſomewhat beyond the Limits of *Decorum*. Upon this, *Lepidulus* was ſo exaſperated, that he could not, for the Soul of him, contain any longer, but ſteps towards her with a nettled Air, looks her full in the Face, and with a rebuking Countenance, mixed with Fear, gave vent to his Spleen. "I vew, Me'me! it—it—it's not—"without infinite Pains—that yu're able—to "make yureſelf leſs am'able."

This

This cutting Reproof, juſt and ſeaſonable as it was, would hardly have paſſed uncenſured by the Fraternity, had it not been excuſed by the high Provocation, which occaſioned it.

The other Day, when the whole Body was aſſembled, they had the Patience to peruſe that abominable *Farce* now under my Correction. "It is the moſt aſtoniſhing Thing in Nater, cries "*Tenellus*, that ſo low a Performence ſhould meet "wi' ſuch pop'ler Applauſe!—O Lard! O Lard! "as I hope for Mircy, replies *Lepidulus*, there's "re'lly now nothing at all ſurprizing in the Caſe; "for pop'ler Fame is nothing but *Air*; and *Air* "(as you Scholars tells us) nat'rally preſſes into "——a Vacuum. He--he--he—he!"

Though this was a keen Conceit, yet as it reflected Honour on the Community, it was ſo highly reliſhed, that they had certainly broke out into a loud Laughter, were it not that ſuch *Burſts* of Mirth are looked upon as the Marks of ſavage Manners. A governed Smile, or ſo—they judge to be not at all ungraceful. Nay, an *Half-Laugh* upon a very extraordinary Occaſion, is not eſteemed a Departure from Decorum. But then, the utmoſt Caution imaginable is taken, that it proceed no farther. And it is pleaſant enough to ſee the little Difficulties they ſtruggle with in ſuppreſſing the Inclination. The tickling Senſe of the home-felt Conceit, puts the riſible Features into Motion; but then it is inſtantly checked by the quick Impulſe of fine Senſation. The one promps to give full Vent to the riſing Joy; the other bids--forbear. It is this pretty Altercation, which

which produces that *tempered Laugh*, which plays with such a Grace on the Countenance of a *Pretty Gentleman*.

By what I have already advanced, the Reader may probably perceive, that their Language and Diction has the most essential Requisite of Style, and that the *Sound always ecchos to the Sense*. But since this Part of the Character has been a Subject of our Mimic's Raillery, I shall produce such Instances, as will incontestably demonstrate the Truth of my Assertion.

Some Time ago, four or five of these elegant Youths were invited to dine at Lady *Betty*——'s. The first Dish that was served up happened to be a Leg of *Lamb and Spinage*; at the Sight of which *Fannius* instantly fainted away.

"Oh Lard! says *Timidulus*, fetch some "Draps.—Take away the Dish, cried *Molliculo* "—Perhaps he has some 'Tipathy to Lamb. No, "no, replies *Tenellus*, he has evermore his Hys- "terics at this Time of the Year.—Let him a- "lone, for He'vn's Sake! don't croud about'm; "—he'll come to himself presently.—Fetch a "little Pepper-mint-water, says *Cottilus*, it is——

By this Time, *Fannius* finding his Spirits return, gently lifted up his Head,—and after half a Dozen Sighs——"Heigh! Hoh! Where am I? "—Well—I protest—I am quite—ashamed to— "to—But—do you know, whenever I see a Leg "of *Lamb* and *Spinage*, it is so like—that it puts "me in mind of—[*Here he burst out into a Flood "of Tears*]—It puts me in mind of my dear,— "dear Bitch *Chloe*—sunning herself upon a *Gras-*

"*Plot!*

" *Plot!* What a dull Creter was I, replied the " Lady, that I could not think of this! But upon " my Veracity! I never heard a Syllable that " *Chloe* was ——. It was sure the moſt engaging " Company! And had the ſofteſt Coat! Well! " It was an infinitely pretty Creter!

" Oh dear Me'me! replied *Fannius*—Not a " Word more, I entreat you—Your Favor is an " Antidote againſt all Misfortunes." Upon this he dried up his Tears; the Company ſat down again, and all was well. I have given this Narrative not only as a beautiful Specimen of their Language, but as an exemplary Inſtance of great Humanity of Temper.

Nor are they leſs excellent in what is commonly called the *Epiſtolary Style*, but more properly *Miſſive Converſation:* The Reader will be fully convinced of this, if he gives his Attention to the following Specimens.

*A CARD.*

" Lord *Mollieulo*'s Compliments to Sir *Rolley* " *Tenellus*—hopes did not ketch Cold laſt Night " when he went from th' Oppera—ſhall be " proud of his Cumpany at Cards next Wenſ- " day fennit,—to meet Lady *Betty*, and begs will " not fail."

When the Sentiments are committed to *Paper*, the Diction riſes to an higher Pitch, preſerving at the ſame time, a great Degree of the *kindred* Form.

COPY of a LETTER from Sir *Thomaſin Lepidulus*, to *Narciſſus Shadow*, Eſq.

Mi Dere *Neſſy*,

*I Expected yu wud ha' retorted upon that brootal Monſtir, who atak'd yu laſt Nite at Lady* Betty's.—*Yu certinly had it in yure Pour*;—*but upon matuer D'liberation, I vew, I think yu was in the Right to turn it off, and treat the Retch wi' good Manners. Yu fine Geniuſſes who 'elypſes every body, certainly for that Reſon ows every body inf'nite Civility. Pour Puſs is better this Morning—Fever pretty much abated. I ay, mi Dere, how is yure Cold? I tho't yu was vaſtly hoarſe laſt Nite. Better not ſtir abroad—Weather's extremely piercing. I hate this deteſtable Climate, as much as—Yu will ſupply the reſt—*

*Adieu, dere Neſſy,*
*Yours infinitely,*
T. LEPIDULUS.

*Narciſſus* read this Letter to his Valet; and having talked the Subject over with him, not perhaps to borrow any of the Fellow's Sentiments, but to give Riſe to ſome in himſelf, wrote the following Anſwer—

*I Proteſt to you, my dear* Leppy, *I was ſeveral Times upon the Point of breaking out with the Sharpneſs of Rebuke. Was there ever ſuch a nauſeous*

*ſeous Creter? To confeſs the Truth,—I ſhud certainly have been ſevere upon him, but that—it is much more becoming a Gentleman, not to ſay anything ſubject to inconvenient Interpretations. The Fellow is—what you call ſprightly—but has not the leaſt Tincture of Delicacy about him. Pray, have you ſeen the New Play? I ſhe'n't be eſy till I have yure Opinion.*

*My Suſpicions are confirmed.* Amoriculus *(wud You believe it?) the abominable Man is,* bona fide, *become a Parent by his Criminal Gratifications.*

*Adieu, Deery! Love me as I do You—and more—if You can.*

*Yours for ever,*

*P. S.* Half Hour paſt 2.
Going to Dreſs.

N. SHADOW.

And what now have the Sons of *Momus* to object againſt the Style of a *Pretty Gentleman?* Here is every Requiſite in Fine Writing: Here is Brevity, Softneſs, Propriety, and Eaſe. Happily freed from the Shackles of *connecting* and *reſtraining* Rules, the Diction roves and wanders, now here, now there; and, with a wondrous Facility, glides ſo imperceptibly from one Flower to another, that the moſt-ſubtile Penetrator would be at a Loſs to find, where *This* ends, and where *That* begins. Some Negligences there are indeed; but they are ſuch as muſt be allowed the trueſt Ornaments of Speech.—Let any Man examine the Letters I have here faithfully tranſcribed, and tell me whether

ther he does not admire the little Careleſſneſſes which are beautifully interſperſed in theſe pretty Compoſitions. If theſe are *Faults*, it muſt be owned that they are truly charming: One cannot but delight in the lovely Errors, and ſay of this Style what *Quintilian* did of *Seneca*'s,

*Abundat Dulcibus Vitiis.*

It is a common Obſervation, that nothing has ſpoiled more Authors than the affected Imitation of another Man's Diction. Every one has ſome natural Bent, ſomething *peculiar* in his Genius, which if he does not follow, he will never be able to ſpeak or write with any Succeſs. The *Pretty Gentleman* carefully avoids this Error, and follows his natural Genius. He neither writes like *Addiſon*, nor talks like *C——*: but nobly diſdains all ſervile Imitation. His Language is Original: It is his Own: and I defy the ſnarling Critic to produce any thing like it. I ſpeak only of the *Style*; for I will not deny, that ſometimes he will condeſcend to *ſteal* an *Hint* from another, as may be ſeen in the Specimens I have given. But how does he *ſteal* it? No otherwiſe than like thoſe, who (as *Garth* ſays of *Dryden*) ſteal Beggars Children, only to cloath them the better.

Another Object of this Mimic's Raillery is, that ſweet Placability of Temper, which obliges a refined Gentleman to put up even repeated Injuries and Affronts, rather than avenge them by the uſual Method of demanding Satisfaction.

I am not apprehenſive that this Part of his Character is leſs defenſible than the reſt. I could produce

duce ſome tolerable Arguments againſt Duelling, drawn from certain Principles, which were once looked upon to be the Rules of Human Conduct. I could eaſily prove, that the ſingle Combat is derived from *Gothic* Manners, and is abſolutely inconſiſtent with the Character of a Gentleman. But ſuch Reaſonings as theſe are neither ſo well adapted to the Times, nor ſo pertinent to the Cauſe I have undertaken. Waving then this kind of Defence, upon this ſingle Argument I lay my whole Streſs—"The *Pretty Gentleman* will not fight,—becauſe—He is not *able*."

And can any Man produce a better Reaſon for not doing a Thing, than to make it manifeſt—that he *cannot?*

Behold that tender Frame! Thoſe trembling Knees! Thoſe feeble Joints! Obſerve that fine Complexion! Examine that ſmooth, that Velvety Skin! View that *Pallor* which ſpreads itſelf over his Countenance! Hark, with what a feminine Softneſs his Accents ſteal their Way through his half opened Lips! Feel that ſoft Palm! Thoſe ſlender Fingers, accuſtomed only to handle Silks and Ribbons, the eaſy-piercing Needle, or ſoft-gliding Shuttle; but unpractiſed in the rough Exerciſes of Warlike Weapons! Mark all theſe, and a Thouſand other gentle Imbecillities, and then tell me, impartial Reader, whether ſuch a Being is formed for Battle?——You cannot think it: You will not ſay it. I will therefore venture to affirm, that He is ſo far from deſerving Contempt and Ridicule, when he declines the Combat, that he merits our Eſteem and Applauſe. He there-

fore

fore who is so base as to affront, or send a Challenge to *such* a Person, is an arrant Coward. For would a Man of Honour draw his Sword upon a *Lady?* And to say the Truth, *The Pretty Gentleman* is certainly formed in a different Mould from that of Common Men, and tempered with a purer Flame. The whole System is of a finer Turn, and superior Accuracy of Fabric, insomuch that it looks as if Nature had been in doubt, to which Sex she should assign *Him.*

Now this Contexture of his Organs, and the Tone of his Spirits approaching so very near to That of the *Fair*, has rendered Him liable to the same gentle Impressions, and Alarms of Fear. Does *Cælia* set up a Scream at the Apprehension of the least Danger? *Delicatulus* is as easily intimitated, and screams with as pretty an Accent. Do the Weakness of Lady *Betty*'s Nerves subject her to Fits and Swoonings? *Tenellus* likewise has his Hysterics, and dies away with as soft a Grace. It is to attain these and such like Accomplishments, that they make frequent Visits to the Ladies; though some slanderous Persons would make us believe, that they have another Motive, and intimate I know not what, *vitious* Designs, that are too indecent even to be mentioned. But I can assure the World, there is not the least Foundation for the base Suggestion. This Attendance, I know, takes its Rise from Causes, with which the Appetite for *That* Sex has no Manner of Connexion. So pure are their Morals! So inviolable their Modesty! Amazing Continence! And yet, our Wonder is lessened, when we consider what Methods

Methods they purſue to fence againſt the Allurements of Female Charms. They are certainly the moſt ſober and temperate Beings that ever exiſted. It is an inviolable Maxim with them, to refrain from every Indulgence, which is apt to irritate the Blood, and excite the Pruriency of Deſire.

Old *Engliſh* Roaſt-Beef is, indeed, properly adapted to Old *Engliſh* Manners; ſince, as all Phyſicians obſerve, the Quality of our Food communicates itſelf to the Mind. Therefore at the Table of a *Pretty Gentleman*, you never ſee the Fleſh of a full-grown Animal. Chickens of a Week old, Veal Sweet-breads, or a Leg of Lamb, and now and then Pigs-petitoes, are their higheſt Indulgence. But the uſual Food is Cheeſe-cakes, White-pot, Tanzeys, and Flummery. And can it be thought that this abſtemious Reſtriction is a proper Subject of Raillery, when a certain celebrated Writer, amidſt the Praiſes he beſtows on his noble Patron, mentions *this* as his finiſhing Excellence; "That he lived upon Panada and Water-"gruel [c]." I mention this, becauſe it is the Obſervation of one who never ſhewed any Favour to Modern Elegance.

As to Wine, it is abſolutely their Averſion. And indeed, ſo Delicate is their Frame, that even the Moderate Indulgences of the *Fair* would ill agree with theſe more tender Males. "The *Firſt* "Glaſs, *ſaid a Pretty* French *Author*, I may "drink for myſelf; a *Second* for my Friend; but

[c] *Middleton*'s Life of *Cicero*. Dedication.

"if

" if a *Third*, it is for my Enemy." *Our* Youths seldom go so far as a *Second*; and whenever That happens, 'tis sure to be followed with bitter Reflections. " What do you think? (said *Um-*" *bratilis* to Lord *Molly.*) I was the most abo-" minable Rake last Night! Do you know? I " drank *Two* Glasses of Claret after my Flum-" mery.

" Oh fie! you naughty Child! what a *Paw* " Trick was that! as I hope for Mercy, you de-" serve to be soundly Wh—t, so you do."

*Two* Glasses only! No more! And yet merited such a rigorous Animadversion. But, perhaps, even that small Quantity might be too much for the Infantine Constitution; to which Nature points out a more suitable Liquor, of a Soft and Delicicious Kind, emulged from the salutiferous Cow, or the thin Juices of the *Gentle Ass*; the Temperament of whose Fluids is productive of a correspondent Temperament in the Person, who accustoms himself to these assimilating Draughts.

I have already detained the Reader so long, that I shall not trespass upon his Patience, by giving a Detail of the numerous Artifices, which are exhibited in the important Hours that are employed in decorating their Persons. Were you to behold *Narcissus* at his Toilet, how would you be charmed with the Order and Disposition! Did you view this lovely Youth whilst he takes his exterior Form into a most exact Adjustment, you must stand amazed at all the Pretty Wonders of his Art. What Pains! What Care! What Study! What Address! To arch that Eye-brow!

To

To ſoften that Hand, and to Curl thoſe lovely Locks! Whilſt all the Graces attend as inviſible Handmaids, to finiſh the Work of Elegance. And when the buſy Scene is over, and he is decorated in every minute Circumſtance with the moſt Perfect Concinnity; behold, with what a ſoft Air and ſweet Complacency he preſents himſelf to View, and like *Horace*'s *Barine* coming from her Toilet,

——— *enitefcit*
*Pulchrior multò*, Juvenumque *prodit*
*Publica cura.*

Thus have I preſented to the Reader's View, an Enumeration of the ſeveral Qualities which conſtitute

A PRETTY GENTLEMAN.

From whence it is eaſy to collect the true Notion of *Genuine* Elegance; which, without any Apprehenſion of being diſproved, I do not heſitate to define thus—

"Elegance is the Abſence or Debilitation of "*Maſculine* Strength and Vigour,—Or rather, "The Happy Metamorphoſis,—Or, The Gen-"tleman turned Lady; that is, Female Softneſs "adopted into the Breaſt of a *Male*, diſcovering "itſelf by outward Signs and Tokens in Femi-"nine Expreſſions, Accent, Voice, Air, Geſture, "and Looks. Or, as the *French* more clearly "define it, *A je ne ſçai quoi.*"

And now I appeal to the Judgment of the Impartial, whether This be a Character, which deſerves that Contempt and Ridicule ſome rude and undiſciplined Spirits have endeavoured to throw upon

upon it? It is impossible that any *serious* Person can entertain such a Thought.

I call therefore upon the Wisdom of the Nation: I call upon the L—ds, K—ts, and B—s, now assembled in P——t, to interpose in this important Cause, this truly *National* Concern.

The Question is, Whether we shall become more than *Men*, that is, *Pretty Gentlemen*; or worse than Brutes, *i. e.* Masculine, Robust Creatures with unsoftened Manners. The latter will infallibly be the Case, if an effectual Stop be not put to that licentious Raillery, which would laugh out of Countenance the generous Endeavours of a Race of virtuous Youths, to polish our Asperity, mollify us into gentle Obsequiousness, and give us a true Relish of all the dulcet Elegancies of Life? I will speak without Reserve: Should not the Theatres be *absolutely demolished?* We have already in vain tried the lenient Measures of Restriction. Why then should we not now have Recourse to the last Remedy, and cut down the Tree, which, after all our Pruning and Culture, still continues to produce *poisonous Fruit?*

The indulgent Reader, I dare say, will approve the Method I prescribe. But perhaps so many Difficulties may arise to his Imagination, that he will conclude it impracticable.

Difficulties there are, no doubt; but *One* there is, which, if *He* can surmount, I myself will undertake to remove all the rest.

Here lies the grand Impediment! How can we expect the Favour of the *Learned*, or the Protection of the *State*, to cherish and support *This Refinement*,

*finement*, when its moſt inveterate Enemy is the *very Man*, who has always been the *Standard of Taſte* with the former; and is now raiſed to a Poſt, which gives him ſuch an unhappy Influence in the latter? Unhappy indeed for the Sons of Elegance! For what can the moſt Sanguine expect from one, who has made it the Buſineſs of his Life, to bring into Repute the falſe Refinements of ancient *Greece* and *Rome?* Will a Perſon of his *Maſculine* Talents become the Patron of ſoft and dulcified Elegance? Will *He* give up that *Attic Wit*, which has gained him ſuch high Applauſe, and made him the Delight of a miſjudging World, to cultivate Qualities, in which he is not formed to excel?

What then remains, but that the *Sons of Elegance* wait with Patience (for they are too *gentle* to uſe any *violent* Methods) till the kind Fates ſhall remove this implacable Adverſary out of the World. And then, my foreboding Heart aſſures me, true Politeneſs will thrive and proſper, and ſpread her ſweet mollifying Influences over the Land, till nothing ſhall be heard of or ſeen, but Softneſs and Complaiſance, Prettineſs and Elegance, Infantine Prattle, Lullaby Converſation, and gentle Love; and every well educated *Male* amongſt us ſhall become

*Mollis & parùm Vir*;
that is,
A PRETTY GENTLEMAN.

THE

# THE POLITE PHILOSOPHER:

## OR

An Essay on that Art which makes a Man *happy in himself*, and *agreeable to others*.

*He who intends t' advise the young and gay,*
*Must quit the common Road—the formal Way,*
*Which hum-drum Pedants take to make Folks wise,*
*By praising Virtue, and decrying Vice.*
*Let* Parsons *tell what dreadful Ills will fall*
*On such as listen when their Passions call:*
*We from such Things our Pupils to affright,*
*Say not they're* Sins, *but that they're* unpolite.
*To shew their Courage,* Beaus *wou'd often dare,*
*By blackest Crimes, to brave old* Lucifer:
*But who, of Breeding nice, of Carriage civil,*
*Wou'd trespass on good Manners for the Devil;*
*Or, merely to display his Want of Fear,*
*Be damn'd* hereafter, *to be laugh'd at* here?

First Printed in the Year 1734.

# PREFACE to the SECOND EDITION.

THE POLITE PHILOSOPHER was printed originally at *Edinburgh*, and Part of the Edition ſent up to *London*. The Novelty of the Title, and, to ſay Truth, of the Performance itſelf, (for it is written in a Manner never before made uſe of in our Language) recommended it to ſome, and prejudiced it in the Opinion of others; but Time, which is the Touchſtone of ſuch Productions, did Juſtice to this Work, and at laſt procured it an Eſteem, not only here, but abroad. This, together with my great Eſteem for its ingenious AUTHOR, who is now in *Italy*, and who is allowed, by all who know him, to be truly a POLITE PHILOSOPHER, occaſioned my ſending this Second Edition into the World.

The Intent of the Author (for I very well know his Intent) was, to make Men aſhamed of their Vices, by ſhewing them how ridiculous they were made by them, and how impoſſible it was for a bad Man to be polite. It may be, graver Books have been written on this Subject, but few more to the Point; its Author being equally ſkilled in Books and in Men, in the dead Languages and the living: I preſume therefore, that his Obſervations will be generally found true, and his Maxims juſt.

At firſt ſight, it may ſeem that this Book is calculated only for a few; but I beg leave to obſerve, that in Truth there are but few to whom it may not be uſeful. As every Man in his Sta-

tion ought to be honeſt, ſo every Man in his Behaviour may be polite; nay, he ought to be ſo, becauſe he will be ſure to find his Account in it; ſince it is a Quality eaſier diſcerned, and of conſequence ſooner rewarded, than the former. We muſt know and converſe with a Man to be convinced of his Probity; whereas we perceive, at firſt ſight, whether he has good Manners; by this we are prejudiced in his Favour: And who then would not ſtrive to learn an Art at once ſo eaſy, and ſo extenſive in its Uſe?

But, if it be beneficial to all, it is peculiarly neceſſary to *Youth*. It is at once a Remedy for Baſhfulneſs, and a Preſervative againſt the contrary Vice. A polite Perſon ſtands in the Middle between a ſheepiſh Modeſty, and a diſtateful Boldneſs. It is the Habit which adds the laſt Poliſh to Education, brightens the Man of Letters, and ſpreads a Gloſs over that Sort of Learning, which would otherwiſe appear pedantic. The polite Man may not only underſtand *Latin* and *Greek*, but may alſo introduce them into Diſcourſe, provided it be before proper Company, and on a proper Occaſion. The unpoliſhed Scholar lugs them in whenever they occur; quotes *Ovid* to his Miſtreſs, and repeats a Paſſage from *Polyænus* to a Captain of the Guards. To our Youth therefore I beg leave to recommend this conciſe Manual, which will coſt them but little Time to read, and no great Pains to practiſe.

To

## To the Author of the Polite Philoſopher.

——— *Velat materna tempora* myrto. VIRG.

WHEN Vice the Shelter of a Maſk diſdain'd,
When Folly triumph'd, and a *Nero* reign'd,
*Petronius* roſe, ſatyric, yet polite,
And ſhew'd the glaring Monſter full in Sight;
To public Mirth expos'd th' Imperial Beaſt,
And made his wanton Court the common Jeſt.
In your correcter Page his Wit we ſee,
And all the *Roman* Lives reſtor'd in thee:
So is the Piece proportion'd to our Times;
For ev'ry Age diverſifies its Crimes;
And Vice, with *Proteus* Art, in one conceals
What in the next more boldly it reveals;
In diff'rent Shapes drives on the laſhing Trade,
And makes the World one changing Maſquerade.
The griping Wretch, whoſe Av'rice robs the [Town,
To gain his Point, a holy Look puts on;
To Earth directs his Hands, to Heav'n his Eyes,
And, with a ſhew of Grace, defrauds and lyes.
Th' ambitious Courtier, but for diff'rent Ends,
With ſeeming Zeal the Public Good defends.
Th' Enthuſiaſt thinks to him the Standard giv'n
Of Truth divine, the Maſter-key of Heav'n.
The Pettifogger fee'd, ſupports the Cauſe,
Howe'er unjuſt, and wreſts the injur'd Laws.
To Courage, Bullies; Fops to Wit pretend;
And all can proſtitute the Name of *Friend*.
Yet tho' Men want but Eyes to ſee the Cheat,
They chooſe to wink, and help their own Deceit.
The Herd of Fools reſign themſelves a Prey,
Which every Knave purſues his private Way.

The Queſtion, *Forreſter*, is ſomething hard;
How ſhall the wiſe the motly Scene regard?
While Men ourſelves, can we unmov'd ſtand by?
Pain'd while we ſmile? or guiltleſs ſhall we cry?
Humanity to Grief wou'd give the Rule;
But ſtronger Reaſon ſides with Ridicule.

Oh! that thy Work, inſtructive, but refin'd,
The pleaſing Image of your eaſy Mind;
(Which, like the Statues wrought by *Phidian* Art,
Is one fair whole, complete in every Part,)
May cure the lighter Follies of the Age,
Cool Bigot Zeal, and ſoften Party Rage;
Expoſe Ill-nature, Pedantry o'ercome,
Strike Affectation dead, and Scandal dumb;
Reſtore free Converſe to its native Light,
And teach Mankind with Eaſe to grow polite.

Then round thy Brow thy Myrtle Garland twine,
The grateful Recompence of Toils like thine:
Secure in all you write or do, to pleaſe;
Join Wit with Senſe, with Underſtanding, Eaſe.
Already here your juſt Applauſes riſe,
And the *Belles* read you with tranſported Eyes.
Some in the ſweeteſt Notes repeat thy Lays;
Others harmonious, ſpeak the Author's Praiſe:
All to approve, with equal Zeal conſpire;
What more can Fortune give —or you deſire?

As *Paris*, loſt in paſſionate Surprize,
To Love's reſiſtleſs Queen aſſign'd the Prize:
So while you Beauty treat with ſuch Regard,
The lovely Theme ſhall be your beſt Reward;
*Venus* ſhall from the Shepherd's Debt be free;
And, by the fav'rite Fair, repay the Debt to thee.

THE

# THE POLITE PHILOSOPHER.

METHOD requires, that, in my Entrance on this Work, I ſhould explain the Nature of that Science to which I have given the Name of POLITE PHILOSOPHY: And though I am not very apt to write methodically, yet I think it becomes me, on this Occaſion, to ſhew that my Title is ſomewhat *à propos*.

Folks who are ſkilled in *Greek*, tell us, that *Philoſophy* means no more than the *Love of Wiſdom*; and I, by the Adjunction of *polite*, would be underſtood to mean that Sort of Wiſdom, which teaches Men to be at Peace in themſelves, and neither by their Words or Behaviour to diſturb the Peace of others.

Academical Critics may, perhaps, expect that I ſhould at leaſt quote ſome *Greek* Sage or other, as the Patron of that kind of Knowledge, which I am about to reſtore; and as I pique myſelf on obliging every Man in his Way, I ſhall put them in mind of one ARISTIPPUS, who was Profeſſor of *Polite Philoſophy* at *Syracuſe*, in the Days of the famous King *Dionyſius*, in whoſe Favour he ſtood higher than even *Plato* himſelf. Should they go farther, and demand an Account of his Tenets;

I must turn them over to *Horace*, who has comprised them all in one Line.

*Omnibus* Aristippum *decuit color, et status, et res.*

" Secure his Soul preserv'd a constant Frame,
" Through ev'ry varying Scene of Life the same."

In the Court of the King of *Sicily*, this wise Man enjoyed all the Delights that would have satisfied a sensual Mind; but it was the Use of these which shewed him a true *Philosopher*. He was temperate in them, while he possessed them; and easy without them, when they were no longer in his Power. In a Word, he had the Integrity of *Diogenes*, without his Churlishness; and as his Wisdom was useful to himself, so it rendered him agreeable to the rest of the World.

*Aristippus* had many Pupils; but, for the regular Succession in his School, it has either not been recorded by the *Greek* Writers, or, at least, by any of them that came to my hand. Among the *Romans*, indeed, this Kind of Knowledge was in the highest Esteem; and that at the Time when the Reputation of the Commonwealth was at its greatest Height. *Scipio* was less distinguished by the Laurels he acquired from foreign Conquests, than by the Myrtle Garland he wore as a Professor in this Art. The familiar Letters of *Cicero* are so many short Lectures in our Science, and the Life of *Pomponius Atticus* a Praxis only on *Polite Philosophy*.

I would not be suspected to mention these great Names with an Intent to display my Learning; far be it from me to write a Satyr on the Age: All I aim at is, to convince the *beaux esprits* of our Times,

Times, that what I teach, they may receive without Diſparagement, ſince they tread thereby in the ſame Road with the greateſt Heroes of Antiquity; and, in this Way, at leaſt emulate the Characters of *Alexander* and *Cæſar*. Or, if thoſe old-faſhioned Commanders excite not their Ambition, I will venture to aſſure them, that, in this Track only, they will be able to approach the immortal Prince *Eugene*; who, glorious from his Courage, and amiable from his Clemency, is yet leſs diſtinguiſhed by his *Rank*, than by his *Politeneſs*.

After naming Prince *Eugene*, it would debaſe my Subject to add another Example. I ſhall proceed therefore to take Notice of ſuch Qualities of the Mind as are requiſite for my Pupils to have, previous to the Receipt of theſe Inſtructions.

But as Vanity is one of the greateſt Impediments in the Road of a *Polite Philoſopher*; and as he who takes upon him to be a Preceptor, ought, at leaſt, not to give an ill Example to his Scholars; it will not be improper for me to declare, that, in compoſing this Piece, I had in my Eye that Precept of *Seneca*, *Hæc aliis dic, ut dum dicis, audias*; *ipſe ſcribe, ut dum ſcripſeris, legas*. Which, for the Sake of the Ladies, I ſhall tranſlate into *Engliſh*; and into Verſe, that I may gratify my own Propenſity to rhyming:

*Speaking to Others, what you dictate hear;*
*And learn yourſelf, while teaching you appear.*

Thus you ſee me ſtript of the ill-obeyed Authority of a Pedagogue; and are, for the future, to conſider me only as a School-fellow playing the

Maſter, that we may the better conquer the Difficulties of our Taſk.

To proceed then in the Character, which, for my own Sake, as well as yours, I have put on, let me remind you, in the firſt Place,

That *Reaſon*, however antique you may think it, is a thing abſolutely neceſſary in the Compoſition of him who endeavours at acquiring a *philoſophical Politeneſs*; and let us receive it as a Maxim, That without *Reaſon*, there is no being a *fine Gentleman*.

However, to ſoften, at the ſame Time that we yield to this Conſtraint, I tell my blooming Audience with Pleaſure, that *Reaſon*, like a Fop's Under-waiſtcoat, may be wore out of ſight; and, provided it be but worn at all, I ſhall not quarrel with them, though Vivacity, like a laced Shirt, be put over it to conceal it; for, to purſue the Compariſon, our Minds ſuffer no leſs from Indiſcretion, than our Bodies from the Injuries of Weather.

Next to this, another out-of-the-way Qualification muſt be acquired; and that is, *Calmneſs*. Let not the Smarts of the Univerſity, the Sparks of the Side-boxes, or the genteel Flutterers of the Drawing-room, imagine, that I will deprive them of thoſe elevated Enjoyments, drinking Tea with a Toaſt, gallanting a Fan, or roving, like a Butterfly, through a Parterre of Beauties. No; I am far from being the Author of ſuch ſevere Inſtitutions; but am, on the contrary, willing to indulge them in their Pleaſures, as long as they preſerve their *Senſes*. By which I would be underſtood to mean, while they act in Character,

and

and suffer not a fond Inclination, an aspiring Vanity, or a giddy Freedom, to transport them into the doing any thing, which may forfeit present Advantages, or entail upon them future Pain.

I shall have frequent Occasion in the following Pages, to shew from Examples, of what mighty Use *Reason*, and an *undisturbed Temper*, are to Men of great Commerce in the World; and therefore shall insist no farther on them here.

The last Disposition of the Soul, which I shall mention, as necessary to him who would become a Proficient in this Science, is *Good-nature*; a Quality, which, as Mr. *Dryden* said in a Dedication to one of the best-natured Men of his Time, deserves the highest Esteem, though, from an unaccountable Depravity both of Taste and Morals, it meets with the least. For, can there be any thing more amiable in human Nature, than to think, to speak, and to do whatever Good lies in our Power unto all? No Man who looks upon the Sun, and who feels that Chearfulness which his Beams inspire, but would rather wish himself like so glorious a Being, than to resemble the Tiger, however formidable for its Fierceness, or the Serpent, hated for his hissing, and dreaded for his Sting. *Good-nature* may, indeed, be made almost as diffusive as Day-light; but short are the Ravages of the Tiger, innocent the Bite of a Serpent, to the Vengeance of a cankered Heart, or the Malice of an envenomed Tongue. To this let me add another Argument in Favour of this Benevolence of Soul; and farther Persuasions will, I flatter myself,

myself, be unneceſſary. *Good-nature* adorns every Perfection a Man is Maſter of, and throws a Veil over every Blemiſh, which would otherwiſe appear. In a Word, like a ſkilful Painter, it places his Virtues in the faireſt Light, and caſts all his Foibles into Shade.

Thus, in a few Words, *Senſe*, *Moderation*, and *Sweetneſs*, are eſſential to a *Polite Philoſopher*. And if you think you cannot acquire theſe, even lay my Book aſide. But before you do that, indulge me yet a Moment longer. Nature denies the firſt to few; the ſecond is in every Man's Power; and no Man need be without the laſt, who either values general Eſteem, or is not indifferent to public Hate. For, to ſay Truth, what is neceſſary to make an honeſt Man, properly applied, would make a polite one: And as almoſt every one would take it amiſs, if we ſhould deny him the firſt Appellation; ſo you may perceive from thence how few there are, who, but from their own Indiſcretion, may deſerve the ſecond. It is want of Attention, not Capacity, which leaves us ſo many Brutes; and, I flatter myſelf, there will be fewer of this Species, if any of them can be prevailed on to read this. A Deſcription of their Faults is, to ſuch, the fitteſt Lecture; for few Monſters there are who can view themſelves in a Glaſs.

*Our Follies, when diſplay'd, ourſelves affright;*
*Few are ſo bad, to bear the odious Sight.*
*Mankind, in Herds, thro' Force of Cuſtom, ſtray,*
*Miſlead each other into Error's Way;*
*Purſue the Road, forgetful of the End,*
*Sin by Miſtake, and, without Thought, offend.*

My

My Readers, who have, perhaps, been, many of them, accuſtomed to think *Politeneſs* rather an ornamental Accompliſhment, than a Thing neceſſary to be acquired in order to an eaſy and happy Life, may, from thence, pay leſs Attention than my Inſtructions require, unleſs I can convince them they are in the wrong. In order to which, I muſt put them in mind, that the Tranquillity, and even Felicity of our Days, depends as ſtrongly on ſmall things, as on great; of which Men may be eaſily convinced, if they but reflect how great Uneaſineſs they have experienced from croſs Accidents, although they related but to Trifles; and at the ſame time remember, that Diſquiet is, of all others, the greateſt Evil, let it ariſe from what it will.

Now, in the Concerns of Life, as in thoſe of Fortune, Numbers are brought into what are called bad Circumſtances from ſmall Neglect, rather than from any great Errors in material Affairs. People are too apt to think lightly of Shillings and Pence, forgetting that they are the conſtituent Parts of Pounds; until the Deficiency in the greater Article ſhew them their Miſtake, and convince them, by fatal Experience, of a Truth, which they might have learned from a little Attention, *viz.* that great Sums are made up of ſmall.

Exactly parallel to this, is that wrong Notion, which many have, that nothing more is due from them to their Neighbours, than what reſults from a Principle of Honeſty; which commands us

to

to pay our Debts, and forbids us to do Injuries: Whereas a thousand little Civilities, Complacencies, and Endeavours to give others Pleasure, are requisite to keep up the Relish of Life, and procure us that Affection and Esteem, which every Man, who has a Sense of it, must desire. And in the right timing, and discreet Management of these Punctilios, consists the Essence of what we call *Politeness*.

*How many know the general Rules of Art,*
*Which, unto Tablets, human Form impart?*
*How many can depict the rising Brow,*
*The Nose, the Mouth, and ev'ry Feature shew?*
*Can in their Colours imitate the Skin,*
*And, by the Force of Fire, can fix them in?*
*Yet, when 'tis done, unpleasing to the Sight;*
*Tho' like the Picture, strikes not with Delight:*
*'Tis* Zink *alone gives the enamel'd Face*
*A polish'd Sweetness, and a glossy Grace.*

Examples have, generally speaking, greater Force than Precepts; I will therefore delineate the Characters of *Honorius* and *Garcia*, two Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, whose Humours I have perfectly considered, and shall present them without the least Exaggeration.

*Honorius* is a Person equally distinguished by his Birth and Fortune. He has naturally good Sense; and that too hath been improved by a regular Education. His wit is lively, and his Morals without a Stain.—Is not this an amiable Character? Yet *Honorius* is not beloved. He has, some way or other, contracted a Notion, that it

is

is beneath a Man of honour to fall below the Height of Truth in any Degree, or on any Occaſion whatſoever. From this Principle, he ſpeaks bluntly what he thinks, without regarding the Company who are by. Some Weeks ago, he read a Lecture on female Hypocriſy before a married Couple, though the Lady was much ſuſpected on that head. Two Hours after, he fell into a warm Declamation againſt Simony and Prieſtcraft, before two Dignitaries of the Church: And, from a continued Courſe of this Sort of Behaviour, hath rendered himſelf dreaded as a Monitor, inſtead of being eſteemed as a Friend.

*Garcia*, on the contrary, came into the World under the greateſt Diſadvantages. His Birth was mean, and his Fortune not to be mentioned; yet, though he is ſcarce forty, he has acquired a handſome Eſtate in the Country, and lives on it with more Reputation than moſt of his Neighbours. While a Servitor at the Univerſity, he, by his Aſſiduities, recommended himſelf to a Noble Lord, and thereby procured a Place of Fifty Pounds a Year in a public Office. His Behaviour there made him as many Friends as there were Perſons belonging to that Board. His Readineſs in doing Favours gained him the Hearts of his inferiors; his Deference for thoſe in the higheſt Characters in the Office, procured him their Good-will; and the Complacency he expreſſed towards his Equals, and thoſe immediately above him, made them eſpouſe his Intereſt with almoſt as much Warmth as they did their own. By this Management, in ten Year's Time, he roſe to the Poſſeſſion of an Office,

Office, which brought him in a thousand Pounds a Year salary, and near double as much in Perquisites. Affluence hath made no Alteration in his Manners. The same Easiness of Disposition attends him in that Fortune to which it has raised him; and he is at this Day the Delight of all who know him, from an Art he has of persuading them, that their Pleasures and their Interests are equally dear to him with his own. Who, if it were in his Power, would refuse what *Honorius* possesses? and who would not wish that Possession accompanied with *Garcia*'s Disposition?

I flatter myself, that, by this Time, most of my Readers have acquired a tolerable Idea of *Politeness*, and a just Notion of its Use, in our Passage through Life. I must, however, caution them of one thing, that, under Pretence of *Politeness*, they fall neither into a Contempt or Carelessness of *Science*.

A Man may have much Learning without being a Pedant; nay, it is necessary that he should have a considerable Stock of *Knowledge* before he can be *polite*. The Gloss is never given till the Work is finished; without it the best-wrought Piece looks clumsy; but Varnish over a rough Board, is a preposterous Daub. In a Word, that Rule of *Horace*, *Miscere utile dulci*, so often quoted, can never be better applied than in the present Case, where neither of the Qualities can subsist without the other.

*With Dress, for once, the Rule of Life we'll place;*
*Cloth is plain Sense, and polish'd Breeding, Lace.*

Men

*Men may in both miſtake the true Deſign:*
*Fools oft are tawdry, when they would be fine.*
*An equal Mixture, both of Uſe and Show,*
*From giddy Fops, points out th' accompliſh'd Beau.*

Having now gone through the *præcognita* of *Polite Philoſophy*, it is requiſite we ſhould deſcend with greater Particularity into its ſeveral Branches.

For though Exactneſs would not be of a Piece, either with the Nature or Intent of this Work; yet ſome Order is abſolutely neceſſary, becauſe nothing is more unpolite than to be obſcure. Some Philoſophers have, indeed, prided themſelves in a myſterious way of ſpeaking; wrapping their Maxims in ſo tough a Coat, that the Kernel, when found, ſeldom atoned for the Pains of the finder.

The *Polite Sage* thinks in quite a different Way. Perſpicuity is the Garment in which his Conceptions appear; and his Sentiments, if they are of any Uſe, carry this additional Advantage with them, that ſcarce any Labour is required in attaining them. Graver Diſcourſes, like galenical Medicines, are often formidable in their Figure, and nauſeous in their Taſte. Lectures from a Doctor in our Science, like a chymical Extraction, convey Knowledge, as it were, by Drops; and reſtore Senſe, as the other does Health, without the *Apparatus* of Phyſic.

*Harſh to the Heart, and grating to the Ear,*
*Who can Reproof, without Reluctance, hear?*
*Why againſt Prieſts the gen'ral Hate ſo ſtrong,*
*But that they ſhew us all we do is wrong?*

*Wit*

*Wit well apply'd, does weightier Wiſdom right,*
*And gives us Knowledge, while it gives Delight.*
*Thus on the Stage, we, with Applauſe, behold,*
*What would have pain'd us from the Pulpit told.*

It is now Time to apply what we have already advanced, to thoſe Points in which they may be the moſt uſeful to us; and therefore we will begin, by conſidering what Advantage the Practice of them will procure, in reſpect to thoſe three Things, which are eſteemed of the greateſt Conſequence in the general Opinion of the World. This leads me, in the firſt Place, to explain the Sentiments and Conduct of a *Polite Philoſopher* in regard to *Religion*. I am not ignorant, that there are a Multitude of thoſe who paſs both on the World, and on themſelves, for very *polite* Perſons, who look on this as a Topic below their Notice. *Religion* (ſay they with a ſneer) is the Companion of melancholy Minds; but, for the gayer Part of the World, it is Ill-manners to mention it amongſt them. Be it ſo. But give me leave to add, that there is no ranker Species of Ill-breeding, than ſpeaking of it ſarcaſtically, or with Contempt.

" *Religion*, ſtrictly ſpeaking, means that Wor-
" ſhip which Men, from a Senſe of Duty, pay to
" that Being, unto whom they owe their own
" Exiſtence, with all thoſe Bleſſings and Benefits,
" which attend it."

Let a Man but reflect on this Definition, and it will be impoſſible for him not to perceive, that treating this in a ludicrous Way, muſt not only be

be unpolite, but ſhocking. Who, that has a regard for a Man, would not ſtart at the Thoughts of ſaying a baſe thing of his Father before him? and yet what a Diſtance is there between the Notion of a *Father* and a *Creator!* Since therefore no farther Arguments are neceſſary to prove the Inconſiſtence between *Raillery* and *Religion*, what can be more cogent to a *polite Man*, than thus ſhewing, that ſuch Diſcourſes of his would be *mal à propos?*

Thus much for thoſe who might be guilty of *Unpoliteneſs* with reſpect to *Religion* in general, a Fault unaccountably common in an Age, which pretends to be ſo *polite*.

As to particular Religions, or rather Tenets in Religion, Men are generally warm in them, from one of theſe two Reaſons, *viz.* Tenderneſs of Conſcience, or a high Senſe of their own Judgments. Men of plain Parts, and honeſt Diſpoſitions, look on Salvation as too ſerious a Thing to be jeſted with: A *polite Man* therefore will be cautious of offending upon that head, becauſe he knows it will give the Perſon to whom he ſpeaks Pain; a Thing ever oppoſite to the Character of a *Poliſhed Philoſopher*. The latter Reaſon, which I have aſſigned for Men's Zeal in religious Matters, may ſeem to have leſs Weight than the firſt; but he who conſiders it attentively, will be of another Opinion. Men of ſpeculative Religion, who are ſo from the Conviction rather of their Heads than their Hearts, are not a bit leſs vehement than the real Devotees. He who ſays a ſlight or a ſevere Thing of their Faith, ſeems to them to have

have thereby undervalued their Understandings, and will consequently incur their Aversion; which no Man, of common Sense, would hazard for a lively Expression; much less a Person of good Breeding, who should make it his chief Aim to be well with all. As a Mark of my own *Politeness*, I will here take leave of this Subject; since, by dropping it, I shall oblige the gay Part of my Readers, as, I flatter myself, I have already done the graver Part, from my Manner of treating it.

*Like some grave Matron of a noble Line,*
*With awful Beauty does Religion shine.*
*Just Sense should teach us to revere the Dame,*
*Nor, by imprudent Jests, to spot her Fame.*
*In common Life you'll own this Reas'ning right,*
*That none but Fools in gross Abuse delight:*
*Then use it here — nor think our Caution vain;*
*To be* polite, *Men need not be* profane.

Next to their Concerns in the other World, Men are usually most taken up with the Concerns of the *Public* here. The Love of our Country is among those Virtues to which every Man thinks he should pretend; and the Way in which this is generally shewn, is by falling into what we call *Parties*; where, if a large Share of good Sense allay not that Heat, which is naturally contracted from such Engagements, a Man soon falls into all the Violences of *Faction*, and looks upon every one as his Enemy, who does not express himself about the Public Good in the same Terms he does. This is a harsh Picture, but it is a just one, of the far greater Part of those who are warm

in

in political Diſputes. A *polite Man* will therefore ſpeak as ſeldom as he can on Topics, where, in a mixed Company, it is almoſt impoſſible to ſay any thing that will pleaſe all.

To ſay Truth, *Patriotiſm*, properly ſo called, is perhaps as ſcarce in this Age as in any that has gone before us. Men appear to love themſelves ſo well, that it ſeems not altogether credible they ſhould, at every Turn, prefer their Country's Intereſt to their own. The Thing looks noble indeed; and therefore, like a becoming Habit, every body would put it on. But this is Hypocriſy, you'll ſay, and therefore ſhould be detected! Here the *Polite Philoſopher* finds new Inducements to Caution: Sore Places are always tender; and People at a Maſquerade are in Pain, if you do any thing which may diſcover their Faces.

Our Philoſophy is not intended to make a Man that ſour Monitor who points out Folks Faults, but to make them in love with their Virtues; that is, to make himſelf and them eaſy while he is with them; and to do, or ſay nothing, which, on Reflexion, may make them leſs his Friends at their next Meeting.

Let us explain this a little farther. The Rules we offer, are intended rather to guide Men in Company than when alone. What we advance tends not ſo directly to amend People's Hearts, as to regulate their Conduct; a Matter which we have already demonſtrated to be of no ſmall Importance. Yet I beg you'll obſerve, that though Morality be not immediately our Subject, we are far,

far, however, from requiring any thing in our Pupils contrary thereto.

A *polite Man* may yet be religious, and, if his Reaſon be convinced, attached to any Intereſt which, in his Opinion, ſuits beſt with that of the Public; provided he conform thus far to our Syſtem, that on no Occaſion he trouble others with the Articles of his religious Creed, or political Engagements; or, by any Stroke of Wit or Raillery, hazard for a Laugh that Diſpoſition of Mind, which is abſolutely neceſſary to make Men eaſy when together.

Were I indeed to indulge my own Sentiments, I ſhould ſpeak yet with greater Freedom on this Subject. Since there is ſo vaſt a Diſproportion, when we come to compare thoſe who have really either a Concern in the Government, or the Service of their Country more particularly at Heart, and the Men who pretend to either, merely from a Deſire of appearing of ſome Conſequence themſelves; we ought certainly to avoid making one of this Number, and aim rather at being quiet within ourſelves, and agreeable to thoſe among whom we live, let their political Notions be what they will; inaſmuch as this is a direct Road to Happineſs, which all Men profeſs they would reach, if they could. *Pomponius Atticus*, whoſe Character appears ſo amiable, from the concurring Teſtimony of all who mention him, owed the greateſt Part of that Eſteem in which he lived, and of that Reputation by which he ſtill ſurvives, unto his ſteady Adherence to this Rule. His Benevolence made him love Mankind in general, and his

his good Senſe hindered him from being tainted with thoſe Party Prejudices which had bewitched his Friends. He took not up Arms for *Cæſar*; nor did he abandon *Italy*, when *Pompey* withdrew with his Forces, and had, in outward Form, the Sanction of the Commonwealth. He ſaw too plainly the Ambition of both; yet he preſerved his Complacence for his Friends in each Party, without ſiding with either. Succeſs never made them more welcome to *Pomponius*, nor could any Defeat leſſen them in his Eſteem. When victorious he viſited them, without ſharing in their Power; and when vanquiſhed he received them, without conſidering any thing but their Diſtreſs. In a few Words, he entertained no Hopes from the good Fortune of his Friends, nor ſuffered the Reverſe of it to chill his Breaſt with Fear. His Equanimity produced a juſt Effect, and his univerſal Kindneſs made him univerſally beloved.

I fancy this Picture of a Diſpoſition, perfectly free from political Sourneſs, will have an agreeable Effect on many of my Readers; and prevent their falling into a common Miſtake, that the Circumſtances of public Affairs, and the Characters of public Perſons, are the propereſt Topics for general Converſation: Whereas they never conſider, that it is hard to find a Company, wherein ſomebody or other hath not either Liking or Diſtaſte, or has received Injuries or Obligations from thoſe who are likelieſt to be mentioned upon ſuch Occaſions; and who, conſequently, will be apt to put a ſerious Conſtruction on a ſlight Expreſſion, and remember afterwards in earneſt, what the Speaker

Speaker meant ſo much a Jeſt, as never to have thought of it more. Theſe, perhaps, may paſs with ſome for trivial Remarks; but with thoſe who regard their own Eaſe, and have at all obſerved what conduces to make Men diſagreeable to one another, I flatter myſelf they will have more Weight.

Behaviour is like Architecture; the Symmetry of the whole pleaſes us ſo much, that we examine not into its Parts; which, if we did, we ſhould find much Nicety required in forming ſuch a Structure; though, to Perſons of no Taſte, the Rules of either Art would ſeem to have little Connexion with their Effects.

*That* true Politeneſs *we can only call,*
*Which looks like* Jones's *Fabric at* Whitehall [*a*];
*Where juſt Proportion we with Pleaſure ſee;*
*Though built by Rule, yet from all Stiffneſs free;*
*Though grand, yet plain; magnificent, not fine;*
*The Ornaments adorning the Deſign.*
*It fills our Minds with rational Delight,*
*And pleaſes on Reflexion, as at Sight.*

After theſe Admonitions as to Religion and Politics, it is very fit we obſerve another Topic of modern Diſcourſe, of which it is hard to ſay, whether it be more common, or more contrary to true *Politeneſs*. What I mean, is, the reflecting on Men's Profeſſions, and playing on thoſe general Aſperſions, which have been fixed on them by a Sort of Ill-nature hereditary to the World. And with this, as the third Point, which

[*a*] Banqueting-houſe.

I promiſed to conſider, ſhall be ſhut up the more ſerious Part of this Eſſay.

In order to have a proper Idea of this Point, we muſt, firſt of all, conſider, that the chief Cauſe both of Love and Hatred, is Cuſtom. When Men, from a long Habit, have acquired a Facility of thinking clearly, and ſpeaking well in any Science, they naturally think that better than any other; and this Liking, in a ſhort Time, grows up to a warmer Affection; which renders them impatient whenever their darling Science is decried in their Hearing. A *polite Man* will have a care of ridiculing Phyſic before one of the Faculty, talking diſreſpectfully of Lawyers while Gentlemen of the Long-robe are by, or ſpeaking contemptibly of the Clergy when with any of that Order.

Some Critics may poſſibly object, That theſe are Soleciſms of too groſs a Nature for Men of tolerable Senſe or Education to be guilty of. But I appeal to thoſe who are moſt converſant in the World, whether this Fault, glaring as it is, be not committed every Day.

The ſtricteſt Intimacy can never warrant Freedoms of this Sort: and it is, indeed, prepoſterous to think it ſhould; unleſs we can ſuppoſe Injuries are leſs Evils when they are done us by Friends, than when they come from other hands.

*Exceſs of Wit may oftentimes beguile:*
*Jeſts are not always pardon'd——by a Smile.*
*Men may diſguiſe their Malice at the Heart,*
*And ſeem at Eaſe——tho' pain'd with inward Smart.*

*Miſtaken, we——think all ſuch Wounds, of courſe,*
*Reflexion cures——Alas! it makes them worſe.*
*Like Scratches they, with double Anguiſh, ſeize,*
*Rankle in Time, and feſter by Degrees.*

Let us now proceed to ſpeak of Raillery in general. Invective is a Weapon worn as commonly as a Sword; and, like that, is often in the Hands of thoſe who know not how to uſe it. Men of true Courage fight but ſeldom, and never draw but in their own Defence. Bullies are continually ſquabbling; and, from the Ferocity of their Behaviour, become the Terror of ſome Companies, and the Jeſt of more. This is juſt the caſe with ſuch as have a Livelineſs of Thought, directed by a Propenſity to Ill-nature: Indulging themſelves at the Expence of others, they, by Degrees, incur the Diſlike of all. Meek Tempers abhor; Men of cool Diſpoſitions deſpiſe; and thoſe addicted to Choler chaſtiſe them. Thus a Licentiouſneſs of Tongue, like a Spirit of Rapine, ſets one Man againſt all; and the Defence of Reputation, as well as Property, puts the human Species on regarding a malevolent Babler with a worſe Eye than a common Thief; becauſe Fame is a Kind of Goods, which, when once taken away, can hardly be reſtored. Such is the Effigies of this human Serpent. And who, when he has conſidered it, would be thought to have ſat for the Piece?

It is a thouſand to one my Book feels the Reſentment of *Draco*, from his ſeeing his own Likeneſs in this Glaſs.

A good Family, but no Fortune, threw *Draco* into the Army when he was very young. Dancing, Fencing, and a ſmattering of *French*, are all the Education either his Friends beſtowed, or his Capacity would allow him to receive. He has been now two Years in Town, and from ſwearing, drinking, and debauching Country Wenches, (the general Rout of a military Rake) the Air of *St. James*'s has given his Vices a new Turn. By Dint of an embroidered Coat, he thruſts himſelf into the Beau Coffee-houſes, where a dauntleſs Effrontery, and a natural Volubility of Tongue, conſpire to make him paſs for a Fellow of Wit and Spirit.

A baſtard Ambition makes him envy every great Character; and as he has juſt Senſe enough to know that his Qualifications will never recommend him to the Eſteem of Men of Senſe, or the Favour of Women of Virtue, he has thence contracted an Antipathy to both; and by giving a boundleſs Looſe to univerſal Malice, makes continual War againſt Honour and Reputation, whereever he finds them.

*Hecatilla* is a female Firebrand, more dangerous, and more artfully vindictive than *Draco* himſelf. Birth, Wit, and Fortune, combine to render her conſpicuous; while a ſplenetic Envy ſours her, otherwiſe amiable, Qualities; and makes her dreaded as a Poiſon doubly dangerous, grateful to the Taſte, yet mortal in Effect. All who ſee *Hecatilla* at a Viſit, where the Brilliancy of her Wit heightens the Luſtre of her Charms, are imperceptibly deluded into a Con-

currence with her in Opinion, and ſuſpect not Diſſimulation under the Air of Frankneſs, nor a ſtudied Deſign of doing Miſchief in a ſeemingly caſual Stroke of Wit. The moſt ſacred Character, the moſt exalted Station, the faireſt Reputation, defend not againſt the infectious Blaſt of ſprightly *Raillery:* born on the Wings of *Wit*, and ſupported by a Blaze of *Beauty*, the fiery Vapour withers the ſweeteſt Bloſſoms, and communicates to all who hear her, an involuntary Diſlike to thoſe at whoſe Merit ſhe points her Satyr.

*At Ev'ning thus the unſuſpecting Swain,*
*Returning homewards o'er a marſhy Plain,*
*Pleas'd, at a Diſtance ſees the lambent Light,*
*And, haſty, follows the miſchievous Sprite;*
*Thro' Brakes and Puddles, over Hedge and Style,*
*Rambles, miſguided, many a weary Mile.*
*Confus'd, and wond'ring at the Space he's gone,*
*Doubts, then believes, and hurries faſter on:*
*The Cheat detected, when the Vapour's ſpent,*
*Scarce he's convinc'd, and hardly can repent.*

Next to theſe Cautions with reſpect to Raillery, which, if we examine ſtrictly, we ſhall find no better than a well-bred Phraſe for ſpeaking ill of Folks; it may not be amiſs to warn our Readers of a certain Vehemence in Diſcourſe exceedingly ſhocking to others, at the ſame Time that it not a little exhauſts themſelves.

If we trace this Error to its Source, we ſhall find that the Spring of it is an Impatience at finding others differ from us in Opinion: And can there be any thing more unreaſonable, than to blame

blame that Diſpoſition in them, which we cheriſh in ourſelves?

If Submiſſion be a Thing ſo diſagreeable to us, why ſhould we expect it from them? Truth only can juſtify Tenaciouſneſs in Opinion. Let us calmly lay down what convinces us, and, if it is reaſonable, it will hardly fail of perſuading thoſe to whom we ſpeak. Heat begets Heat; and the Claſhing of Opinions ſeldom fails to ſtrike out the Fire of Diſſention.

As this is a Foible more eſpecially incident to the Fair Sex, I think it will be highly neceſſary to offer another, and perhaps a more cogent Argument to their Conſideration. Paſſion is a prodigious Enemy to Beauty: It ruffles the ſweeteſt Features, diſcolours the fineſt Complexion, and, in a Word, gives the Air of a Fury to the Face of an Angel. Far be it from me to lay Reſtraints upon the Ladies; but, in diſſuading them from this Method of enforcing their Sentiments, I put them upon an eaſier Way of effecting what they deſire: For what can be denied to Beauty, when ſpeaking with an Air of Satisfaction? Complacence does all that Vehemence would extort, as Anger can alone abate the Influence of their Charms.

*Serene and mild we view the Ev'ning Air;*
*The pleaſing Picture of the ſmiling Fair;*
*A thouſand Charms our ſev'ral Senſes meet,*
*Cooling the Breeze, with fragrant Odours ſweet.*
*But, ſudden, if the ſable Clouds deform*
*The azure Sky, and threat the coming Storm;*
*Haſty we flee——ere yet the Thunders roar,*
*And dread what we ſo much admir'd before.*

To Vehemence in Diſcourſe, let me join Redundancy in it alſo; a Fault flowing rather from Careleſſneſs than Deſign; and which is more dangerous, from its being more neglected. Paſſion, as I have hinted, excites Oppoſition; and that very Oppoſition, to a Man of tolerable Senſe, will be the ſtrongeſt Reproof for his Inadvertency: Whereas a Perſon of a loquacious Diſpoſition, may often eſcape open Cenſure from the Reſpect due to his Quality; or from an Apprehenſion in thoſe with whom he converſes, that a Check would but increaſe the Evil; and, like curbing a hard-mouthed Horſe, ſerve only to make him run the faſter: From whence the Perſon in fault is often rivetted in his Error, by miſtaking a ſilent Contempt for profound Attention.

Perhaps this ſhort Deſcription may ſet many of my Readers right; which, whatever they may think of it, I aſſure them is of no ſmall Importance. Converſation is a Sort of Bank, in which all who compoſe it have their reſpective Shares. The Man therefore who attempts to engroſs it, treſpaſſes upon the Rights of his Companions; and, whether they think fit to tell him ſo or no, will, of Conſequence, be regarded as no fair Dealer. Notwithſtanding I conſider Converſation in this Light, I think it neceſſary to obſerve, that it differs from other Copartnerſhips in one very material Point; which is this, that it is worſe taken if a Man pays in more than his Proportion, than if he had not contributed his full Quota, provided he be not too far deficient: For the Prevention

vention of which, let us have *Horace*'s Caution continually in our Eye,

*The indiſcreet with blind Averſion run*
*Into one Fault, when they another ſhun.*

It is the peculiar Privilege of the Fair, that, ſpeaking or ſilent, they never offend. Who can be weary of hearing the ſofteſt Harmony? or who, without Pleaſure, can behold Beauty, when his Attention is not diverted from her Charms, by liſtening to her Words? I would have ſtopt here, but that my Deference for the Ladies obliges me to take Notice, that ſome of their own Sex, when paſt the Noon of Life, or in their Wane of Power from ſome other Reaſon, are apt to place an Inclination of obliging their Hearers amongſt thoſe Topics of Detraction, by which they would reduce the Luſtre of thoſe Stars that now gild the Hemiſphere where they once ſhone.

From this Cauſe only, I would adviſe the reigning Toaſts, by an Equality of Behaviour, to avoid the Cenſure of theſe ill-natured Tatlers.

*Such hapleſs Fate attends the young and fair,*
*Expos'd to open Force, and ſecret Snare:*
*Purſu'd by Men, warm with deſtructive Fire,*
*Againſt their Peace while female Frauds conſpire.*
*Eſcap'd from thoſe, in vain they hope for Reſt.*
*What Fame's ſecure from an invidious Jeſt?*
*By Flight the Deer, no more of Dogs afraid,*
*Falls by a Shot from ſome dark Covert made:*
*So envious Tongues their foul Intentions hide;*
*Wound, though unſeen, and kill ere they're deſcry'd.*

Of all the Follies which Men are apt to fall into, to the Disturbance of others, and lessening of themselves, there is none more intolerable than continual *Egotisms*, and a perpetual Inclination to Self-panegyric. The mention of this Weakness is sufficient to expose it; since I think no Man was ever possessed of so warm an Affection for his own Person, as deliberately to assert, that it, and its Concerns, are proper Topics to entertain Company. Yet there are many, who, through want of Attention, fall into this Vein, as soon as the Conversation begins to acquire Life: They lay hold of every Opportunity of introducing themselves, of describing themselves, and, if People are so dull as not to take the Hint, of commending themselves: Nay, what is more surprising than all this, they are amazed at the Coldness of their Auditors; forgetting, that the same Passion inspires almost every body; and that there is scarce a Man in the Room who has not a better Opinion of himself, than of any body else.

Disquisitions of this Sort into Human Nature belong properly unto Sages in *Polite Philosophy*: For the first Principle of true Politeness, is, not to offend against such Dispositions of the Mind, as are almost inseparable from our Species. To find out, and methodize these, requires no small Labour and Application. The Fruits of my Researches on this Subject I communicate freely to the Public; but must, at the same Time, exhort my Readers to spare, now and then, a few Minutes to such Reflexions; which will at least be attended with this good Consequence, that it will

open

open a Scene, which hath Novelty, that powerful Charm, to recommend it.

But I muſt beware of growing ſerious again; I am affraid my Gravity may have diſobliged ſome of the *Beau-monde* already.

*He who intends t' adviſe the young and gay,*
*Muſt quit the common Road——the formal Way,*
*Which hum-drum Pedants take to make Folks wiſe,*
*By praiſing Virtue, and decrying Vice,*
*Let* Parſons *tell what dreadful Ills will fall*
*On ſuch as liſten when their Paſſions call:*
*We from ſuch Things our Pupils to affright,*
*Say not they're* Sins, *but that they're* unpolite.
*To ſhew their Courage,* Beaus *would often dare,*
*By blackeſt Crimes, to brave old* Lucifer:
*But who, of Breeding nice, of Carriage civil,*
*Would treſpaſs on good Manners for the Devil;*
*Or, merely to diſplay his Want of Fear,*
*Be dam'd* hereafter, *to be laugh'd at* here?

It cannot be expected from me, that I ſhould particularly criticiſe on all thoſe Foibles through which Men are offenſive to others in their Behaviour: Perhaps too, a Detail of this Kind, however exact, might be thought tedious; it may be conſtrued into a Breach of thoſe Rules, for a ſtrict Obſervance of which I contend. In order therefore to diverſify a Subject, which can no other Way be treated agreeably, permit me to throw together a Sett of Characters I once had the Opportunity of ſeeing, which will afford a juſt Picture of theſe *Marplots* in Converſation, and which

my Readers, if they pleaſe, may call the Aſſembly of Impertinents.

There was a Coffee-houſe in that End of the Town where I lodged ſome Time ago, at which ſeveral Gentlemen uſed to meet of an Evening, who, from a happy Correſpondence in their Humours and Capacities, entertained one another agreeably from the Cloſe of the Afternoon, till it was Time to go to Bed.

About ſix Months this Society ſubſiſted with great Regularity, though without any Reſtraint. Every Gentleman who frequented the Houſe, and had converſed with the Erectors of this occaſional Club, were invited to paſs an Evening, when they thought fit, in a Room one Pair of Stairs ſet apart for that Purpoſe.

The Report of this Meeting drew, one Night when I had the Honour of being there, three Gentlemen of Diſtinction, who were ſo well known to moſt of the Members, that Admittance could not be refuſed them. One of them, whom I chooſe to call *Major Ramble*, turned of threeſcore, and who had had an excellent Education, ſeized the Diſcourſe about an Hour before Supper, and gave us a very copious Account of the Remarks he had made in three Years Travels through *Italy*. He began with a geographical Deſcription of the Dominions of his *Sardinian* Majeſty as Duke of *Savoy*; and, after a Digreſſion on the Fortifications of *Turin*, in ſpeaking of which he ſhewed himſelf a perfect Engineer, he proceeded to the ſecret Hiſtory of the Intrigues of that Court, from the Propoſal of the Match with *Portugal*,

*tugal*, to the Abdication of King *Victor Amadeus*. After this, he ran over the general Hiſtory of *Milan*, *Parma*, and *Modena*; dwelt Half an Hour on the Adventures of the laſt Duke of *Mantua*; gave us a haſty Sketch of the Court of *Rome*; transferred himſelf from thence to the Kingdom of *Naples*, repeated the Inſurrection of *Maſſaniello*, and, at a Quarter before Ten, finiſhed his Obſervations with the Recital of what happened at the Reduction of that Kingdom to the Obedience of the preſent Emperor. What contributed to make this Conduct of his the more out of the way, was, that every Gentleman in the Room had been in *Italy* as well as he; and one of them, who was a Merchant, was the very Perſon at whoſe Houſe the Major reſided when at *Naples*. Poſſibly he might imagine the Knowledge they had in thoſe Things might give them a greater Reliſh for his Animadverſions; or, to ſpeak more candidly, the Deſire of diſplaying his own Parts, buried every other Circumſtance in Oblivion.

Juſt as the Major had done ſpeaking, a Gentleman called for a Glaſs of Water; and happened to ſay, after drinking it, that he found his Conſtitution much mended ſince he had left off Malt Liquor. Doctor *Hectick*, another of the Strangers, immediately laid hold of this Opportunity, and gave us a large Account of the Virtues of Water; confirming whatever he advanced from the Works of the moſt eminent Phyſicians. From the main Subject, he made an eaſy Tranſition to medicinal Baths and Springs. Nor were his Searches bounded by our own Country; he conde-

condescended to acquaint us with the Properties of the Springs of *Bourbon*, particularized the genuine Smell of *Spaw* Water, applauded the wonderful Effects of the *Pyrmont* Mineral; and, like a true Patriot, wound up his Disquisitions with preferring *Astrop* Wells (within three Miles of which he was born) to them all. It was now turned of Eleven; when the Major and Doctor took their leave, and went away together in a Hackney-coach.

The Company seemed inclinable to extend their usual Time of sitting, in order to divert themselves after the Night's Fatigue. When Mr. *Papilio*, the third New-comer, after two or three severe Reflexions on the Oddity of some People's Humours, who were for imposing their own idle Conceits as Things worthy the Attention of a whole Company; though, at the same Time, their Subjects are trivial, and their Manner of treating them insipid: For my Part, continued he, Gentlemen, most People do me the Honour to say, that few Persons understand Medals better than I do. To put the musty Stories of these queer old Men out of our Heads, I'll give you the History of a valuable Medallion, which was sent me about three Weeks ago from *Venice*. Without staying for any farther Mark of Approbation than Silence, he entered immediately on a long Dissertation; in which he had scarce proceeded ten Minutes, before his Auditors, losing all Patience, followed the Example of an old *Turky* Merchant, who, taking up his Hat and Gloves, went directly down Stairs, without saying a Word.

Animad-

Animadverſions on what I have related, would but treſpaſs on the Patience of my Readers; wherefore, in the Place of them, let me offer a few Remarks in Verſe, where my Genius may be more at Liberty, and Vivacity atone for want of Method.

*Who would not chuſe to ſhun the gen'ral Scorn,*
*And fly Contempt?——a Thing ſo hardly borne.*
*This to avoid——let not your Tales be long;*
*The endleſs Speaker's ever in the wrong,*
*And all abhor Intemperance of Tongue.*
*Though, with a Fluency of eaſy Sounds,*
*Your copious Speech with every Grace abounds;*
*Though Wit adorn, and Judgment give it Weight;*
*Diſcretion muſt your Vanity abate,*
*Ere your tir'd Hearers put Impatience on,*
*And wonder when the Larum will be down.*
*Nor think by Art Attention can be wrought;*
*A Flux of Words will ever be a Fault.*
*Things without Limit we, by Nature, blame;*
*And ſoon are cloy'd with Pleaſure, if the ſame.*

Hitherto we have dwelt only on the Blemiſhes of Converſation, in order to prevent our Readers committing ſuch Offences as abſolutely deſtroy all Pretences to *Politeneſs*. But as a Man cannot be ſaid to diſcharge the Duty he owes to Society, who contents himſelf with barely doing nothing amiſs; ſo Lectures on *Polite Philoſophy*, after removing theſe Obſtacles, may reaſonably be expected to point out the Method whereby true *Politeneſs* may be obtained. But alas! that is not to be done by Words; Rocks and Tempeſts are eaſily painted, but the Rays of *Phœbus* defy the Pencil.

Methinks

Methinks I see my Auditors in Surprise. What, say they, have we attended so long in vain? Have we listened to no Purpose? Must we content ourselves with knowing how necessary a Thing *Politeness* is, without being told how to acquire it? Why really, Gentlemen, it is just so. I have done all for you that is in my Power; I have shewn you what you are not to be; in a Word, I have explained *Politeness* negatively: If you would know it positively, you must seek it from Company and Observation. However, to shew my own Good-breeding, I will be your Humble Servant as far as I can; that is, I'll open the Door, and introduce you, leaving you then at the single Point, where I can be of no farther Use, *id est*, Application.

The World is a great School, wherein Men are first to learn, and then to practise. As Fundamentals in all Sciences ought to be well understood, so a Man cannot be too attentive at his first becoming acquainted with the Public: For Experience is a necessary Qualification in every distinguished Character, and is as much required in a fine Gentleman, as in a Statesman. Yet it is to be remarked, that Experience is much sooner acquired by some, than by others: For it does not consist so much in a copious Remembrance of whatever has happened, as in a regular Retention of what may be useful; as a Man is properly styled learned from his making a just Use of reading, and not from his having perused a Multitude of Books.

As soon as we have gained Knowledge, we shall

ſhall find the beſt Way to improve it will be Exerciſe; in which two Things are carefully to be avoided, Poſitiveneſs and Affectation. If, to our Care in ſhunning them, we add a Deſire of obliging thoſe with whom we converſe, there is little Danger, but that we become all we wiſh; and *Politeneſs*, by an imperceptible Gradation, will enter into our minuteſt Actions, and give a Poliſh to every thing we do.

*Near to the far-extended Coaſts of* Spain,
*Some Iſlands triumph o'er the raging Main,*
*Where dwelt of old——as tuneful Poets ſay,*
*Slingers, who bore from all the Prize away.*
*While Infants yet——their feeble Nerves they try'd;*
*Nor needful Food, till won by Art, ſupply'd.*
*Fix'd was the Mark——the Youngſter, oft in vain,*
*Whirl'd the miſguided Stone with Fruitleſs Pain:*
*Till, by long Practice, to Perfection brought,*
*With eaſy Sleight their former Taſk they wrought.*
*Swift from their Arm th' unerring Pebble flew,*
*And, high in Air, the flutt'ring Victim ſlew.*
*So in each Art Men riſe but by Degrees,*
*And Months of Labour lead to Years of Eaſe.*

The Duke *de Rochefaucault*, who was eſteemed the moſt brilliant Wit in *France*, ſpeaking of *Politeneſs*, ſays, That a Citizen will hardly acquire it at Court, and yet may eaſily attain it in the Camp. I ſhall not enter into the Reaſon of this, but offer my Readers a ſhorter, pleaſanter, and more effectual Method of arriving at the Summit of genteel Behaviour; that is, by converſing with the Ladies.

Thoſe

Thoſe who aim at Panegyric, are wont to aſſemble a Throng of glittering Ideas, and then, with great Exactneſs, clothe them with all the Elegance of Language, in order to their making the moſt magnificent Figure when they come abroad in the World. So copious a Subject as the Praiſes of the Fair, may, in the Opinion of my Readers, lay me under great Difficulties in this Reſpect. Every Man of good Underſtanding, and fine Senſe, is in Pain for one who has undertaken ſo hard a Taſk: Hard indeed to me who, from many Year's Study of the Sex, have diſcovered ſo many Perfections in them, as ſcarce as many more Years would afford me Time to expreſs. However, not to diſappoint my Readers, or myſelf, by foregoing that Pleaſure I feel in doing Juſtice to the moſt amiable Part of the Creation, I will indulge the natural Propenſity I have to their Service, and paint, though it be but in Miniature, the Excellencies they poſſeſs, and the Accompliſhments which, by Reflexion, they beſtow.

*As when ſome Poet, happy in his Choice*
*Of an important Subject——tunes his Voice*
*To ſweeter Sounds, and more exalted Strains,*
*Which, from a ſtrong Reflexion, he attains;*
*As* Homer, *while his Heroes he records,*
*Tranſfuſes all their Fire into his Words:*
*So we, intent the* charming Sex *to pleaſe,*
*Act with new Life, and an unwonted Eaſe;*
*Beyond the Limits of our Genius ſoar,*
*And feel an Ardour quite unknown before.*

Thoſe

Thoſe who, from wrong Ideas of Things, have forced themſelves into a Diſlike of the Sex, will be apt to cry out, Where would this Fellow run? Has he ſo long ſtudied Women, and does he not know what Numbers of affected Prudes, gay Coquettes, and giddy Impertinents there are amongſt them?——Alas! Gentlemen, what Miſtakes are theſe? How will you be ſurpriſed, if I prove to you, that you are in the ſame Sentiments with me; and that you could not have ſo warm Reſentments at theſe Peccadilloes, if you did not think the Ladies more than mortal?

Are the Faults you would paſs by in a Friend, and ſmile at in an Enemy, Crimes of ſo deep a Dye in them, as not to be forgiven? And can this flow from any other Principle, than a Perſuaſion, that they are more perfect in their Nature than we, and their Guilt the greater therefore, in departing, even in the ſmalleſt Degree, from that Perfection? Or, can there be a greater Honour to the Sex, than this Dignity, which even their Enemies allow them? To ſay Truth, Virtue and Women owe leſs to their Friends, than to their Foes; ſince the vicious, in both Caſes, charge their own Want of Taſte on the Weakneſs of Human Nature; purſue groſſer Pleaſures becauſe they are at hand; and neglect the more refined, as Things of which their Capacities afford them no Idea.

*Born with a ſervile Guſt to ſenſual Joy,*
*Souls of low Taſte the ſacred Flame deſtroy;*

By

*By which, allied to the ethereal Fire,*
*Celeſtial Views the Heroe's Thoughts inſpire;*
*Teach him in a ſublimer Path to move,*
*And urge him on to Glory and to Love:*
*Paſſions which only give a Right to Fame;*
*To preſent Bliſs, and to a deathleſs Name.*
*While thoſe mean Wretches, with juſt Shame o'erſpread,*
*Live on unknown —— and are, unheard of, dead.*

Mr. *Dryden*, who knew Human Nature, perhaps, as well as any Man who ever ſtudied it, has given us a juſt Picture of the Force of female Charms, in the Story of *Cymon* and *Iphigenia*. *Boccace*, from whom he took it, had adorned it with all the tinſel Finery an *Italian* Compoſition is capable of. The *Engliſh* Poet, like moſt *Engliſh* Travellers, gave *Sterling* Silver in Exchange for that ſuperficial Gilding; and beſtowed a Moral where he found a Tale. He paints, in *Cymon*, a Soul buried in a Confuſion of Ideas, informed with ſo little Fire, as ſcarce to ſtruggle under the Load, or afford any Glimmerings of Senſe. In this Condition he repreſents him ſtruck with the Rays of *Iphigenia*'s Beauty: Kindled by them, his Mind exerts its Powers, his intellectual Faculties ſeem to awake; and that uncouth Ferocity of Manners, by which he had hitherto been diſtinguiſhed, gave way to an obliging Behaviour, the natural Effect of Love!

The Moral of this Fable is a Truth which can never be inculcated too much. It is to the Fair Sex we owe the moſt ſhining Qualities of which ours is Maſter: As the Ancients inſinuated, with their uſual Addreſs, by painting both the Virtues

and

and Graces as Females. Men of true Taſte feel a natural Complaiſance for Women when they converſe with them, and fall, without knowing it, upon every Art of pleaſing; which is the Diſpoſition at once the moſt grateful to others, and the moſt ſatisfactory to ourſelves. An intimate acquaintance with the other Sex fixes this Complacence into a Habit, and that Habit is the very Eſſence of *Politeneſs*.

Nay, I preſume to ſay, *Politeneſs* can be no other way attained. Books may furniſh us with right Ideas, Experience may improve our Judgments; but it is the Acquaintance of the Ladies only, which can beſtow that Eaſineſs of Addreſs, whereby the *fine Gentleman* is diſtinguiſhed from the *Scholar*, and *the Man of Buſineſs*.

That my Readers may be perfectly ſatisfied in a Point, which I think of ſo great Importance, let us examine this a little more ſtrictly.

There is a certain conſtitutional Pride in Men, which hinders their yielding, in point of Knowledge, Honour, or Virtue, to one another. This immediately forſakes us at the Sight of Woman. And the being accuſtomed to ſubmit to the Ladies, gives a new turn to our Ideas, and opens a Path to Reaſon, which ſhe had not trod before. Things appear in another Light; and that Degree of Complacency ſeems now a Virtue, which heretofore we regarded as a Meanneſs.

I have dwelt the longer on the Charms of the Sex, ariſing from the Perfection viſible in their exterior Compoſition; becauſe there is the ſtrongeſt Analogy between them, and the Excellencies which,

which, from a nicer Enquiry, we diſcover in the Minds of the Fair. As they are diſtinguiſhed from the robuſt Make of Man by that Delicacy, expreſſed by Nature, in their Form; ſo the Severity of maſculine Senſe is ſoftened by a Sweetneſs peculiar to the female Soul. A native Capacity of pleaſing attends them through every Circumſtance of Life; and what we improperly call the Weakneſs of the Sex, gives them a Superiority unattainable by Force.

The Fable of the North-wind and the Sun contending to make the Man throw off his Cloak, is not an improper Picture of the ſpecific Difference between the Powers of either Sex. The bluſtering Fierceneſs of the former, inſtead of producing the Effect at which it aimed, made the Fellow but wrap himſelf up the cloſer; yet no ſooner did the Sun-beams play, than that which before protected became now an Incumbrance.

Juſt ſo, that Pride which makes us tenacious in Diſputes between Man and Man, when applied to the Ladies, inſpires us with an Eagerneſs not to contend, but to obey.

To ſpeak ſincerely and philoſophically, Women ſeem deſigned by Providence to ſpread the ſame Splendour and Chearfulneſs through the intellectual OEconomy, that the celeſtial Bodies diffuſe over the material Part of the Creation. Without them, we might indeed contend, deſtroy, and triumph over one another. Fraud and Force would divide the World between them; and we ſhould paſs our Lives, like Slaves, in continual Toil,

Toil, without the Proſpect of Pleaſure or Relaxation.

It is the Converſation of Women that gives a proper Bias to our Inclinations, and, by abating the Ferocity of our Paſſions, engages us to that Gentleneſs of Deportment, which we ſtyle *Humanity*. The Tenderneſs we have for them, ſoftens the Ruggedneſs of our own Nature; and the Virtues we put on to make the better Figure in their Eyes, keep us in Humour with ourſelves.

I ſpeak it without Affectation or Vanity, that no Man has applied more aſſiduouſly than myſelf to the Study of the Fair Sex; and I aver it with the greateſt Simplicity of Heart, that I have not only found the moſt engaging and moſt amiable, but alſo the moſt generous and moſt heroic Qualities amongſt the Ladies; and that I have diſcovered more of Candour, Diſintereſtedneſs, and Fervour in their Friendſhips, than in thoſe of our own Sex, though I have been very careful, and particularly happy in the Choice of my Acquaintance.

My Readers will, I dare ſay, obſerve, and indeed I deſire they ſhould, a more than ordinary Zeal for inculcating a high Eſteem of, and a ſincere Attachment to, the Fair. What I propoſe from it is, to rectify certain Notions, which are not only deſtructive of all *Politeneſs*, but, at the ſame Time, detrimental to Society, and incompatible with the Dignity of Human Nature. Theſe have, of late Years, ſpread much amongſt thoſe who aſſume to themſelves the Title of *fine Gentlemen*; and, in Conſequence thereof, talk with great Freedom of thoſe from whom they are in

no

no Danger of being called to an Account. There is so much of Baseness, Cowardice, and Contempt of Truth in this Way of treating those who are alone capable of making us truly and rationally happy, that, to consider the Crime, must be sufficient to make a reasonable Man abhor it. Levity is the best Excuse for a transient Slip of this Kind; but to persist in it is evidently descending from our own Species, and, as far as we are able, putting on the Brute.

*Fram'd to give Joy, the lovely Sex are seen;*
*Beauteous their Form, and heav'nly is their Mien.*
*Silent, they charm the pleas'd Beholder's Sight;*
*And, speaking, strike us with a new Delight:*
*Words, when pronounc'd by them, bear each a Dart;*
*Invade our Ears, and wound us to the Heart.*
*To no ill Ends the glorious Passion sways;*
*By Love and Honour bound, the Youth obeys:*
*Till, by his Service won, the grateful Fair*
*Consents, in Time, to ease the Lover's Care,*
*Seals all his Hopes; and, in the bridal Kiss,*
*Gives him a Title to untainted Bliss.*

I choose to put an End to my Lecture on *Politeness* here, because, having spoke of the Ladies, I would not descend again to any other Subject. In the Current of my Discourse, I have taken Pains to shew the Use and Amiableness of that Art which this Treatise was written to recommend; and have drawn, in as strong Colours as I was able, those Solecisms in Behaviour, which Men, either

either through Giddineſs, or a wrong Turn of Thought, are moſt likely to commit.

Perhaps the grave may think I have made *Politeneſs* too important a Thing, from the Manner in which I have treated it; yet, if they will but reflect, that a Stateſman, in the moſt auguſt Aſſembly, a Lawyer of the deepeſt Talents, and a Divine of the greateſt Parts, muſt, notwithſtanding, have a large Share of *Politeneſs*, in order to engage the Attention, and bias the Inclinations of his Hearers, before he can perſuade them; they'll be of another Opinion; and confeſs, that ſome Care is due to acquiring that Quality which muſt ſet off all the reſt.

The gayer Part of my Readers may probably find Fault with thoſe Reſtraints which may reſult from the Rules I have here laid down; but I would have theſe Gentlemen remember, that I point out a Way whereby, without the Trouble of Study, they may be enabled to make no deſpicable Figure in the World; which, on mature Deliberation, I flatter myſelf they will think no ill Exchange. The Ladies will, I hope, repay my Labours, by not being diſpleaſed with this Offer of my Service. And thus, having done all in my Power towards making Folks agreeable to one another, I pleaſe me with the Hopes of having procured a favourable Reception for myſelf.

*When gay* Petronius, *to correct the Age,*
*Gave Way, of old, to his ſatyric Rage;*
*This motley Form he for his Writings choſe,*
*And chequer'd lighter Verſe with graver Proſe.*

*When,*

*When, with juſt Malice, he deſign'd to ſhow*
*How far unbounded Vice, at laſt, would go;*
*In Proſe we read the execrable Tale,*
*And ſee the Face of Sin without a Veil.*
*But when his Soul, by ſome ſoft theme inſpir'd*
*The Aid of tuneful Poetry requir'd;*
*His Numbers with peculiar Sweetneſs ran,*
*And, in his eaſy Verſe, we ſee the Man:*
*Learn'd, without Pride; of Taſte correct, yet free,*
*Alike from Niceneſs, and from Pedantry;*
*Careleſs of Wealth, yet liking decent Show:*
*In fine, by Birth a Wit, by Trade a Beau.*
*Freely he cenſur'd a licentious Age:*
*And him I copy, though with chaſter Page;*
*Expoſe the Evils in which Brutes delight,*
*And ſhew how eaſy 'tis to be* polite;
*Exhort our erring Youth—to mend in Time,*
*And Lectures give—for Mem'ry's Sake, in Rhyme;*
*Teaching this* ART—*to paſs thro' Life at Eaſe,*
*Pleas'd in ourſelves, while all around we pleaſe.*

THE

# THE PLAN of an ESSAY ON DELICACY.

## WITH A SPECIMEN of the WORK.

In TWO DIALOGUES.

By NATHANAEL LANCASTER, LL. D.

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*Aggrediar, non tam perficiundi spe, quam experiundi voluntate.*

CICERO.

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First Printed in the Year 1748.

TO

The Right Honourable

The EARL of

# CHOLMONDELEY.

My LORD,

THE Men of LETTERS seem to have well consulted their own Reputation and Interest, when they threw off the illiberal Reserve, which had long kept them at a Distance from the conversible Part of Mankind, and secluded them from the high Advantages of that excellent School, which we call the *Polite World*. For it is a free and open Commerce with People of Distinction and cultivated Abilities which gives the true Embellishment to Sense, and renders the Attainments of the Scholar, conducive to the Purposes of Elegance and Delight.

That Freedom Debate, and Diversity of Topics, which adorn the Conversations of Men of Rank and polite Literature, will give his Mind a generous Enlargement, and open to him delightful Scenes of Knowledge, at once awakening the Imagination and informing the Understanding. From their Disquisitions he will learn what is beautiful in the Productions of Art; from their Demeanor,

what is comely in Manners. For where the Advantages of Birth and Station are united with liberal Accompliſhments, there is the Seat of Elegance, and the Standard of Politeneſs.

Though the Quickneſs of familiar Diſcourſe admit not of an Attention to that Accuracy, which is required in Writing; yet there is in theſe exalted Intercourſes, a certain ſuperior Spirit an genuine Eloquence; which is, perhaps, a better Help to the Improvement of Style, and a more enlivening Model for Imitation, than the cold Efforts of the Cloſet were ever able to produce. Thoſe happy Turns, and emphatical ſprightly Phraſes, which are ſtruck out by the Heat of animated Converſation, and that genteel graceful Dignity of Expreſſion, which is peculiar to thoſe who move in the higher Spheres of Life, will catch the Ear of him who is familiarly accuſtomed to them, and ſteal, in ſome Degree, into his own Diction. For as our Senſes naturally retain the Print of the Images, which are commonly preſented to them; ſo our Language almoſt unavoidably takes a Tincture from thoſe, with whom we uſually converſe. Theſe Effects are ſo conſtant, that we ſeldom fail to diſcover by a Man's Writings, with what kind of Society he has generally mixed.

I muſt add; that in theſe high Scenes of Obſervation, there are frequently ſuch lucky Hints thrown out, as prove a fruitful Source of Thoughts and Imagination, which would never have occurred to him in the ſtudious Hour, or in the Company of meaner Spirits.

Theſe,

Theſe, My LORD, are ſome of the Advantages, which Men of elevated Character and refined Genius, communicate to him who is honoured with their Intimacy, and whoſe Mind is ſuſceptible of the Impreſſions. They raiſe him, as it were, above himſelf, giving him to enjoy ſome Share of their Spirit, and darting a Light into his Breaſt, from that Fire which enflames their own——

*Quaſi lumen de lumine ſuo accendunt.*

If, under the Incitement of theſe animating Influences, he ſhould try to diſplay the Beauties of *Delicacy*; the Greatneſs of the Encouragement may, in ſome meaſure, juſtify the Boldneſs of the Attempt; though it will be far from excuſing the unſucceſsful Execution. And ſhould he happen not to fail; he can claim no other Merit, but that of a faithful *Relator*; ſince his Pretenſions go no farther, than to give them back the Images of their own Minds.

With this View the following ESSAY was undertaken; which is here, with a warm Senſe of Gratitude, addreſſed to YOUR LORDSHIP; whoſe Indulgence lifted me up to that Experience of Life, and Obſervation on *Taſte* and *Manners*, which gave Birth to this Deſign, ſupplied me with Materials, and was the only Foundation, on which I could build any Hopes of Succeſs.

I am, My LORD, with the utmoſt Deference and Reſpect,

*Your* LORDSHIP's *Moſt Obedient and moſt obliged Humble Servant*,

NATHANAEL LANCASTER.

# The PREFACE.

AMIDST the Variety of Compoſitions, with which the Learned of this Nation have enriched the *Republic* of *Letters*, we ſtill want a *Treatiſe* upon that *Quality*, which gives the finiſhing Touches to the Culture of the *Underſtanding*, and diffuſes the fineſt Delights through the Commerce of HUMAN LIFE.

Though in the celebrated Performances of our moſt elegant Writers, we meet with many maſterly Strokes, and beautiful Obſervations upon it; yet lying widely ſcattered in various intermitted Speculations, they have not that Efficacy, which reſults from a regular Plan and connected Syſtem.

But if all that occurs were brought into one entire View, and ranged in the beſt Order; many Things would ſtill be wanting to complete the Work, and give us that Fulneſs of Satisfaction, which we ſhould have received, had they entered profeſſedly upon the Subject. Therefore, as it is impoſſible not to admire what they have done; it is natural to wiſh they had done more, and anticipated the Neceſſity of any farther Enquiries.

This Omiſſion, it has been ſaid, was owing to an Opinion, for ſome Time too ſucceſsfully propagated—That *He* only, who had attained the high Accompliſhment, was equal to the Taſk; and that to undertake the Subject, carried with it an Air of arrogating the Character. This was an Obſtruction not to be ſurmounted by the cautious Candidate for literary Fame; ſince the very

Attempt

Attempt to obtain, must unavoidably frustrate his Hopes of public Approbation.

If the Author of the following ESSAY had been persuaded, either that this Opinion had any Foundation in Truth, or was still generally received; the same restraining Considerations would have kept him in the same Bounds. But since he finds it has now no longer the Countenance of Numbers, and is satisfied it never had the Authority of Reason, he hopes he may endeavour to explain the Nature, and illustrate the Beauties of DELICACY, without the Imputation of assuming to himself the Glory of the Attainment.

A Man may certainly be qualified to describe a Character in his Closet, though he cannot act up to it in Life: As we often find Men well versed in the Theory of an Art, and able to point out its several Excellencies, who want either Faculties or Attention to reach the Practice. The Talents are founded upon different Principles; and the one may subsist without the other, in the highest Perfection.

If this be not allowed; the Poet as well as the Historian, must be possessed of every great Quality, which he paints with Accuracy, or traces with Discernment. And when we find him successful in describing the Exploits of an Hero, we must conclude, that he is himself no less expert in the military Art, and endued with equal Magnanimity. But it cannot be denied that there has been many a Writer capable of drawing up an Army, and fighting a Battle in all the Propriety

and Vigour of Language, who had confeſſedly as little Addreſs to conduct the one, as Courage to attempt the other in the Field of Action.—

*——linguâ melior, ſed frigida bello*
*Dextera——*

And why ſhould the Poſſeſſion of the Quality be thought more requiſite in the Diſplay of DELICACY? This is ſo far from appearing evident, that it ſeems rather to be, in ſome Reſpects, a kind of diſqualifying Circumſtance. It is not improbable, that the fine Senſations in the Soul of him, who has attained to this high Refinement, might prevent him from doing full Juſtice to his own Accompliſhments; for DELICACY is always found to withdraw itſelf from every thing that has the leaſt Appearance of Vanity. But if this Obſtruction could be got over; yet when it is known to be his own Picture, which he exhibits to View, it may be looked upon as the Repreſentation of Features and Lineaments, heightened by Self-regard and the Bias of a partial Judgment.

But though the Attainment of the Quality is not requiſite in the Writer; yet it is eſſentially neceſſary that he ſhould be intimately acquainted with thoſe, in whom it is found to exiſt.

This is the Source from whence he muſt draw not only the Materials for his Work, but the Ability of carrying it into Execution. For it is only by frequent Intercourſes with Men of Rank, and polite Acquirements, that he can wear himſelf into that Caſt of Sentiment and Expreſſion, which the Dignity of his Subject indiſpenſably demands.

It has been the Author's Fortune, to be admitted

mitted into those high Scenes of Improvement, and to have long been honoured with the Acquaintance of Persons, not less distinguished by the Refinement of their Abilities, than the Eminence of their Station.

On this Foundation he builds his Hopes. On the Encouragement of such Advantages he rests his Apology for the Undertaking; neither vainly assuring himself, that he has been able to make a right Use of the Opportunities, nor meanly courting the Reader's Favour, by professing a very low Opinion of his Performance. He chooses rather freely to confess, he has here exerted his best Endeavours, and entirely submits himself to the Decision of the Public.

If he should be judged unequal to the Task; yet (he is inclined to think) the *Design* may not be altogether useless. Though the Plant did not thrive where it first sprung; yet being removed to a better Soil, it may gain new Vigour, and advance to Maturity.

But whatever be the Event; it will be attended with this agreeable Reflexion; that he has not spent his Hours in trifling Amusements, but in Disquisitions of a serious Nature and real Concernment to Mankind. Certainly we were intended for some farther Satisfactions, than the Attainment of such Things only, as are barely necessary to the Support of our Being. We have Faculties adapted to the Enjoyment of *refined Delights*: Those Delights must therefore be relative to Human Life; which would prove a very insipid Possession, without this heightening Relish of Exis-

tence. The animal Functions might, indeed, be carried on; but ſcarce with any Joy beyond what the Brutes themſelves experience. The elegant Pleaſures of Imagination, the enlivening Satisfactions of liberal Knowledge, and all the ſweet Effects of the amiable Paſſions would be entirely ſet aſide, and the rational Part of the Creation abandoned to the low Employment of gratifying the coarſeſt Appetites in the coarſeſt Manner. Slender and ſordid would be the Intercourſes of the Friend and Companion; if Friend and Companion could then be found: Social Pleaſure would degenerate into *Savage Merriment*; and decent Familiarity into deteſtable Freedoms; were they not under the Controul and Guidance of this reſtraining Quality.

But the Pleaſure ariſing from the Cultivation of this Accompliſhment, is not the only Circumſtance, which recommends it to our Regard: For whilſt it improves our Joys, it refines our *Morals*, by cheriſhing thoſe fine Emotions in the Soul, which create an Abhorrence of every thing that is baſe and irregular, and prepare the Way for the eaſier Impreſſions of Virtue and Honour. The Taſte of Beauty in the lower kind, leads naturally to the higher: And the Love of Harmony in exterior Things, is a good Step towards the Reliſh of what is graceful and amiable in the inward Principles of the Heart.

Whoever, therefore, undertakes the Cauſe of DELICACY, is engaged, at the ſame Time, in the Support of *Virtue*, and conſults the Happineſs of every

every individual Member of Society. For the Manners of the *Great* are so constantly copied by their Inferiors, that when a right Sense of Order and Decency prevails among the former, it will not be altogether wanting in the latter. The Spirit of Refinement stops not where it was first raised, but is caught from Breast to Breast: And though it operate with the greatest Efficacy where it finds the best Materials; yet, in some Degree, it is communicated to the whole Body of the People.

It is the Design of the Author to set these Points in a clear Light; and to demonstrate, that Elegance of Taste, and Refinement of Manners, are the proper Objects of a rational Pursuit, illustrious Ornaments to Human Nature, and leading Characters to a virtuous and moral Conduct. And if his Endeavours should fall far beneath the Dignity of the Subject; he hopes, however, they may be considered as a Testimony of his warm Regard, and of the Deference and Honour he thinks due to those elevated Characters, under whose Influence we behold Arts and Ingenuity encouraged, Life understood, and *Britain* aspiring to the Reputation of *Attic Elegance* and *Roman Urbanity*. And though her Advances may not, perhaps, keep Pace with the Eagerness of our Wishes; yet this should rather animate than discourage her Progress: Since it is observable, that the extraordinary Assiduity and Skill necessarily employed to raise and perfect the Polish of the *Nobler Gems*, is amply compensated by that Admiration and Pleasure, which result from the Superior Lustre.

THE

# The PLAN of the whole WORK.

THE General Design *of this Undertaking is, to explain the Nature, trace out the Standard, and recommend the Cultivation of that Quality, which, in our Language, is marked out by the Denomination of* DELICACY.

*The Work is carried on by way of* Dialogue, *and opens with the Characters of two Gentlemen, who keep up the full Enjoyment of thoſe Satisfactions, which ariſe from the Harmony of Friendſhip; though, in ſome Reſpects, the Turn of their Minds is extremely different.*

*The one is a warm Admirer of Elegance in Arts and Manners, and is perpetually contending for the Neceſſity of cultivating a refined Taſte. The other thinks, that good Senſe and Virtue are ſufficient Recommendations, and ſtand in need of no adventitious Ornaments.*

*The Converſation begins with a Diſpute concerning the Origin of Society, which, the Author apprehends, will not be eſteemed an improper Introduction to a Work of this kind; ſince all the Embelliſhments of Life are undeniably derived from our Aſſociations.*

*In the* Second Dialogue, *the Meaning of the Word* DELICACY *is explained, agreeably to what ſeems the genuine Acceptation of it amongſt our moſt approved Writers——The Nature of the Quality, the Criterion by which it is aſcertained, the Objections made to the Cultivation of refined Taſte and Paſſion, and the Uſe and Pleaſure ariſing from it, are diſtinctly examined.*

*The*

*The next treats of the Rise of elegant Arts and Manners, enquires from what Source, it is most probable, they derived their Original; and though the former may have first risen in a* Free State, *whether the* Monarchical Form *be not a more proper Nursery for the latter. This Enquiry is followed by a Comparison between the* Ancients *and* Moderns *with respect to the* Delicacy *of* Good-breeding.

*The* Fourth *examines what it is, which constitutes* Delicacy *in* Writing. *And enquires into the Characters of several Greek and Roman Authors, so far as relates to the Subject of this* Essay; *in which Respect,* Virgil *is allowed to have greatly surpassed* Homer. *This opens the Way to some Observations upon the Court of* Augustus, *and the Advances, which were made in Elegance and Politeness, under the Influence of that accomplished Prince.*

*The* Fifth *is a Dissertation upon the Rise and Progress of Refinement in the Language, Compositions, and Manners of the* English Nation.

*The* Sixth *considers those Qualities, which constitute* Delicacy *in a* Public Speaker; *and to what Degree it seems to have risen in this Country—whether the Flowers of antient Rhetoric and Elocution, are preferable to plain good Sense and Argument; beyond which Point, the* English Eloquence *is said scarce to aspire. This Conversation is closed with some Reflexions upon the Power of fine Language; which is compared to that of* Music, *and shewn to be, in some Respects, similar, in the Effects it produces.*

*The* Seventh *treats of that Faculty in the Art of* Painting, *which is called* Grace, *and points out*

*these*

*those Masters, who have been most distinguished by this Quality.*

*The* Four *succeeding Dialogues exhibit the Character of an accomplished Gentleman, and display his Conduct in the various Scenes of Life and Conversation; shewing, at the same Time, that the truest and highest Refinement consists in the* Purity of Morals; *and that* Virtue *is the most illustrious Ornament of Human Nature.*

*In Contrast to this Representation of Elegance and Sanctity of Manners, is exhibited the View of an impure and uncultivated Demeanor; that the Beauty of the one, and the Deformity of the other may appear in a stronger Point of Light, by the Neighbourhood of its contrary Character.*

*The* Next *Dialogue touches upon the peculiar Charms of* Female Elegance, *and shews with what a superior Lustre* DELICACY *manifests itself in that Sex, which is tempered with a purer Flame, and formed with a quicker Sensibility, and higher Relish of every Ornament and Grace.*

*The* Last *Conversation recommends the farther Cultivation of this Accomplishment, and enquires whether the Advances, we have made in it, are equal to those of a neighbouring Nation; and, if not, to what Causes the Difference may be ascribed.*

*The* Essay *ends with a Dissertation on those Deities, which were said, by the Ancients, to be the Source of all that is amiable and pleasing, to dispense Justness of Taste, Love of Beauty, and that Happiness of Manner, which adorns and enlivens* Merit, *and is a proper Attendant upon* Sense *and* Learning: *For which Reason they usually represented the* Graces *in the Train of the* God of Wisdom.

# AN ESSAY ON DELICACY.

## DIALOGUE I.

PHILOCLES is one of those few, who can be chearful and employed, without having Recourse to the Business or Diversions of the World. He has a warm Imagination tempered with an excellent Understanding, both which he has improved by a judicious Mixture of Reading and Conversation.

Though his Inclination has led him into Retirement; his Talents qualify him for making a Figure in the active Scenes of Life. Yet, at the same Time, it must be confessed, there is a certain natural Delicacy in the Frame of his Mind, which would have rendered him less serviceable in Business, than others of inferior Abilities without the same Refinement of Temper. He is arrived to that Period of Life, when the Powers of the Mind are in their truest Vigour: And having conversed at large long enough to give him a thorough Knowledge of Mankind, he has narrowed

ed his Friendſhips, as well as Acquaintance, deſiring but few of either.

The Spot he has choſen for his Retirement is within a convenient Diſtance of the Town, yet not ſo near as to want any Advantages of the Country. He is a profeſſed Admirer of what he calls *Refined Simplicity*, and diſcovers that Chaſtity of Taſte, not only in his Judgment of the fine Arts, but in his Houſe, his Furniture, his Equipage; and in ſhort, throughout the whole Conduct and OEconomy of his Life.

At a ſmall Diſtance from his Houſe ſtands a Wood; which has ſo many natural Beauties attending it, that with a very inconſiderable Expence, and by judiciouſly humouring the Genius of the Place, he has made it one of the moſt delightful Scenes imaginable. In the Center he has erected a little Temple, the Materials of which are cheap and common; yet they are choſen with ſuch Judgment, and thrown together with ſuch Art, that perhaps the moſt coſtly Ornaments could not have produced any thing more pleaſing to a juſt Eye. It is covered with Thatch, and paved with Pebbles; and the Pillars are nothing more than the Trunks of ſome old Oaks, which grew upon the Spot. But the Plan is ſo happily deſigned, and ſo neatly executed; and the ſeveral Parts are ſo harmoniouſly proportioned to each other, as well as to the whole, that it forms one of the moſt agreeable Structures I ever beheld.

To this favourite Scene *Philocles* retires, whenever he would enjoy himſelf or his Friend without Interruption. And here it was that *Sophro-*

*nius*

*nius* found him in his Evening Meditations, having been informed at his houſe, that he was taking a Walk in the Wood.

*Sophronius* and *Philocles* have long lived together in the ſtricteſt Intimacy, and moſt unreſerved Communication of Sentiments. *Sophronius* has a juſt, rather than a lively Imagination. His Senſe is ſtrong, but improved more by the Force of his own Reflexions, than by Books; for he has thought much more than he has read. Not that he is unacquainted with the capital Authors, both Ancient and Modern; but it is his Maxim, that "Books have made more Fools than ever Nature "deſigned." Truth is the ſingle Aim of his Enquiries; and to ſtrew her Paths with Flowers, is, he thinks, to retard rather than to forward the Progreſs towards her. The Mind is amuſing herſelf with little artificial Beauties in the Way, whilſt ſhe ſhould be puſhing forward to the End of her Journey. In ſhort, as he is naturally of a phlegmatic Conſtitution, he declares againſt Enthuſiaſm of every Sort, eſteeming her as the worſt Enemy that Truth has to fear. He frequently rallies *Philocles* upon this Article; whom he thinks, upon many Occaſions, eſpecially where the fine Arts are concerned, a downright Viſionary.

After the general Compliments had paſſed between theſe two Friends—How, ſaid *Sophronius* ſmiling, ſhall I anſwer it to the Dryad of theſe Groves, for thus breaking in upon the Contemplations of her Votary; when, perhaps, ſhe is even now expecting you under ſome venerable Oak, or favourite Elm? How-

However romantic you may affect to think me in my Amours, replied *Philocles*, you do not, in good Earneſt, I hope, believe me ſo ill a Judge of real Happineſs, as to imagine me capable of thinking I could exchange the Pleaſures of Friendſhip for any more valuable Enjoyment. No, *Sophronius!* as great an Admirer as I am of theſe Beauties of Nature, ſhe is no where ſo charming to me, as in her moral Operations, and that Harmony ſhe produces from ſocial Concord.

Were I to have traced the Genealogy of Friendſhip, returned *Sophronius*, I ſhould hardly have expected to find Nature her Parent. It ſeems to me much more reaſonable to ſuppoſe this Union derived from Neceſſity and Convenience, or ſome other Principle ariſing from our Wants and Imperfections, than any implanted Bias in our Frame, previous to thoſe uneaſy Feelings. The State of Nature could not have admitted of this refined Commerce; ſince every Individual, at that Period, muſt have had a ſeparate and oppoſite Intereſt.

It is for that Reaſon, among others, anſwered *Philocles*, why I think it improbable, that ſuch a State ſhould ever have exiſted. There is in our Frame ſo ſtrong a Bias, ſuch an irreſiſtible Tendency to unite in the ſocial Circle, that we muſt either ſuppoſe Mankind formed originally with Affections very different from what appear in them at preſent, or give up the Notion of this barbarous State, as an abſurd and groundleſs Suppoſition.

It

It is not to be wondered, said *Sophronius*, that the first View of this rude State should startle a Mind, which has been accustomed to a regular Community, and has formed its Ideas of Truth from familiar Appearances of improved Nature. But it is very easy to mistake Habits for Affections, and ascribe to the direct Impulse of Nature, what is, in reality, owing to the Maturity of Time, and the Discipline of many Generations. Societies have been long established: Use has taught us the Advantages, that are derived from them; and therefore we fancy that Men fall naturally and unavoidably into Associations; when the Truth is, they are only inclined to be sociable from Practice, rather than from any immediate Incitement of Nature, or the Love of their Species. Look back upon the Accounts which Poets, Philosophers, and Historians give of Mankind in the Infancy of the World; and you will have a View very inconsistent with a Principle of friendly Union and social Coalition. They describe them not only without Arts and Sciences, but without Habitations, Laws, or even Language itself, and feeding upon the raw Herbage, like their fellow Brutes, the Tenants of the same Shade and Pasture. I remember a Passage in *Cicero*, where he speaks to this Purpose of the first Race of Mortals [*a*]. And *Horace* [*b*], as well as *Lucretius*

[*a*] Nam fuit quoddam tempus, cùm in agris homines, bestiarum more vagabantur: nec quidquam ratione animi, sed pleraque viribus corporis administrabant. Non jus æquabile, quicquid utilitatis haberet, acceperat, &c. CICERO de Invent. lib. i.

[*b*] Cum prorepserunt primis animalia terris,

*us* [c], you know, talk of them exactly in the same Manner.

In short, all the Records of Antiquity affirm, that in the first Ages, the Conceptions of Mankind, their Manners and Dispositions were rude, barbarous, and brutal; that their Attainments went no higher than satisfying, at any rate, the coarse Demands of their unrestrained Appetites: And thus being under no Controul in the Gratification of their selfish Passions, they ran into the most violent Excesses, and were perpetually invading and seizing each other's Property. This is the despicable Figure Mankind make, in the several ancient Pictures of their original State.

I acknowledge, said *Philocles*, that this was the Doctrine of the *Epicureans*; but the Principles of a particular Sect cannot be looked upon as the Standard of Antiquity. It is usual with the learned, when they are endeavouring to establish some favourite Hypothesis, to pick out a Passage from a Greek or Roman Author, that happens to coincide with the Notion to be advanced, and then argue from it, as a received Principle among the Ancients. Superficial Reasoners and minute Philosophers may be thus deceived; but *Sophronius*, I am sure, is not so easily imposed upon. And if he had been in the Humour, he could have drawn up a long List of classical Names, to throw into

Mutum & turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter,
Unguibus & pugnis, dein fustibus, atque ita porro
Pugnabant armis, &c. HOR. Sat. lib. i.

[c]—Nemora atque cavas montes sylvasque colebant,
Et frutices inter condebant squallida membra. LUCRET.

the

the Scale againſt thoſe he juſt now mentioned. What think you of the *Golden Age*, when——

Nay, interpoſed *Sophronius*, if you are for ſoaring to the airy Regions of Romance, I will not endeavour to attend your Flight. I can follow you well enough, whilſt you keep within the humble Paths of ſober Reaſoning; but the Towerings of an heated Imagination are much too elevated for my Reach.

—Have Patience, good *Sophronius!* I was only going to mention what ſome of the Ancients have thought concerning the State of Man, when he was yet new to Being, and freſh from the Hands of his Creator. The Deſcription *Ovid* gives of his Situation, in that firſt Period of his Exiſtence, ſeems (ſome poetical Embelliſhments excepted) ſuch as, were we to reaſon *à priori*, we ſhould conclude he was placed in. The firſt Characteriſtic he gives of it is Innocence—

[*d*] *Firſt roſe a golden Age! the human Mind*
*To Faith's fair Rules ſpontaneous then inclin'd,*
" *Unforc'd by Puniſhment, unaw'd by Fear:*
" *Man's Words were ſimple, and his Soul ſincere.*

*Seneca* likewiſe gives an Account of the State of Nature, as it ſtood in *Saturn*'s Reign, exactly conformable to this Notion of ſocial Virtue being then exerciſed in all its Purity and Peace [*e*]—

Nor

[*d*] Aurea prima ſata eſt ætas, quæ vindice nullo,
Sponte ſuâ ſine lege fidem rectumque colebat:
Pœna metuſque aberant, &c.

[*e*] " Tunc illa virgo, numinis magni dea,
" Juſtitia cœlo miſſa, cum ſanctâ Fide,

" Terras

Nor does it seem in the least improbable, that such a Happiness might once have been the Lot of Mortals; though their present degenerate State is so different from it, as to need the strongest Restraints, to keep up any tolerable Degree of Order in the World. The Lust of Avarice and Ambition now indeed divide Mankind, and destroy their mutual Harmony. But before Covetousness crept into the World; before Men had any Temptation to invade the Rights of Equality; when Titles, Distinctions, and Pre-eminences were yet unknown; why might not a Number of People have lived together in Amity, enjoying every thing in common, and content with the natural Products of the Earth in some happy Climate?

Because it is inconsistent with the Nature of human Creatures, answered *Sophronius*, that any Number of them should live together in Con-

" Terras regebat mitis. Humanum genus
" Non bella norant ——— &c."

Then Justice, Virgin pure, of sovereign Power,
With sacred Faith, attendant Handmaid, sent
To this our Globe, Dominion held o'er Men,
And rul'd with absolute, but gentle Sway.
Unheard was Discord's Voice, and Din of War,
The Clash of Arms, and Trumpet's direful Sound.
Nor Walls, nor Bulwarks, Cities yet had rais'd:
Pervious and safe each unfenc'd Entrance lay.
Peculiar Rights were then unknown to Men;
One common Stock supply'd the friendly Race.
The teeming Earth pour'd out her fruitful Stores
Spontaneous to her Sons —— kind Parent she,
And tender Guardian! pious Children they!

SENECA, Trag. Octav. Act. ii.

cord,

cord, without the Curb of Government. Had we come into the World with such Dispositions, as our first Parents are said to have possessed before their Fall; then indeed those tranquil Joys, which have (it should seem) flourished only in Song, might have existed in reality. But as to their unhappy Offspring, born, as they are, with depraved Appetites, and inordinate Self-Passions, it is absolutely impossible, that either Order, Peace, or Justice could ever have prevailed amongst them, without the Aid of some restraining Force. Let a Man fairly examine Human Nature, the Tendency and Effects of our Passions; and he must allow this to be the Case.

It is in vain to produce any Authority against the Nature of Things; and least of all, that of the Poets. They, you know, are not generally the strictest Reasoners; their Aim being rather to please than inform. And though there is a Thing, which we call Truth in their Art; yet not being tied down to severe historical Matter of Fact, they are at Liberty to create Scenes, which exist only in Imagination. But if Names are of any Force, I could produce [*f*] *Isocrates*, [*g*] *Diodorus*, and Numbers of the most celebrated Ancients, who represent the Infancy of the World as rude and barbarous, as *Hobbs*, or any of the Moderns suppose it to have been. *Seneca*, I will not deny, seems to favour your Opinion: And in one of his Epistles, the Philosopher is not less warm than the

[*f*] Isocrates, Orat. iii. ad Nicoclem.
[*g*] Diodorus Siculus, lib. i.

Poet,

Poet, in the Description of a *Golden Age* [*b*]. But after he had indulged his lively Genius in the Sallies of Imagination, Reason reassumes her Seat, and he freely owns, that Philosophy was unknown to the World in that early Period; that it was indeed an Age of Innocence, but not of Wisdom; and that the moral Character was not then thoroughly understood. For Virtue, says he, is not the Gift of Nature, but the Product of Art. The Seeds of it are indeed sown in our Hearts; but if they are not cultivated with the utmost Diligence and Care, they will for ever remain in a dormant and inactive State.

Does not this Concession entirely demolish the fine Fabric he had just before erected? For surely Mankind must have been absolutely incapable of living together in social Harmony, whilst the Mind had not yet received that Cultivation, which is requisite to unfold those latent Principles of Virtue; without which, it is impossible that Numbers can live together with any Sort of Comfort, or maintain any tolerable Degree of Peace and

[*b*] Quamvis egregia illis vita fuerit, & carens fraude, non fuere sapientes---Non erant ingenia omnibus consummata—Non enim dat natura virtutem; ars est, bonum fieri---Ignorantiâ rerum innocentes erant. Multùm autem interest, utrùm peccare aliquis nolit, an nesciat. Deerat illis justitia, deerat prudentia, deerat temperantia & fortitudo. Omnibus his virtutibus habebat similia quædam rudis vita: virtus non contingit animo, nisi instituto & edocto, & ad summum assiduâ cogitatione perducto. Ad hoc quidem, sed sine hoc nascimur: & in optimis quoque antequàm erudias, virtutis materia, non virtus est.

SEN. Epist. 90.

Order.

Order. *Cicero* seems clearly to be of this Opinion; for he derives all social Concord from the Discipline of Philosophy, when he breaks out into a celebrated Rhapsody upon the pleasing Reflexion [*i*].

If the Truth of Opinions, returned *Philocles*, were to be determined by Antiquity; those, who maintain the Sentiments I am contending for, might at least go as high for their Authority, as their Opposers. The Lines I repeated from *Ovid* seem to be copied from *Hesiod*; who, as some affirm, was contemporary with *Homer*. Though indeed, to trace this Notion of the Golden Age up to it's true Source, we must look for it in the Mosaical Account of the first State of the World, from whence it seems to be derived. But however, it is certain that the State of Nature, as described by *Hobbs*, and his followers, could not have subsisted long enough to be called a State, admitting it ever subsisted at all. As it was nothing but a Scene of War, conquest must either have soon introduced Subjection; or the Sons of Men must have been totally extinct. This [*k*] *Lucretius* himself admits, and owns that Mankind must

[*i*] O vitæ philosophia dux! O virtutis indagatrix, expultrixque vitiorum! Tu urbes peperisti; tu dissipatos homines in societatem vitæ convocasti: tu eos inter se primo domiciliis, deinde conjugiis, tum literarum et vocum communione junxisti: tu inventrix legum, tu magistra morum, & disciplinæ fuisti!

CICERO Tusc Disp. Ald. Venet. p 242.

[*k*] Genus humanum jam tum foret omne peremptum:
Nec potuisset adhuc perducere sæcla propago.

Lucret. lib. v. lin. 1025.

neceſſarily have periſhed under the Inconveniences of ſuch a Situation. Now from hence, it ſhould ſeem, a ſtrong Reaſon might be drawn, to prove that this State of Nature is, at leaſt, as viſionary as the Golden Age. For tell me, *Sophronius*, can it be ſuppoſed with any Juſtice to the Wiſdom of the ſupreme Being, that he placed Mankind originally in a Situation, that muſt neceſſarily have defeated the Ends of their Creation, and utterly extirpated the whole Species from off the Face of the Earth?

To argue, replied *Sophronius*, againſt the Reality of a Fact, from its Conſequences, is hardly a ſafe Method of inveſtigating ſpeculative Truths; I mean, where the Evidence is ſtrong on the Side of the Fact; and the Conſequences are, at beſt, but hypothetical. This at leaſt you muſt allow, that the Doctrine I contend for, has many great and illuſtrious Names on its Side.

Not ſo many, returned *Philocles*, as might be produced on the contrary [*l*]. The noble Mora-

[*l*] Nihil eſt tam illuſtre, quàm conjunctio inter homines hominum——et ipſa caritas generis humani, quæ nata à ſatu, quo à procreatoribus nati deliguntur, & tota domus conjugio & ſtirps conjungitur, ſerpſit ſenſim foràs cognationibus primùm, tum affinitatibus, deinde amicitiis, poſt vicinitatibus, tum civibus, &c.

Cicer. de Fin. lib. v. edit. Ald. p. 119.

——Omnes inter ſe naturali quadam benevolentia continentur.

Ibid. De Legibus, lib. i. p. 179.

Conſtituendi verò juris ab illa ſumma lege capiamus exordium; quæ ſeculis omnibus antè nata eſt, quàm ſcripta lex ulla, aut quàm omnino civitas eſt conſtituta. Ibidem, Leg. i. in initio.

liſt

liſt has oppoſed it with that Senſe and Spirit, which ſo eminently diſtinguiſh his excellent Writings [*m*]. Mr. *Locke* indeed ſpeaks of a State of Nature, in Contra-diſtinction to civil Societies; and ſeems to think it might have exiſted [*n*]. But then he repreſents it, not as a State of Licence and Diſorder, but as ſubject to the Laws of Reaſon; which, if I do not miſtake, is the very thing which *Ovid* intended in his Deſcription of the Golden Age: For, no doubt, when the Poet ſays, Men obſerved the Rules of Right and Juſtice without Laws; he muſt mean, without thoſe of civil Compact.

That Mankind are naturally of an uniting ſocial Temper, is maintained by *Grotius*, *Puffendorff*, and many other great and learned Men.

Now if their natural Sociability be once admitted; the State of Nature, as deſcribed by *Hobbs* and adopted by my Friend, muſt neceſſarily fall to Pieces; for moſt certainly they are not compatible. Think not then, *Sophronius*, (to uſe the Words of our ethic Poet)

*Think not, in Nature's State, Men blindly trod;*
*The State of Nature was the Reign of God.* [*o*]

If Mankind, ſaid *Sophronius*, had been originally formed with ſuch an Affection for each other, as to be led from thence into Aſſociations; this endearing Principle muſt have prevented thoſe bloody Violences and fatal Quarrels, by

[*m*] Lord *Shafteſbury*. [*n*] Treatiſe on Government. [*o*] *Pope*'s Eſſay on Man.

which ſuch Numbers of the Species are conſtantly diminiſhed. But War ſeems to be one of thoſe ſtated Methods, that Providence takes to remove the Generations of Men from off the Face of the Earth; that there may be room for others to take their Turn upon this Stage of Exiſtence. And indeed, were the deſtructive Contentions, that ariſe from Ambition and public Reſentment, entirely to ceaſe; our Species alone would ſoon overſtock the Globe. If therefore it had been the Creator's Pleaſure to have formed us with a ſtrong implanted Senſe of mutual Love; we may preſume, the Plan of Providence would have been very different from that, which ſeems now to be eſtabliſhed.

But ſuppoſe Men were originally framed with this amicable Diſpoſition, this Fondneſs for ſocial Intercourſe; yet, whatever was the Cauſe, it is evident, they had ſo far departed from their primæval Virtue, that the Hiſtories of every Country repreſent a Period, when its Inhabitants were as ſavage and unſocial as the State of Nature is deſcribed. If you queſtion the Credit of theſe Records; you need go no farther for full Conviction, than our Northern Iſlands; in many of which the Natives are as little acquainted with Order, Diſcipline, and Juſtice, or any of the Virtues of Humanity, as the very Brute Creation. This agrees exactly with the Deſcriptions given us of other uncivilized People ſtill ſubſiſting in the World. How then do theſe Virtues operate neceſſarily upon Mankind?

I muſt

I must confess, replied *Philocles*, that I have frequently met with such Descriptions; but the Testimony of the Authors never appeared to me so clear, as to leave no room to call in question their Veracity. From the best Information I have been able to obtain, I am led to believe there is no People upon Earth so savage, as not to have formed some kind of Society, some Sort of Laws, however imperfect, to restrain Violences, and punish Transgressions. It is absolutely impossible that Men could otherwise have subsisted, since the Time they fell from their primitive Innocence.

But let me ask *Sophronius*—Is not well-being agreeable to our Nature?—"It must be allowed." Tell me then, can that be obtained without Society?—"Undoubtedly not." Society therefore must be natural to us. And if it be; is there nothing within us, no impulsive Principle to excite and lead us to associate? What think you of Pity and Compassion? the general Dislike of Solitude, and love of Company? Some Traces of them, at least, are found in Men of all Ages and Climates. What think you of the Powers and Capacities of Speech? Why were they given us, if not to be exercised? And how can they be exercised without Society? It is evident too, that Nature has implanted in us the Principle of Justice: But for what Purpose, if not for the Use of Society?

It is plain therefore, in every View, that we are formed with a Love for our Species; and consequently, with social Passions. To consider

Mankind in any other Light, is, to degrade them even below the Beasts. What a despicable Opinion must that Man entertain of the Order of Beings, to which he belongs, what Regard for Virtue !—

Pardon me, good *Philocles*, if I cannot forbear interrupting you. Men of an elevated Spirit are constantly exalting their Species to the Skies, and branding all those, who talk more temperately on the Subject, as Enemies to Virtue. But you greatly mistake me, if you imagine I have taken this Side of the Question with any Intention to weaken the Cause of Morality. It is your Way to paint Mankind, as your generous Warmth inclines you to wish they had been formed; whilst Men of cooler Temper are content to view Things as they really are, rather than as a false, though pleasing Light may represent them. They find nothing to support those high Notions you entertain of the intrinsic Dignity of the Species,— no Principles in Mankind, which lead directly and necessarily to combining Fellowships. Man, say they, was created frail and weak, subject to Wants, which in a single Capacity he could not supply, and obnoxious to Dangers, against which his own unassisted Arm was not a sufficient Defence. An Union of the *Many* was therefore formed, as a Remedy for the Imbecillity of separate Individuals. Hence Justice arose; and the Rule of Right was ascertained and enforced, as a necessary Means to maintain the Plan of social Order. You assert, that the Law of Equity is an original implanted Principle in the human Breast.

Breaſt. But if I were inclined to diſpute this Point with you; I might aſk, what Occaſion would there have been for ſuch a Law, if Man had been framed with ſo ardent an Affection towards his Species, as you contend for? Where Love reigns in full Power, Property cannot be a Subject of Contention. So far is ſhe from doing Violence and Wrong, that ſhe is ever tender of the Welfare and Intereſt of the Object beloved, and even laviſh in her Munificence.

I do not contend, ſaid *Philocles*, that the ſocial and kind Affections are ſo ſtrong as to ſubdue all the reſt; but only that there are ſuch Paſſions in Mankind, in Conjunction with others. The Love of our Species cannot therefore be ſaid to ſuperſede the Love of Equity: On the contrary, they are entirely compatible with each other. Nor does it ſeem in the leaſt to follow, that, if the Caſe be as I have ſtated it, univerſal Peace and Juſtice muſt for ever prevail. For Man being liable to great Errors, not only from the Miſ-rule of his Paſſions, but the Imperfection of his Reaſon, many Occaſions of moral Evil muſt neceſſarily ariſe, notwithſtanding the ſocial Affections are allowed to exiſt in all the Strength, which I contend for.

But had mutual Affection, returned *Sophronius*, been only a leading Paſſion in us; or had it been equally ballanced with Self-regard, all legal Reſtraints had been entirely unneceſſary. Man would have been in no Danger from the ſecret Attempts of Fraud, or the bold Attacks of bare-

faced Oppreſſion: His whole Life would have been one continued Scene of Security and Happineſs. But the Legiſlators found his real State to be quite another Thing. If they did perceive that Nature had clearly dictated the Law of Equity; yet Experience taught them, "That the Adminiſtration of that Law was ſo incompetently "and irregularly executed, as to inflame rather "than heal the Evils of the undiſciplined State, "whilſt there was no common Arbiter to adjuſt "and enforce its Operations [p]".

Theſe are the Reaſons, which induce me to believe, that Dangers and Neceſſities gave Birth to the Plan of Government. And when Society was eſtabliſhed upon a proper Baſis, and equitable Laws had given Security to Mankind, the Community had full Experience of its happy Effects. But as Particulars ſtill felt many Wants, for which the public Combinations afforded no Relief; it was natural for them to look out for a Supply to this Deficiency. The moſt obvious ſeems to be private Fellowſhips; which by an Union of Hearts, and amicable Intercourſes, might procure Enjoyments, which do not reſult from general Aſſociations.

This I take to be the true Source of Friendſhip: Nor does it appear to me any Derogation to the Lovelineſs of the Affection. For, what but the Imbecillity of our Frame gives Riſe to that Paſſion, which is looked upon as the moſt amiable belonging to our Nature? Had the Firm-

[p] *W*——'s D. Legat.

neſs of our Minds been greater, our Compaſſion had certainly been leſs. For it is ever found, that as the ſofteſt Metals are moſt eaſily diſſolved; ſo the tendereſt Minds ſooneſt melt into Pity. This, perhaps, is the Reaſon, why that Sex, whoſe Characteriſtic is, by no means, Strength, are moſt liable to the Impreſſions of this afflicting Paſſion.

Pity, returned *Philocles*, can hardly be ſaid to flow from Weakneſs in the ſame Senſe that you ſuppoſe ſocial Affection to do: In the latter, Weakneſs is the Attribute of that Subject, from whence the Affection is ſuppoſed to proceed; Men united, becauſe they found themſelves too weak to ſubſiſt in a ſeparate State:—But in the former, Weakneſs can only be the Attribute of that Subject, on which the Paſſion is ſuppoſed to operate. It is not the Weakneſs of the diſtreſſed Object, but of him who beholds it, which produces the ſympathizing Sorrow. Imbecillity therefore cannot give Riſe to ſocial Inclinations, in the ſame Way you imagine it does to Compaſſion. The only Inference, that can fairly be drawn from your Argument, ſeems to be, that the Tenderneſs of Senſations, or Weakneſs (if you will call it ſo) is the Means whereby the Paſſion operates upon any Subject: But it does not therefore follow, that it is the Fountain of the Paſſion; or that it is grounded on no other Principle in Nature. For why ſhould *Sophronius* aſcribe this Suſceptibility of Compaſſion, to a Weakneſs of Mind? Is it not

far more reasonable to derive it from the quick Feeling of the Sentiments of Humanity, and the sudden Exertion of generous Sympathy? Examine the Condition of your own Breast under a lively Sense of Pity; and tell me whether you do not always find, that it gives you an exalted Idea of the Generosity of your Temper, when it is touched in this kind and benevolent Way? And though it may, perhaps, draw Tears from your Eyes; yet they are the Tears of manly Affection, and not the Meltings of weak Effeminacy. For surely, *Sophronius*, there can be no Weakness in Compassion, purely and abstractedly considered; since the noblest Souls are open to the strongest Impressions of this Kind. *Homer*, who had a complete Insight into Human Nature, and so well understood what it was that gave the finishing Excellence to a Character, represents the Hero of his Poem, the great *Achilles* himself, melting into Pity at the Miseries of a venerable aged Monarch, on his Knees begging him to restore the Body of his Son *Hector*. Nay, he not only makes him relent, but even endeavour to assuage the Sorrows of the unhappy Prince, with the most tender, as well as rational, Consolations [q]. Pity then; in the Estimation of this judicious Poet, who was always

[q] Αυλιχ' απο θρονυ ωξλο, γερονλα δε χειρος ανιστη,
Οικτειρων πωλιον τε καρη, πωλιον τε γενειον·
Και μιν φωνησας επεα πτεροεντα προσηυδα.
" From the high Throne divine Achilles rose:
" The rev'rend Monarch by the Hand he rais'd;
" On his white Beard and Form majestic gaz'd,
" Not

ways true to Nature, is perfectly compatible with an elevated and sublime Spirit. Nay, is it not an Attribute ascribed even to the Deity himself? How then can it be derived from so mean an Original? It is, indeed, a Softness, but not (as you call it) an Imbecillity of Heart. *Juvenal*, I remember, somewhere extols it as the best and most lovely Passion belonging to human Nature, and the distinguishing Characteristic of our Species [*r*].

You must be sensible, returned *Sophronius*, that whatever Notion the Poet might advance to flatter Mankind, or beautify his Composition; yet

" Not unrelenting. Then serene began
" With Words to sooth the miserable Man.
Iliad. xxiv. Pope's Transl.

There is not, as Mr. *Pope* observes, a more beautiful Passage than this, in the whole Iliad. *Homer*, to shew that *Achilles* was not a mere Soldier, here draws him as a Person of excellent Sense, and sound Reason. And it was a Piece of great Judgment thus to describe him: for the Reader would have retained but a very indifferent Opinion of him, if he had had no Qualification, but mere Strength. It also shews the Art of the Poet, thus to defer this Part of his Character to the Conclusion of the Poem: By these Means, he fixes an Idea of his Greatness upon our Minds, and makes his Hero go off the Stage with Applause.

Pope's Homer, B. xxiv. p. 168. ed. 1736.

[*r*] " ——— Mollissima corda
" Humano generi dare se natura fatetur,
" Quæ lachrymas dedit. Hæc nostri pars optima sensûs.
" ——— Separat hoc nos
" A grege mutorum." Juven. Satyr. xv.
" Compassion proper to Mankind appears;
" Which Nature witness'd when she gave us Tears."
'Tis this, the noblest Passion of the Mind,
Exalts our Race above the brutal Kind.

the

the Generality of the Ancients derived Pity from no higher a Source than that, which I have assigned. *Seneca* calls it the Fault of a poor pusillanimous Spirit; and affirms, that the basest Tempers are most susceptible of this Passion. The wise and good, says he, will not pity, but he will relieve; but he will run to the Aid of the distressed. So far is he from dropping a sympathizing Tear with the unhappy; that he is not moved even by his own Calamities, but, like a solid Rock, reverberates the Storm, and stands secure [*s*].

But how does it appear, said *Philocles*, that *Pity* has the same Idea in our Language, which *Misericordia* had in the Roman? Perhaps this might mean a senseless effeminate Consternation, that seizes weak Minds on the Prospect of any thing disastrous, and deprives them of the Capacity to relieve the Misery they behold.

There is a Passage in the Author I just now mentioned, returned *Sophronius*, which makes it evident, that he understood by *Misericordia*, the very same Thing, which we do by the Word *Pity*:

[*s*] Clementiam, mansuetudinemque omnes boni præstabunt: misericordiam autem vitabunt: est enim vitium pusilli animi ad speciem malorum alienorum succidentis. Itaque pessimo cuique familiarissima est. Anus & mulierculæ sunt, quæ, &c.——Ergo non miserebitur sapiens, sed succurret, sed proderit——Ne in suis quidem accidet calamitatibus, sed omnem fortunæ iram reverberabit, & ante se stranget, &c.

SENECA de Clem. lib. II. edit. Dan. Elz. 1672.

*ty.* [*t*] He tells us, "that a wise Man will look "upon a Beggar labouring under all the Distress- "ses of Poverty and Infirmities of old Age, with "a Countenance unaltered, and his Heart un- "moved at the Sight of the Calamity." From hence it is plain, that, in the Judgment of this Philosopher, it was a Weakness, to be moved and disturbed with the Misery of another.

*Cicero* is also clearly of the same Opinion, as may be proved from several Passages in his philosophical Works [*u*]. And though, in some of those Places, he is giving us the Sentiments of the Stoics; yet he does not hesitate to approve of their Opinion [*x*]. Nay, the very Definition, which both he and *Seneca* give of Pity, is—"A "Disorder of the Mind arising from the View of "another Person's Misery [*y*].

Little

[*t*] Vultum quidem non dejiciet, non animum, ob æruscantis alicujus aridam ac pannosam maciem, & innixam baculo senectutem.———Sed omnibus dignis proderit, & deorum more, calamitosos propitius respiciet. SENECA, Ibid.

[*u*] Videamus quanta sint, quæ à philosophiâ remedia animorum morbis adhibeantur——variæ sunt curationes; alia invidenti, alia miseranti. CICERO, Tusc. Disp. lib. IV. p. 231. edit. Ald. Man. & passim.

[*x*] Sententiis tamen utendum est eorum (viz. Stoicorum) qui maximè fortè, &, ut ita dicam, virili utuntur ratione. ibid.

[*y*] Misericordia est ægritudo animi ex alienis rebus adversis. Ibidem. And that by ægritudo he meant a Disorder or wrong State of Mind, is plain from another Passage, where he says——Ægritudo est animi, adversante ratione, contractio. Ibid 218.

Misericordia est ægritudo ob alienarum miseriarum speciem,

Little therefore, good *Philocles*, will a poetical Quotation avail, to aſcertain the Sentiments of the Ancients; which ſurely are to be drawn from the ſober Diſcourſes of their Philoſophers, rather than the Raptures and Viſions of their Poets.

But you ſend me likewiſe to the human Breaſt for Conviction in this Point. Why there it is, that I find my Sentiments confirmed. When I behold human Calamities, I perceive all my Faculties over-powered at the afflicting Sight. The Vigour of my Mind fails; and I yield, as it were with Reluctance, to ſome ſuperior Force. Men of a more refined Frame, who entertain exalted Notions of the Dignity of Man's Nature, may flatter themſelves, that, in ſuch a Situation, they feel a Conſciouſneſs of generous Excellence: But as to myſelf, I cannot triumph in imaginary Greatneſs of Soul, againſt the clear Conviction of my Senſes. I freely confeſs, that it is nothing but the Weakneſs of my Mind, to which I can aſcribe the ſudden Effects, which an Object of Miſery raiſes in my Breaſt.

But think not, therefore, that this is any Derogation to the Wiſdom of the Creator. On the contrary, it ſeems a wiſe Deſign, to have formed us with this Imbecillity, that we might be rouzed by a quicker Impulſe than that of Reaſon, and forced to give ſpeedy Relief, that we might as ſpeedily eaſe ourſelves of the Anxiety raiſed in us

ſpeciem, aut triſtia ex alienis malis contracta. Ægritudo autem in ſapientem virum non cadit.

SENECA de Clementiâ, lib. II.

at the Sight of Diſtreſs. Thus do our very Frailties and Imperfections lead us to Benevolence, and draw us into public and private Fellowſhips. Let not then *Philocles* imagine, that I am endeavouring to depreciate either the one or the other, when I ſay they are derived from Weakneſs and Neceſſity.

That the former could not ariſe from Affection to the Species, ſeems evident, from the ſmall Degree of it, which was ever found in the World, and from the Animoſities and Contentions, neceſſarily attending the Self-appetites under no legal Reſtraints: And as to the latter, whilſt Men had no Protection and Security from Laws, Self-preſervation muſt have been the only Object of their Attention and Care. But how was it poſſible, in ſuch a ſituation, for the undiſciplined Mind to exert her Faculties, and plan a Scheme of private Aſſociation, before a public was eſtabliſhed; from whence alone ſhe could derive that Leiſure and Safety, which were requiſite to form the more diſtant Scheme?

I can by no Means allow, returned *Philocles*, that the Self-appetites were under no Reſtraint, even ſuppoſing a Time, when civil Compacts were not as yet eſtabliſhed. If Self-affection pleads one Way, Benevolence (a Paſſion equally belonging to our Frame) pleads as ſtrongly the other: and the latter can no more be ſuppreſſed than the former, without doing Violence to Nature.

But ſee the Force of Truth! whilſt you would repreſent your Species under diſadvantageous Characters,

Characters, you were insensibly led into an Argument, which demonstrates Benevolence to be the original Growth of Man's Heart, and what must consequently have drawn him into Society. Pity, you have allowed, is a natural Passion. And what is Pity, but Love softened by a Degree of Sorrow, the Meltings of a benevolent Heart? This then was the generous Sympathy, which knit Mankind together, and blended them in one common Interest. From hence then it appears, that, if Nature did not directly dictate Associations to the human Kind, she yet gave them such preparative Faculties, as drew them, by Degrees, into national Brotherhoods. In this View, "she seems to have treated us as a Painter does "his Disciples, to whom he commits some rude "Sketches and Out-lines; which they themselves are to color and complete [z]."

The Passion of Pity is then a full Proof, that Men have naturally a Love for their Species, however it may be checked or stifled by some Counter-inclination; which, it cannot be denied, is too often the Case. Sensible of this Truth, the Legislators took infinite Pains, and called forth all their Skill, to rouze the dormant Passion. This seems to be the concealed Meaning of what the Poets tell us concerning *Orpheus* and his Lyre.

[z] Ut Phidias potest à primo instituere signum, idque perficere; potest ab alio inchoatum accipere & absolvere: Huic est sapientia similis. Non enim ipsa genuit hominem, sed accepit à naturâ inchoatum: hanc ergò intuens, debet institutum illud, quasi signum, absolvere.

CICERO de Finibus, p. 99. Edit. Ald. Manuc.

Thus,

Thus, in every View, it seems evident, that it was Affection for the Species, which drew Men into Society; and that, without it, they never did, and never can subsist. For could Nature intend to preserve and propagate the Species, and not maintain Fellowship and mutual Affection? Whence arises that strict Agreement between the Sexes, in the Care of their growing Offspring, but from Love? And can you stop here? How (as I remember Lord *Shaftesbury* closely puts the Question) "How should Man "break off from this Society, if once begun? And "that it began thus, and grew into an Household, "is an incontestable Fact. And must not this "Household have soon grown into a Tribe? that "Tribe into a Nation?"

Here *Philocles* paused—when, looking stedfastly on his Friend—O *Sophronius*, said he, is it possible you can, in good Earnest, contend against the Reality of the kind and generous Affections? Is it possible you cannot discover a moral Attraction in our Natures, which unites Mankind to each other, previous to all Considerations of Interest or Convenience?

But I have long suspected, that we are drawn into Opinions from our constitutional Propensities, as the Stream follows the several Declivities of the Ground, through which it flows. Something, perhaps, of this Kind may have given a Bias to my Friend's Sentiments, and turned them aside from that Scheme he is opposing. But I will not despair of reconciling you to more favourable Thoughts of the human Kind. No Method

seems

ſeems more probable to effect this, than a Contemplation of Nature in theſe her viſible Operations. From her (it is confeſſed) the deſigning and imitative Arts derive all their Energy and Grace. And yet ſhe herſelf, it ſeems, (helpleſs Parent!) is deſtitute of all thoſe Charms and Delicacies, ſhe confers on her acknowledged Off-ſpring! But—

It is very poſſible, interrupted *Sophronius*, that the Opinions of Mankind may be influenced by their Tempers. The Fruit, no Doubt, will partake of the Nature of the Soil. But *Philocles* ſhould remember, that the ſame Obſervation will ſerve to explain the Riſe of his Sentiments, no leſs than mine. I am, however, very willing to confeſs, that I am always aſhamed of being pleaſed, where I cannot aſſign the Cauſe; and am extremely apt to ſuſpect my Judgment concerning any Object, that moves my Paſſion. For this Reaſon, I ſhould hardly ſend my Diſciple to the School of Arts (for there, *Philocles*, you ſeemed to be pointing) for his Inſtruction in the Truth of ſevere Philoſophy. A good Picture, a well-executed Statue, or a fine Style, give me (ſo far as I am able to diſcover clearly their reſpective Beauties) ſome Degree of Pleaſure. But when the profeſſed Admirers, the Connoiſſeurs in theſe ſeveral Arts, talk of their nameleſs Graces, their certain inexplicable Delicacies, and I know not what other fine Terms, of which they themſelves do not pretend to explain the Meaning; there, I confeſs,

confeſs, I am left behind, and reſerve my Rapture, till I receive my Conviction.

For tell me, *Philocles*, what is this *Delicacy*, either in the Arts or Conduct of Life, which you are conſtantly extolling in ſuch high Strains, and with ſuch an Air of Earneſtneſs, as if you were perſuaded that there is ſomething in it real and ſubſtantial?

*Philocles* was going to reply; when a Servant informed them that Supper was upon the Table. However, in their Way to the Houſe, he took Occaſion, from the beautiful Scenes they paſſed, to throw out ſome general Reflexions in Support of his favourite Doctrine: for he was determined to omit no Opportunity of drawing his Friend into the Love and Study of Refinement, the Diſregard to which Accompliſhment he looked upon as the chief Deficiency in the Character of *Sophronius*.

DIALOGUE

# DIALOGUE II.

AS *Sophronius* is an early riſer, he was amuſing himſelf in the Library, before *Philocles* was yet ſtirring. But his Friend, perceiving it now Day, ſoon followed him thither, being unwilling to loſe any Opportunity of enjoying a Converſation, in which he found himſelf often inſtructed, and always entertained.

How happy (ſaid *Philocles* entering the Room) how happy would it be for the faſhionable World, were they as well acquainted "with this ſweet "Hour of Prime," as you, *Sophronius*, are, who ſeldom ſuffer the Sun to riſe upon you in Bed!

Rather, replied *Sophronius*, how much happier would it be for the World in general, would certain active Spirits be perſuaded to ſlumber Life away! ſince they wake but to purſue their Ambition, or vent their Impertinences, and riſe only to embroil or miſlead Mankind.

Undoubtedly, ſaid *Philocles*, if many of thoſe, whoſe Actions fill our Hiſtories, or whoſe Speculations ſwell our Libraries, had paſſed their whole Lives in profound Sleep; the World would have been obliged to them for their Repoſe, but can only now lament that they were ever awake.

I was reading the other Day (continued he) a Treatiſe upon Bees: The ingenious Author, ſpeaking

ſpeaking of the dormant State of Inſects, mentions an Experiment he had made, of extending that Period of their Exiſtence far beyond its uſual Duration, even to ſome Years. If this Philoſopher could ſo improve his Experiment, as to make it applicable to his own Species, might not the Diſcovery be turned to very ſingular Advantage?

For my own Part, returned *Sophronius*, were I Maſter of ſuch a Secret, I would rather apply it to the miſtaken Speculatiſt, than the falſly ambitious. The Sons of Turbulence can only affect their unfortunate Contemporaries; and the Miſchief they do, generally ends with their Lives. But the Puzzlers and Perverters of Truth and Science are pernicious, perhaps, to ſeveral Generations, and diſturb the Repoſe of the World, many Ages after they themſelves are removed out of it. The firſt Eſſay, I would make of my ſoporific Art in the literary World, ſhould be upon the Critics, a Tribe of Mortals, in the Republic of Letters, more ſubverſive of its Peace and Intereſt, than——

Hold, good *Sophronius!* I doubt, your Cenſure is now growing too general. Some low and petulant Spirits, I confeſs, have brought a Reproach upon the Name of Critic; but the Art in itſelf certainly deſerves Eſteem. No man can poſſeſs that Talent in its true Extent, or exerciſe it to full Advantage, without being Maſter of ſomething much more valuable than *Ariſtotle* or *Longinus* can teach him. He muſt have a certain quick

quick Feeling of *Delicacy* in Arts and Manners; which no Rules will ever be able to impart, where Nature has denied.

Hardly, *Philocles*, will you be able to bring me over to more favourable Sentiments of this Critic-science, by making *Delicacy* a neceſſary Ingredient. For by all that I could ever diſcover of the true Eſſence of that Quality, as it is applied either to the Operations of Art, or the Conduct of Manners, it owes its whole Exiſtence entirely to Fancy; and when I hear a Man recommended as a Critic of great Delicacy, I immediately conclude him a Perſon of high Enthuſiaſm.

Do you really think then, *Sophronius*, that Delicacy, whether conſidered as a Faculty of the Mind, or as an Effect of Art, is nothing more than the Raptures of warm Imagination, entirely unſupported by any Principles of Reaſon?

I will not venture to pronounce, anſwered *Sophronius*, of the Clearneſs of other Men's Ideas; and, perhaps, the nice Refiners in Taſte and Genius may have Conceptions, to which common Language cannot ſupply adequate Terms. But of this I am ſure: whenever they talk upon the Subject; either they reſolve Delicacy into a certain *Je ne ſçai quoi*, or elſe explain it in ſo vague and unpreciſe a Manner, as to leave the Matter abſolutely undetermined, to a Mind that cannot embrace any Principle, but what it clearly apprehends.

However looſely, replied *Philocles*, this Term may have been uſed heretofore in our Language;

or

or how much ſoever it is ſometimes depreciated by a miſtaken Application both in Writings and Converſation; yet with the moſt approved Authors amongſt us, it ſeems now to have obtained a determinate Meaning, and is always mentioned by them as an high Quality, and the finiſhing Excellence of Compoſition and Manners.

As no Man, *Philocles*, is more clear in his Conceptions than yourſelf; poſſibly I may receive that Satisfaction from you, which I have in vain ſought for elſewhere. Tell me then, I intreat you, wherein this Quality, according to your Notion, conſiſts.

Delicacy, replied *Philocles*, is good Senſe; but good Senſe refined; which produces an inviolable Attachment to Decorum, and Sanctity as well as Elegance of Manners, with a clear Diſcernment and warm Senſibility of whatever is pure, regular, and polite; and, at the ſame Time, an Abhorrence of whatever is groſs, ruſtic, or impure, of unnatural, effeminate, and over-wrought Ornaments of every Kind. It is, in ſhort, the graceful and the beautiful added to the juſt and the good.

According to this Account, ſaid *Sophronius*, Delicacy ſeems to be exactly the ſame Thing, that Urbanity was among the *Romans*.

When that illuſtrious People, anſwered *Philocles*, had ſpread their military Fame over the World, and ſubdued all the Nations around; they then turned their Attention to the Embelliſhments of Life. Their Succeſs was equal to the

the Vigour of their Attempts; and they soon learned to polish their Language, refine their Pronunciation, cultivate Humanity, and adorn their Manners. A *Lælius* and a *Scipio* [*a*] arose, and transplanted liberal Wit from *Greece*; which afterwards grew and prospered with a Bloom and Vigour scarce inferior to what it drew from its native Soil.

*Rome* was now become the Seat of Elegance, as well as Empire: nor were her Eagles more dreaded, than her Refinement was admired. The Attainment of these Accomplishments they styled *Urbanity*; as they were the peculiar Characteristics of the distinguished Inhabitants of this imperial City.

This I take to be the genuine Acceptation of that Word amongst the ancient *Romans*. It seems to have been confined to the Qualities I have mentioned, and never applied to the fine Arts, as *Delicacy* is with us, and therefore differs from it only as a Part from the whole.

To admit for the present, said *Sophronius*, that all those Ideas are justly comprehended under the Word *Delicacy*, which you have collected in your Description—Yet by what Criterion is this Pro-

[*a*] Scipio tam elegans liberalium artium omnisque doctrinæ et auctor et admirator fuit, ut Polybium Panætiumque præcellentes ingenio viros domi militiæque secum habuerit. Neque quisquam hoc Scipione elegantius intervalla negotiorum otio disjunxit, semperque inter arma ac studia versatus, aut corpus periculis, aut animum disciplinis exercuit.

V. PATERC. l. i. c. 13.

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perty in any Subject to be tried? In that Operation of the Faculties, which we call *Reasoning*, the Mind examines the Objects, as they stand in Reality: and for our Direction, there is always a Standard in the Nature of Things. But is this the Case with regard to what Connoisseurs call *Amiable* or *Delicate?* Beauty and Pleasure are nothing but an Agreement between the Object and the Faculty. What then can determine a Man's Approbation or Dislike in these Points, but the peculiar Cast of his Mind?

Though it should not be possible, answered *Philocles*, precisely to fix the Criterion you are enquiring after; yet would it not necessarily follow, that there is absolutely no such Thing? Several Instances might be mentioned, wherein the Mind has, undoubtedly, a certain fixed Rule by which it judges; when, nevertheless, it is not able to explain positively, in what that Rule consists.

Will not a true Judge in Painting, who has been long conversant among the noble Remains of that charming Art, be able to distinguish a Copy from an Original? And would not you, *Sophronius*, venture to give your Testimony, in a Court of Justice, to your Friend's Hand-writing? And yet, were you, or the Connoisseur I just now mentioned, to be asked by what Criterion you were able to determine so assuredly in the respective Cases before you; neither of you, most certainly, would be capable of ascertaining, to the

Satisfaction of the Enquirer, that Standard in your Mind, by which you formed your ſeveral Judgments.

But the Standard, by which we are to be guided in the Affair of *Delicacy*, is no doubtful or chimerical Notion: it has a real and ſure Foundation.

Nature has implanted in us an internal Senſe; which gives us a juſt Perception of the Relation between our Faculties of apprehending, and the Objects preſented to them. We are framed in ſuch a Manner, that ſome Actions, Ideas, or Forms, which occur to us, as neceſſarily excite Satisfaction and Delight, as others create Diſtaſte and Averſion. When we look upon a beautiful Picture, the Mind immediately recurs to Nature; and finding a certain Agreement between its own Ideas of Beauty, and the Repreſentation which ſtands before us, it inſtantly acknowledges the ſimilar Graces, and recognizes the true and proper Standard.

The Criterion then of *Delicacy* in any Action or Compoſition, is the ſure Feeling and Conſciouſneſs of its Conformity to a like natural Senſation within us, operating neceſſarily on the Mind, the very Inſtant that the kindred Forms or Ideas are exhibited to us. This Senſe and Taſte of Beauty may, indeed, like all our other Faculties, be greatly improved by Diſcipline and Exerciſe; as on the contrary, for want of them, it may be much impaired. But ſtill, it is evident, that this

diſcern-

discerning Power is born with us, and is as certain a Principle, as any belonging to our Nature. For do we not see, that even Infants are delighted with the first View of a round Ball, and prefer it to a less regular Figure? The untaught Mind discovers a Sympathy between the Ideas and Objects, and easily distinguishes the fair and shapely, from the irregular and deformed.

Hardly, said *Sophronius*, can this internal Sense be looked upon as a sure Criterion; since Men's Notions are so widely different, that what raises the Idea of Beauty in one, may have a contrary Effect upon another.

This kind of Objection, returned *Philocles*, may be urged with equal Force against the Evidence even of mathematical Demonstration. Though the Philosopher has evinced the Truth of a Proposition by the most infallible Deductions of Reasoning; yet there may be some particular Minds, which, either through a Weakness of their Faculties, or the Intervention of wrong Ideas, cannot feel the Force of his Conclusions. But this, you know, is no Argument against the Truth and Certainty of the Reasoning: The Demonstration is no less clear, though not apprehended by every Individual. It is the very same in our present Enquiry. It cannot, with any Show of Reason, be inferred, that there is no such Thing as Beauty, or no Criterion to ascertain it, because some particular Minds do not feel the one, or apprehend the other. If a Dispute a-

rise, we appeal to Nature and the common Feelings of Mankind, and do not hesitate to affirm, that, what appears beautiful to one, will generally do so to another; if his Faculties are right, and his Attention fair and impartial.

Who ever denied the Beauty of the *Venus de Medicis?* Or does any Man say, there is not a distinguished Delicacy in the Works of those inimitable Artists, *Raphael* and *Guido?* Some Connoisseurs may, it is true, give the Preference to the former; and some, perhaps, be more charmed with the latter; or they may differ in the Degree of Merit to be ascribed to this or that Particular Performance; but still they all agree that Grace and Elegance are the Characteristics of both these Masters. This is a Point, which never has been, and never will be contested. And whence can this universal Consent arise, but from something certain and uniform in Nature? From whence, but that inward Sense common to Mankind, which operates with the same Efficacy upon the Generality of the Species?

Nor is this true with respect to the imitative Arts only; but it is equally applicable to every Object that presents itself to us.——

Look yonder! (said he, pointing to a View of the *Thames*) what a beautiful Prospect lies before you! Behold the gentle Glidings of that lovely River! See how he winds his full Stream in pleasing Meanders, steering his majestic Course through verdant Meads, and distributing Wealth

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and Pleasure, as he flows along! Observe the numerous Villas which adorn his Banks, and are adorned by him!——All, that have ever beheld this Scene of Delight, agree in admiring its Charms, and acknowledge that the delicate Ideas here raised in their Minds, are perfectly correspondent to their natural Sense of Loveliness and Grace.

Nature then is the Standard and Ascertainer of *Delicacy*. To her Tribunal the Defenders of Beauty make their Appeal; to her Sentence they finally submit their Cause.

The great Masters of Criticism have, indeed, upon very just Grounds, been esteemed by all improved Nations, as proper Regulators of Taste; and therefore a Deference is due to their known Rules and established Measures. But this Difference is not founded on the Authority of their Names, but on the Justness of their Observations and Reasonings. And on this Account they have ever been looked upon as infallible Guides, to prevent the Mind from deviating out of the plain Paths of Nature.

Granting, returned *Sophronius*, that you have pointed out a proper Standard for the Trial of Beauty in the imitative Arts; will the same Rule serve for *the Delicacy of Good-breeding?* This seems to depend entirely upon prevailing Customs, which are of so unsettled a Nature, that they are ever varying with the Complexion of Times and Climates. What is looked upon as polite in one

Age or Country, is, you are ſenſible, eſteemed the Reverſe in another. How then can there be any ſettled Principle, to direct our Judgment concerning a Thing ſo vague and inconſtant?

That Part of good Manners, replied *Philocles*, to which you here allude, relates only, I ſuppoſe, to certain Forms and Ceremonies. And as far as theſe are abſolutely indifferent in themſelves, and have no other Value but what they derive from the faſhionable World; to that Standard alone (wavering and uncertain as it is) we muſt be content to refer ourſelves in this Caſe. But yet ſurely there are many exterior Obſervances and Forms of Behaviour, in which we may clearly diſcover a Comelineſs or Inelegance, that ariſes manifeſtly from a Conformity or Unſuitableneſs to the Nature of Things, to common Senſe, and an inbred Feeling of *Decorum*. If this were otherwiſe; on what Principle do we claim a Right to draw Compariſons between the Politeneſs of different Countries, and give the Uſages and Cuſtoms of one, the Preference to thoſe of another?

But however this may be; yet the more eſſential Points of *Delicacy in Manners* are clearly aſcertained by our internal Senſe, and are therefore invariably the ſame in every Age and every Climate.

Suppoſe a Man, for Inſtance, to be ſollicited by his Friend to do him a good Office, or lend him Aſſiſtance in Diſtreſs. After great Importunity he yields to his Entreaties, but with ſuch a

ſullen

ſullen Air, and reluctant Countenance, as muſt offend even the Receiver.—Who would not feel the Odiouſneſs of granting a Requeſt with ſuch Circumſtances of Indecency? Suppoſe another Man conferring a Favour with ſuch a pleaſing Chearfulneſs and humane Addreſs, as makes the Giver appear to be the Perſon obliged —In this Caſe, it is impoſſible for any, but the moſt brutal and degenerate, not to be ſenſible of the Comelineſs of ſuch a Demeanor, and applaud this amiable Manner of heightening the Value of a generous Action.

In ſuch Points of Behaviour then as theſe, which are the moſt material Parts of Good-breeding, we have the ſame Rule to form our Judgments, as in the imitative Arts. They depend not on the Caprice of Faſhion, or the varying Complexion of Times and Climates; but are founded on that internal Senſe of *Decorum*, that univerſal Humanity common and natural to all Mankind; which is the Ground of our Love and Hatred, the Guide of our Approbation and Diſlike.

If we proceed farther, and extend our Enquiries to Things of higher Importance, to the nobleſt and moſt eſſential Beauty, the Purity of a moral Conduct.

That Culture of the Mind, interrupted *Sophronius*, which leads a Man to ſee and feel the Comelineſs of *Virtue*, has undoubtedly a ſure Foundation, and an infallible Standard in Nature. And as this kind of Refinement is of the higheſt Con-

cern to us, it must be allowed to have a just Claim to our best Attention and Regard. But here, *Philocles*, I must stop. Any thing, beyond this, seems to me a Misfortune rather than an Happiness.

It has been justly observed, that Men of a delicate Frame are too sensibly affected with the Accidents of Life. Upon any prosperous Event, their Spirits are apt to be elevated beyond all Bounds: And in Adversity, their Grief pierces so deep into the tender Frame, that it becomes insupportable. It is possible, perhaps, that in some Instances they may have more lively Enjoyments than Men of a coarser Mould; but then they have also more pungent Sorrows. Occurrences which would have no Effect upon a stronger Mind, afflict them to the last Degree: the most trivial Disappointment, the Omission of a Ceremony, a careless Word or Gesture, nay even a Look, will discompose their Temper, and cast an heavy Gloom on their Minds.

This observation, returned *Philocles*, is founded on a mistaken Notion of the true Character of *Delicacy*. If fine Sensations are not supported with strong Sense, they dwindle into Effeminacy: nor had ever any Man an elegant Taste, who had not also a sound Understanding. There is, indeed, in a delicate Frame, a certain Degree of Softness; but then it is only just as much as suffices to prevent the Inconveniences, that attend upon the rough and boisterous Passions. Something,

thing, it must be owned, there is in it, not unlike a feminine Tenderness; but no more than serves to render the Mind susceptible of the fine Impressions of Beauty, and give Amiableness to that masculine Strength, on which a delicate Taste so much depends, that it cannot possibly subsist without it. To be able to form a right Judgment of Arts and Manners, to see and feel their Symmetry and Proportion; there are, you must be sensible, so many Views to be taken in, and such Variety of Circumstances to be compared; that it is impossible any one can arrive at true Refinement, who has not strong natural Abilities. There may, it is true, be good Sense, where the Exquisiteness of Taste is wanting: but there can be no exquisite Taste without good Sense.

That Frame of Mind, therefore, which you represent as labouring under all the Inconveniences of nice and tender Sensations, I can by no Means allow to have any fair Pretensions to the Character of *Genuine Delicacy*; which is never attended with those Consequences, that flow from an Imbecillity of Passions.

Were I to allow this, returned *Sophronius*, yet *Delicacy*, according to your own Idea of it, is certainly liable to many unhappy Consequences. Let me mention one; which I think, should very much abate a Man's Ardour of obtaining this Quality. As it has such an "inviolable Attachment to every thing that is elegant and polite;

" and such an Abhorrence of Inelegance and " Coarseness [*b*]; it must necessarily deprive a Man of that great Satisfaction in Life, the Frequency of social Enjoyment. Seldom will he be able to find Company adapted to his Taste; his Expectations run high; and the Fund to supply them is extreme scanty. How few are there, who ever aim at such Refinement! How much fewer, who attain it! The Generality of Men must therefore be disagreeable and irksome to him: and he will very rarely meet with one, from whose Society he can receive any tolerable Degree of Entertainment.

What then has he gained by this fastidious Niceness? He has refined himself into a Disinclination to be pleased with the Intercourses of almost all around him, and the ordinary Satisfactions of his Being. Forsaking therefore, his own Kind, he resolves, in a Fit of Spleen, to sequester himself from the World, as being too delicate to live amongst such uncultivated Mortals. But in vain does he seek Redress from Solitude: for, by this Estrangement from human Commerce, he contracts, by Degrees, such an inveterate Peevishness and Severity, as imbitters his whole Life, and ends, perhaps, at last in a settled Misanthropy.

This, *Philocles*, may prove, and I doubt not, has often proved, the Consequence of cultivating such a *Delicacy* of Sentiment.

[*b*] Vide p. 280. supra.

And

And is this a desirable State? Is it any Symptom of a sound Habit? On the contrary; are not these the sad Indications of a vitiated and diseased Constitution of Mind?

How different is the State of that Man, who is not over-nice and curious in his Demands of social Intercourse! As he has not raised his Ideas of human Nature to an immoderate Height, he is content to take Mankind as he finds them, with Allowances to their Foibles and Imperfections. And, as he has not refined his Sensations into an Inaptitude of being pleased, he can scarce converse with any of his Fellow-creatures, without some Degree of Entertainment.

That Refinement then, which robs a Man of these ordinary Satisfactions, is surely rather to be avoided than pursued: and a Temper even the most insensible to every Beauty and Grace, is far preferable to a Disposition so hard to be pleased, and which can be so seldom gratified.

If this *Delicacy* of Taste, replied *Philocles*, narrows the Circle of our Friendships, it certainly renders them more perfect. An Indifference to the Company and Conversation of the *many*, will add Strength and Duration to our particular Attachments. It is very true, a Man of an unrefined Frame, how strong soever his Sense may be, is not nice and exact in selecting his Acquaintance: almost any are sufficient to answer his Demands. Such a Man has not Sensations fine enough to make an Election; and has therefore no Friends, because he has no *Delicacy*. But is that a desire-

able

able State of Mind which excludes one of the greateſt Ornaments and Joys of human Life? It muſt be owned, that he who has digeſted his Obſervations on Mankind, and formed his Mind to an Excellence and Elegance of Sentiment, cannot take any great Delight in mixt and undiſtinguiſhed Company; and will therefore be inclined to limit his Friendſhips and Acquaintance. But his Affections, being thus circumſcribed within narrow Bounds, will conſequently riſe to an higher Pitch, than if they were more diffuſed. This is ſo far from leſſening, that it increaſes, the Ardour of our Enjoyments: and, if it diminiſh the Number, it heightens the Value of our Friendſhips.

I will not deny, that the Cultivation of refined Sentiment may give a Man a Diſreliſh to the general Turn of Converſation. Whenever therefore he cannot find ſuch Society as is adapted to his Diſpoſition, why ſhould he be cenſured for ſtepping aſide from the beaten Track of Life, to indulge in ſeparate Thought, and the calm Delights of Self-enjoyment? This ſurely is a Meaſure rather to be applauded than condemned; and what every ſenſible Man would purſue in ſuch a Caſe: for,

——— *Wiſdom's ſelf*
*Oft ſeeks to ſweet retired Solitude,*
*Where, with her beſt Nurſe, Contemplation,*
*She plumes her Feathers, and lets grow her Wings;*
*Which,*

*Which, in the various Buſtle of Reſort,*
*Were all too ruſſed, and ſometimes impaired* [c].

Let him not remain too long ſequeſtered, but return in proper Time to mix again with the World; and his Conduct can neither be deemed inconſiſtent with ſocial Affection, nor have any ill Effect upon his Temper. If indeed he extend his Love of Retirement ſo far, as abſolutely to exclude himſelf from Society, I cannot undertake his Vindication. He is gone beyond the Point of Perfection, and is therefore indelicate.

*Sophronius* attended very earneſtly to theſe Obſervations of his Friend, and ſeemed, by his Countenance, to be almoſt convinced in this Point.

After a Pauſe——Suppoſe, ſaid he, I ſhould allow your Reaſonings to be juſt, in this Particular; and that the *Delicacy* of Taſte in the Choice of Friends may, perhaps, be an Happineſs rather than a Misfortune; yet I am ſtill doubtful, whether this Quality in general be a neceſſary Attainment. For after all that you have ſaid, or can poſſibly urge farther on this Subject, I am perſuaded, that good Senſe, a right Mind, and generous Affection, have ſuch a native Comelineſs, that they ſtand in Need of no adventitious Ornaments, but like Diamonds, appear to full Advantage, when plain ſet.

The Diamond, returned *Philocles*, was poliſhed, before it was ſet. And whatever Value it might have in its rough State; it had certainly no

[c] *Milton's* Comus.

Beauty,

Beauty, till it came from the Hands of the judicious Artiſt. Thus it is with Senſe and Virtue: they are Jewels indeed, even when rough and unadorned: but ſurely their Merit is more attractive, and they command a much higher Eſtimation, when they are ſet off with ſuitable Embelliſhments.

Hence it was that *Socrates*, the wiſeſt and beſt of all the *Græcian* Sages, tempered the Harſhneſs of Precepts with an Air of Pleaſantry; well knowing, that, to pleaſe, was the ſureſt Way to perſuade. He therefore ſtript Philoſophy of her uncouth Attire, and gave her a more graceful Mein.

Our chief Buſineſs in Life is indeed to form juſt Sentiments, in order to produce a juſt Conduct. Yet ſomething ſtill is wanting; ſome additional Grace, to make Truth and Virtue operate with full Succeſs, both with Reſpect to ourſelves and our Fellow-creatures. They may, it is true, procure us the Eſteem, but will not be able to gain us the Love of Mankind, without *an Happineſs of Manner*.

It is with great Juſtice *Sophronius* ſets ſo high a Value on the generous Affections: but valuable as they undoubtedly are, yet, if they be not accompanied with a certain Grace, they will neither have the Merit nor Efficacy of Benevolence attended by *Delicacy*.

It is your Humour to run down every thing, that tends to Refinement. Yet, from many Inſtances, you muſt allow me to ſay, that you are not,

not, in Reality, so great an Enemy to it, as you affect to appear. No Man confers a Favour with a better Grace. Extend your Refinement farther, and you will find it no less useful in the momentous Affairs of Life. Truth and Virtue are, in these Cases, what Foundation and Strength are to an Edifice: they give Solidity and Support. But, if Symmetry, Proportion, and suitable Decorations, be not added, you cannot boast of a complete Structure.

In every View, *Sophronius*, it is evident, I think, that the Refinements and Elegancies of Life not only render Men more agreeable and amiable to one another, but are also conducive to the greatest and highest Purposes. For this Reason perhaps, the Author of our Frame has made us susceptible of the Pleasures of Imagination; that we might be the more readily gained over to the Interests of Virtue; when we thus find, that the Way to her lies through the Paths of Pleasure.

This seems to be the excellent Design, and this is ever found to be the constant Effect of genuine *Delicacy*. When it conspires with Virtue, its Influence is as surely felt, as its Loveliness is readily acknowledged: like mingled Streams, they become more forcible by being united.

Thus it is, that these mutual Friends confirm and strengthen each other's Interest. *Delicacy* allures Men to *Virtue*; and *Virtue* ascertains and supports *Delicacy*. The Connexion between them is strong; the Harmony perfect; and the Effects unanswerable.

But

But do we not see many, returned *Sophronius*, distinguished for the Elegance of their Taste, both in Arts and Manners, who, at the same Time, are insensible of moral Beauty, and utter Strangers to the Sensations of inward Harmony and Proportion?

It is no uncommon Thing, answered *Philocles*, for Men to live at Variance with themselves, and in Contradiction to their own Principles. This must be the Case of those, who cultivate the exterior Embellishments of Life, whilst their Minds lie waste and neglected; For what is that Principle, on which they ground their Entertainment and Pleasure of refined Taste, but a Sense of Symmetry, Order, and Proportion in Nature? They cannot then but be sensible, that there is such a Thing as Beauty in the Mind, as well as in the outward Forms, and the latter, however valuable in itself, yet, when compared with the former, is but of a subordinate and lower Degree. It is possible that the Elegance of their Fancy in the inferior Kind may have engrossed their Attention, and made them overlook the superior Worth of the other; especially where some unsubdued Passions concur to help on the Mistake; or the Force of inveterate Habit has taught them to stop at the low Attainment of subaltern Beauty. But when Fancy is satiated, and Reason has Leisure to operate, they must, in the philosophic Hour, perceive the Absurdity of admiring *Exterior* Symmetry, without recurring to the *Interior*, the more essential Beauty. Whilst therefore

fore they act in Opposition to these Suggestions of the Mind, they must unavoidably be unhappy.

Your Observation, said *Sophronius*, brings to my Mind an Assertion, which I find maintained by many of the celebrated Ancients and Moderns; "that the high and genuine Taste (as "they call it) of the polite Arts never resided in "the Breast of an immoral Man." They imagined it impossible for one, who was impure in his Actions, to be refined in his Sensations: since, in their Estimation, the same Faculties and Dispositions, which would lead a Man to discern and relish the Charms of Arts, would necessarily incline him to taste and admire the Delights of a regular Conduct; betwixt which, they thought, there was an inseparable Connexion. But this is one of the fanciful Maxims of enthusiastic Genius; and Instances might be produced, which incontestably demonstrate the Falshood of the Assertion.

When you consider, replied *Philocles*, what a strong Disposition there is in Mankind, to vilify those, whose extraordinary Talents lift them up to the Notice and Admiration of the World, you will be very tender in giving a decisive Sentence in the Case. But if we take the Objection in its strongest Light, will a few Instances of Deviation overthrow a general Maxim? Still it may be true, that the Study of the fine Arts naturally leads to the Love of Virtue. When a Man has given himself up to these engaging Speculations; they

they take such full Possession of the Heart, that he is not at Leisure to lend an Ear to the Calls of Ambition, or the Demands of inordinate Self-passions. And as these grand Inciters of Vice are thus happily silenced, he is more likely to hearken to the Suggestions of Virtue, and incline more readily to every Duty of Benevolence and social Regard.

Upon the whole, from the best and coolest Judgment I have been able to make, I cannot but be of Opinion, it very rarely happens, that a Man of a true refined Taste in Arts and Literature, is not, at least, an honest Man. He may now and then, perhaps, be betrayed into some little Slips and Mistakes in his Conduct; but these Unwarinesses do not darken the whole Character, nor give any just Grounds to fix upon him the Imputation of Immorality. "Such small Stains "and Blemishes (as the inimitable Mr. *Addison* "observes) die away, and disappear, amidst the "Brightness which surrounds him."

But the Bell has rung for Breakfast.—Come, good *Sophronius*,—the Ladies will grow impatient.

*The END of the* FIRST VOLUME.

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